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# the archive

A Literary Periodical Published by the Students of  
Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

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# 52 YEARS OF PRINTING SERVICE



FRATERNITY AND  
SORORITY STATIONERY

CHAPTER  
NEWSPAPERS

PUBLICATIONS

ANNOUNCEMENTS

DANCE INVITATIONS

PROGRAMS

TICKETS

CARDS



124 W. PARRISH STREET

## EDITORIAL

Rumour has it that many friends of the *Archive* are somewhat concerned about the editorials, a concern which is no doubt justified by their knowledge of us personally. The editor, however, does not actually have a great deal to do with the writing of an editorial: the magazine, its type, quality, aims and purposes, dictates not only the editorial policy, but also the editor's sentiment toward that magazine. This is probably true of any periodical; we could no more imagine the editorial of *Scientific American* relating off-color anecdotes about noted scientists than we could imagine *New Republic* not printing a leftist, slightly pink editorial. The *Archive* is no different; the aim of the magazine is to print the best in literate student writing. The editorial can only say those things which must interest the readers of, and the writers for, the *Archive*. And since this company is united by a common interest, the *Archive*, it is best that the first editorial at least talk about the magazine.

This publication has the peculiar problem of rising each year, like the phoenix, from its ashes. The ashes, to ride the simile to staggers, are composed of the ideas of the preceding editors. Occasionally there arise *Archive* editors with such knowledge, taste, and power of personality that they influence the magazine for some years following. We can think of at least two such editors, and there must have been many before them, since as everyone knows "the *Archive* is the South's oldest collegiate magazine." In the past, certain editors have emulated the format and personality of professional magazines. For a time the *Archive* was a carbon copy of *New Yorker*; and for a time, it was an imitation of *Atlantic*

*Monthly*. This year we have a somewhat different idea: the *Archive* is not a professional magazine nor was it intended to be one. If the *Archive* were put on the newsstands in competition with *Harper's*, *Playboy*, or *Saturday Evening Post*, it would probably yellow and rot before a single issue were sold.

Believing this, we have attempted to effect a change in the outlook and appearance of the *Archive*. The magazine does have a personality, it does have definite aims and possibilities. (We shall not here explore the idea that the *Archive* is a testing-ground for future leaders in American literature, although it has served, and may even now be serving, that purpose.) We hope to allow the concept of the magazine to be born of its own personality. What is the personality of the *Archive*? The reader may have noticed noticed the phrase "literate student writing" in the first paragraph of this editorial. We purposely chose this phrase in order to distinguish literate from literary writing. *Archive* is interested in both kinds of writing, since we turn our attention to anything which is entertaining and printable, but "literary" compositions are all too easy to come by. In this issue we recommend "Passage from Palestine" and "End of the Rock" for their non-literary, semi-reportorial tones—"The Party" for its graphic representation of a primarily psychological situation. As a matter of fact, we recommend all the writing in this issue, otherwise we would not have selected it.

There are several ways by which we select stories for this publication: if they meet the standards they set for themselves, if they are presented in fairly literate English, and if they are entertaining, we print them. The last criterion, that literature must be entertaining, is particularly important, in that it sets it apart from mere authoring. All good literature is entertaining; granted, *War and Peace* does not



interest one as immediately as does tasteful pornography, but neither does it bear re-reading so often as does Tolstoy. We have it on good authority, (Johann Huizinga, *Homo Ludens*, Lionel Trilling, "Art and Neurosis," Sigmund Freud, *The Technique of Wit*) that all artistic endeavor is a game. We have also on good authority (Eliot, Stravinsky, Picasso, Otto Rank) that appreciation of a work of art is closely akin to the creation of a work of art. Therefore, understanding, appreciation, and just plain awareness of art is also a game. But no game is good unless it entertains. Therefore we submit that no art is good which is dull. We hope not to print dull stories; all the stories in *Archive* entertained us for one reason or another; the idea entertains us, or the narrative, or the characters do, or the language in which it is written. The same criteria apply analogously to poems, essays and reviews.

Now that we mention entertainment, it strikes us as material for a footnote concerning a situation which has for some time attracted our attention. Once, over a pitcher of beer, we aphorized that "the only persons who can use the term 'pseudo-intellectual' in regard to another person or matter is a pseudo-intellectual." Whether this proposition is valid or not, it does point out one truth; that pseudo-intellectualism, whatever it is, depends upon snobbery to exist. This snobbery is hard to define in abstract terms, but it is exemplified by the rich fat lady at the concert hall who just adored Pergolesi, Stravinsky, and Berlioz. What we mean is that a pseudo-intellectual is one who can read Dostoevsky, look at Matisse, listen to Beethoven, and feel edified because he is conscious of his boredom.

*Archive* is not aimed for the pseudo-intellectual.

We do, however, suggest that you not read this magazine as you would

*Collier's* or the *Peer*. It is not light reading. Entertainment and frivolity are not necessarily synonymous. *Archive* writers are trying to entertain, but they are also trying to say true things. If they do not succeed it is because of inexperience and/or limited vision. Slick magazines do not tell the truth; when they do, it is insignificant. (Who cares what Gregory Peck had for breakfast May 2, 1935?)

Another thing we avoid is the proposition that good literature must present a morality, either in the form of questions or answers. You might, however, keep that proposition in mind as you read the stories. Perhaps Dr. Blackburn is correct when he says that good fiction should propose "how to live." And perhaps this statement is not to be distinguished from Arnold's critical dictum that literature is a criticism of life. We will leave such problems to more qualified minds, but we must say that if some writing does not affirm, deny, or make a way of life valid or invalid for us we cannot accept it as good writing.

But this is beside the point. All we ask is that you, whether a new reader or an old one, read the magazine and give it as much consideration as time and inclination permit. *Archive* writers are interested in what they have to say or they would not bother to say it; we are interested or we would not bother to publish this magazine. We would certainly rather read *Don Quixote* or Shakespeare or Hemingway, but we read *Archive* authors because we believe in them and are sympathetic. They are trying to say what they believe is true. We would believe in this even were the speaker mad, drunk, or asleep. Most of the *Archive* writers are not.

A. R. N.

# Duke University Dining Halls



- Woman's College Dining Halls
- Southgate Dining Hall
- The Oak Room
- Old Trinity Room
- Cafeterias A-B-D
- Breakfast Bar
- The New Grille
- Graduate Center Cafeteria and Coffee Lounge





*Nude Figure Sketch*

*Anne Dixon*

Terrence George:

## Passage from Palestine

FROM THE hill road it looked like any other large, Middle Eastern city along the coast, bounded on one side by the sea, and lying in a small basin amongst the low foothills. The white buildings lay sprawled about the harbor, and a black net of roads interlaced and wove about them an unbreakable but delicate web. And here and there an occasional sparkle as the early morning sun reflected from a window; the first warm rays of which caused the cool white brickwork to shimmer delicately in the distance. To the north of the town and around its outskirts, like an enormous grey snake, wound the old city wall; dividing the land of Moses from that of Mohammed. The line where paved roads degenerated to dusty path, where brick houses were replaced by mud huts, where the linen suit and straw hat were superseded by the burnoose and baggy britches. It divided not only the new from the old, civilization from civilization, Jew from Arab; it marked a tenuous battle line. Unseen from afar, unmarked by the careless and the thoughtless, the wall was a palpable, living thing; a noose, a constriction about an artery of a nation, that lay dormant in the daylight, but became a living, pulsating cordon at night. This was Haifa on May 15th 1948, and at midnight, the twenty-five year Mandate of British rule ended.

The column of tanks rolled noisily into the city, the steel tracks scarring the road's surface, and the warm black pitch, like blood, oozed and clotted after their passing. At the city gate, a temporary barricade had been set up to control the flow of traffic, but it consisted only of oil drums filled with rocks and earth. The lead tank entered cautiously, but in turning, struck the barricade a glancing blow; the drum toppled slowly, strewing its debris across the roadway, a second followed it, and the guard began to

gesticulate and shout obscenities as the barricade dissolved in ruin. A thrown stone deflected harmlessly off the turret, and the tanks, irresistible, shouldered the remainder aside and rumbled uncontested toward the harbor.

Back at the gate the guard swore as he morosely regarded the remains of the barricade. "Damn the over-bearing, tea-drinking swine, took me four days to fill those drums. Now look at them!" He kicked disgustedly at the ground and spat. His companion, dressed in an old threadbare uniform, spoke bitterly. "I served in the British army during the war; they taught me to fight and shoot, but they called me 'Shylock' and 'Schonk,' and wouldn't let me settle in England after the war." He looked reflectively at the stone in his hand. "I wish the other had been a grenade." The stone arched in a high parabola and fell hollowly into an empty drum. He smiled, "The British taught me that too, and perhaps soon they'll wish they hadn't!" The distant roar of the tank engines was suddenly stilled, and in the silence that followed, the harsh croak of a crow sounded abnormally loud. The guard wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, spat, and moved back into the slight shadow afforded by the wall. "*Kahzumahk!*" He said, and spat again.

The column trundled along the paved roads towards the harbor, followed by the jeering cries of countless ragged children, while their younger brethren clung tightly to the skirts of their mothers, and cowered from the deafening scream and clatter of steel on stone. It skirted the quays and finally halted in a small square of apartment houses which had been commandeered only a few days previously. The occupants had been ejected unceremoniously with what they could carry, to live with relatives or amongst their smypathetic neighbors, and everywhere

lay evidence of their late occupancy. A rocking chair lay on its side, its cane seat torn and holed; a shattered leg strut sagged at an unnatural angle and allowed the rocker to lean inwards against its fellow. A torn curtain flapped angrily in a glassless window, protesting the invasion and the hustle below. The engines were silent now, the tracks still, and the rear deck plates quivered and shimmered in the heat. The crews clambered about them, their black berets contrasting vividly with the sun-bleached and sweat stained overalls, and as they worked, they talked and joked amongst themselves, and looked curiously beyond the barbed wire at the passing civilians. Potter, driver of the tank *Dido* looked up and nudged his friend, "Take a dekko at that bint!" He nodded across the road. Farmer whistled appreciatively, and leered. "Wothcher doin' ternight old gal?" The girl hesitated for a moment, stopped, and walked over to the wire. She looked fixedly at them both as though to impress their faces upon her memory; then with terrible distinctness, "I hope my friends kill you both tonight." She turned on her heel and walked away.

Farmer's jaw dropped, "Did you hear what she said?"

"That louzy, stinkin' bitch—we come over here to save their bloody country from the Arabs, and that 'Kike' hopes that we get killed. If that isn't like the damn Jews, out to get the whole world without paying for it. Always on the make—no wonder they call it the 'The land of the waving palm,' it's the itching palm they've got; money, money, money, that's the Jews for. . . ."

A cough behind them interrupted his tirade. They both turned, self-consciously, to find their gunner standing by the track.

"I couldn't help hearing what you said, Potter," he said gently, "did you know that I was a Jew?"

Potter looked shamefacedly at him for a moment. "course I knew, but you're not like the others I was talking about; you're different—you're English. He hesitated. . . .

Cowan smiled. "Yes, I'm English, but if I put on civvies and crossed that wire, you'd be calling me names too. Polish, Russian, German, whatever we are; yes even English, we are still Jews. To be reviled by bigots, politicians, and clergy, for merely wanting to come back to *our* homeland, and learn to love it as much as you love dear old Blighty. Today I may have to press the trigger on that gun and kill my countrymen, and in my country. Would you willingly kill Paddy over there, or Jock and Taffy? Could you shoot Scouse, or maybe Brummagen because you don't like their accents? That's what you want me to do isn't it?" He turned away abruptly and walked into the

adjoining building. Potter glanced briefly at Farmer, "kind of put my foot in it, didn't I?" Farmer nodded wordlessly.

Over at the far side of the square, a dapper civilian walked along with the guard. He was accompanied by a small, dark haired boy of about eleven, dressed only in shorts and sandals, who watched the activity around him with an eager eye. He grinned in appreciation and interest at the sight of a Bren gun lying in an abutment nearby. His father was talking to the Squadron Leader, ". . . is Doctor Harmsten, I have been wondering whether I can be of any assistance to you during your stay in this area—in the medical way, of course."

The Squadron Leader looked at him keenly, and said, "It's not often that we get such offers—especially in such a situation as exists now. You must know, of course, that the water supply was dynamited yesterday?" The doctor nodded, "It is regrettable—certain hot-headed individuals insist on violence. . . ."

"My daddy is a chief in the *Hagannah*," the boy announced proudly. A stunned silence followed. The officer glanced sideways at his open-mouthed adjutant, and back at the discomfited guest. He raised his eyebrows enquiringly.

"This is true," the doctor admitted, but the *Hagannah* are against force to obtain their ends. We believe in the diplomatic approach to the problem—nothing is solved by violence, and that at present seems to be the prerogative of the *Stern* gang, whose activities, I assure you, we abhor." He paused, and looked 'round for his son. The boy was sitting cross-legged in the abutment, and the component parts of the Bren gun were spread around him on an old newspaper. "I can strip and assemble this gun in two minutes and thirty-five seconds," he declared proudly. "We are going to drive the British out of Israel, or we are going to kill them!" His father took two steps, grasped him by the arm, and began to walk towards the gate.

"Do come to a meal at my house, Captain," he called back, "my wife and I would be delighted to entertain you." He disappeared round the corner still firmly gripping his son's arm. The captain looked quizzically after him, "I'd love to go, but I'm afraid that bloody kid of his would poison me before I even got to the meat course!"

The sun rose steadily, and beat down from a cloudless dome into the square, and soon the steel grew too hot to touch and work was suspended for the day. The men gathered in groups inside the building to clean weapons, to eat, and above all, to rest. The ubiquitous tea urn appeared, and, after a short while, the much maligned corned beef sandwich. They regarded them distastefully.



"Desert chicken again, Alf!"

"Gawd! If I eat much more of this I'll start barking!"

"You should worry," chimed in another voice, "I got so damned dirty on that engine, everything tastes like brake-fluid!"

"You know, when I was a kid I used to hate to wash—my mum had one hell of a job to get me clean, and now all I think of is baths and baths full of fresh hot water. I wonder, do you think they'll have a shower on the LST?"

"Nah! Them's only for officers—you're gonna have ter stay dirty till we get to Suez."

"Blimey, you're bloody cheerful, aintcha? Why dontcha go up the old apple and pears and poke your 'ead up as a target? The poor bleeder ain't 'it anybody all day, and 'e's getting cheesed orf prob'ly!"

The afternoon passed uneventfully, and gradually the sun began its final decline, to drown gloriously in the blood-red Mediterranean. A whistle shrilled in the dusk, and the men stumbled tiredly toward their vehicles. A foghorn voice stirred then into some semblance of activity, "Don't stand around all day—this ain't a sightseeing tour!" Nobby Clarke, the Sergeant-Major, swore dispiritedly. Dammit, I'm tired of this mess, he thought. God, will I be glad to get out of here and let the Arabs and the bloody Jews fight all they want. Just four more hours and I can sit down and sleep a little. "Fraser, you blithering imbecile, get that tank moving—and put that beret on proper, you ain't in the damn Foreign Legion!" Stewth, he mused, I'm fagged out, tired of Palestine, tired of that bloody Fraser, and almost tired of the army.

"Driver, let's roll!" The tank jolted heavily through the gate.

Even in the cool of the early night, the flies swarmed and bit, voracious and fearless. They gathered about the rotting filth and refuse, and rose up in dense clouds as the tanks ground along the quay. Down by the pilings, two bloated and evil smelling corpses bobbed up and down with the ebb and flow of the incoming tide, and over all pervaded the sickly

sweet stench of burnt and rotting flesh. Emanating, it seemed, from a charred and bullet-pocked building on the dockside.

*Dido* halted momentarily by this building, and from within could be faintly heard Potter's strident tones. "Godalmighty! What a pong! They must have really had a set-to out there. Close that 'atch Bob—I'd rather stifle in me own stink than that out there." The hatch clanged shut. "Cor, that's better. Can you see the LST yet up there?" The headset squawked indignantly in his ear. "Orlright, orlright, I only asked." The tank rumbled on.

The LST blazed with lights. Winches screamed and chattered. Hoarse voices strained to be heard over the din, and on the shore the tanks idled in a deepening haze of blue smoke from the exhausts. The discordant strains of, "Why are we waiting, oh why are we waiting?" Echoed down wind, to be engulfed in the sudden surge and roar as the lead tank turned and moved up to the ramp. Under the guidance of the stowage officer, it reared up and then descended the ramp to the echoing bowels of the ship, and one by one the others follow. The Plimsoll marks are gradually covered, one by one, as the sinks lower under its load. A bell jangles. There is the shrill whine of an electric winch, and the ramp is drawn up and the bow doors swing shut with a final rattle.

"Cast off bow lines," the loudspeaker squawks. There is a sullen splash in the oily, murky waters of the harbor. "Let go aft." Then, "All clear for'ard." "All clear aft." The engine room telegraph jangles faintly. White foam drifts back from the churning screws, and the ship eases away from the quay. Again the telegraph rings, and the foam begins to slide astern as the bows swing round to the open sea. A confused braying rends the night air from a hundred throats:—"Goodbye filthy Haifa, Farewell Tel-Aviv, it's a long, long way to Piccadilly, but my heart's right there!" The red and green lights on the bridge twinkle briefly, then wink out in the distance. The phosphorescent wake streams backward, is gradually absorbed and disappears. It is eleven-thirty p.m.—in exactly thirty minutes the Mandate will be no more.

## CYCLES

Now, in the winter of my thoughts,  
I see a cold field, a frozen field,  
Hard and brown and bleak, and I recall  
The scattered remnants of a summer and a fall.

Your voice rushes through my soul  
Like the wind whispers to a canyon.  
The sad, wise secrets that you told  
Return, like leaves of autumn gold,  
And I recall the corn,  
Which lies in dead, brown-twisted stalks,  
Was green, in the summer of my thoughts.

by Norwell Browne

# Andrew Marvell and Far Other Worlds

by Claire Marcom

MARVELL ACCEPTS the promise that there are two distinct worlds, one material and one immaterial. He would agree with Sir Thomas Browne that "man . . . is disposed to live . . . in divided and distinguished worlds; for though there be but one to the sense, there are two to reason, the one visible, the other invisible." In "The Garden," Marvell tells us that both of these worlds are to be found in the microcosm:

The mind, that ocean where each kind  
Does straight its own resemblance find  
Yet it creates, transcending these,

Far other worlds and other seas . . .

The material world is duplicated in the mind; the immaterial world is created there.

This immaterial world is primarily what we designate as the spiritual world, a reflection of "the greater heaven." The soul, pondering eternal verities, becomes the seat of the second world. In "On a Drop of Dew," Marvell explains that the soul,

. . . recollecting its own light,

Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express

The greater heaven in an heaven less . . .

The light image in this Vaughanesque meditation suggests God, "th' almighty sun." "Circling thoughts" connotes the unending circle of God, the symbol for eternity. Again, in "The Garden," the soul becomes a bird, escapes into the second world, and "waves in its plumes the various light" until it is prepared for eternity. Thus, Marvell stipulates that thoughts of God and eternity are the fundamental components of his second world. The seat of the immaterial world is however, also called "the mind." In stanza six of "The Garden," it is the mind that creates "far other worlds." "Soul" and "mind," then, are equivalent. This identification of the two as one can be pointed out in "A Dialogue Between the Body and Soul." Here, Body attributes faculties of the mind, knowledge and memory, to Soul. Love and hatred, as well as spiritual passions, hope and fear, are within the jurisdiction of the Soul. In "The Definition of Love," Marvell's "ex-

tended soul" experiences a "conjunction of the mind." In this poem, we see that even sexual love may be a facet of immaterial world of the soul-mind. It is and will remain this conjunction of minds. Thus, through this identification of the soul and the mind, Marvell suggests that all thoughts may, by elevation, fall within the province of the second world. Enlarged, extra-spiritual thoughts supplement this "circling thoughts." Perhaps a negative definition of Marvell's concept is the most exact. The second world includes all that is not fundamentally concerned with matter, the gamut of elevated ideas from God to love.

Marvell is familiar with an existence that is detached from the occurrences of seventeenth-century England. During the turmoil of civil conflict, the "easy philosopher" writes lyrics at Appleton House. "Nature's mystic book" counsels the philosophical life.

How vainly men themselves amaze

To win the palm, the oak, or bays . . .

Nature "does prudently their toils upbraid." And nature facilitates meditation about the second world.

. . . unto you, cool zephyrs, thanks,

Who, as my hair, my thoughts too shed

And winnow from the chaff my head.

Therefore, when Marvell tries to describe the world of the soul-mind, he does so in terms of a temporary escape from the material world through nature:

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,

Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,

Casting the body's vest aside,

My soul into the boughs does glide.

Marvell's idea of elevation into the second world becomes equivalent to detachment and escape.

The connection between the world of the soul-mind and detachment from life is, however, the misleading and accidental result of Marvell's effort to verbalize a state of mind that is difficult to express. When the second world is associated with detachment, as in "The Garden," it is doomed to a short duration. The bee soon reminds Marvell that the world of action interrupts his contemplation. He notices, also, that



"The milder sun Does through a fragrant zodiac run." The sun, suggesting Marvell's identification of "th' almighty sun" with God, becomes a symbol of the second world; again the poet is reminded that this world is transient. Thus, when the immaterial world is described as the escape through nature, the bee and the garden as a sundial recall the world of action and time which rudely terminates his contemplation.

The second world is not a state of mind that is detached from the world of action, relegated to a temporary span of time, or evoked by will when Marvell contemplates nature. On the contrary, Marvell conceives of it as a real, paradoxically, a material entity. Browne distinguishes between the two worlds by designating that one is perceived by the senses, the other, by the reason. In Marvell's poetry, there is no definite distinction between the spheres of these two faculties. Marvell feels an idea; it is apprehended by the senses. He exemplifies Eliot's theory that "the poets of the seventeenth century . . . possessed a mechanism of sensibility which could devour any kind of experience." In "The Garden," Marvell finds that enjoying the melons and flowers is an experience analogous to mental revery. Both sensations are pleasures, and the former is not so acute; it is the "pleasure less." Marvell's sensory perception of his second world can be seen most clearly when he writes the idea itself, rather than when he writes about it as he does in "The Garden." In "To a Coy Mistress," he does not think of the transience of life, he hears "time's winged chariot hurrying near." Eternity is visible. "And yonder all before us lie Deserts of vast eternity." He actually states that he senses these ideas. Marvell's sensory apprehension is manifest, also, in the immediacy, as in the concreteness of his imagery. Time is a chariot "at my back." Marvell chooses to write of time in anthropocentric terms; it extends before and behind man. By centering time around a sensory creature, he suggests once again that the idea is a sensation. Marvell's sensory apprehension of the second world is made evident by the painful and vivid terminology used in "The Dialogue Between the Soul and Body," also. Marvell thinks of the immaterial world, is overwhelmed by the comparison of his imperfection with the perfection of God, and feels that "first the cramp of hope does tear/ And then the palsy shakes of fear." He is physically racked by an idea. "One might almost say . . . [his] body thought."

Considering the other world as Marvell feels it, rather than as he describes it, it is a tangible perceived by the senses, as we have seen. Since he perceives this world through the same facilities that he uses to discern the material world, he associates ideas and concrete objects in one category. Therefore, Marvell

finds the most natural analogy for a concrete entity of the second world to be a similarly concrete object from the material world. Love is best explained in terms of a geometrical conceit, as in "The Definition of Love."

As lines, so loves, oblique may well  
Themselves in every angle greet;  
But ours, so truly parallel,  
Though infinite, can never meet.

Again, time is a chariot; life is an iron gate; fate is a person. Samuel Johnson would criticize Marvell, as he does Browne, by saying that this geometrical conceit, for example, is composed of "heterogeneous words, brought together from distant regions with terms appropriated to one art, and drawn by violence into the service of another." Johnson, then, can not see that the immaterial and material are alike, for they are both perceived through the senses and are both tangible. However, if one understands the metaphysical's sensory perception of an idea, such as Marvell's perception of his second world, his conceits become the natural result of this sensation, and the derogatory comments of Johnson are refuted. Since perceiving ideas and objects is a similar experience, it is quite decorous to say that "God is like a skillful geometrical" and that love is like "stiff twin compasses."

This tangible entity is omnipresent in Marvell's mind. Occasionally, he consciously superimposes it upon the material world. He sees a drop of dew, but he can not enjoy its beauty and pass on. He can not forget the second world, so he must analyze the coherence and purity of the drop to find its significance to the entity that is of primary importance to him. More frequently, Marvell's train of thought is rudely interrupted by the second world when he is concerned with an unrelated subject and apparently has no intention of contemplating serious ideas. For example, in "The Picture of Little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers," Marvell amuses himself with comments on Petrarchan love. Suddenly, in the last stanza, there is a shift; facetious suggestions to correct the errors of spring become a counsel to beware of death. The second world interrupts Marvell's gay mood, and the poem changes in tone from a farce to a dirge. Thus, the tangible existence of an immaterial world that will not be ignored helps account for the "metaphysical shudder."

Marvell's similar perception of both worlds and his consequent inability to express one without relating it to the other is a primary constituent of his wit. Consider, for example, "The grave's a fine and private place, But none, I think, do there embrace." Since "To a Coy Mistress" is a poem of seduction, the

theme is the "embrace," or physical relation. The thought of death, the "grave," is introduced as part of the argument. Neither the idea nor the act is amusing when considered separately, but the incongruity of the fusion of the two is wit. Again, Marvell connects an element of the second world, love, with a plant, and we have his witticism, "vegetable love."

Since Marvell feels that the second world is a very real presence, he can preserve a singular equanimity when England is crumbling around him. He is aware of the tragedy of the Civil War. The tragic actor, Charles I, is not a despicable tyrant; he deserves our sympathy:

He nothing common did, or mean,  
Upon that memorable scene . . .  
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite  
To vindicate his helpless right:  
But bowed his comely head  
Down, as upon a bed.

The royalist cause is presented sympathetically, also; it is justice that pleads the ancient rights. To add

to his distress, Marvell realizes that Cromwell cannot be admired without reservation. This "three-forked lightning" is a destructive force. It rends the clouds that nursed it and proceeds, burning palaces and temples, "to ruin the greatest work of time." The opposition, then, is not entirely wrong, by his thoughts of the second world. Cromwell's victories are in accordance with the power behind this immaterial world. The general is seen as a force of nature:

Nature, that hateth emptiness,  
Allows for penetration less,  
And therefore must make room  
Where greater spirits come.

Again, the "three-forked lightning" is "heaven's flame." With this larger consideration in mind, Marvell, Cromwell's eulogist, is disarmingly objective, as we have seen. Because the second world is the poet's primary concern, actual events are reduced to relative insignificance; Cromwell, despite his faults, becomes the hero; and Marvell remains sanguine.

## SONG

When again  
An idle mirrow river flows  
And there the rose  
Of carven ivory shall be,  
With dim song of mourning dove  
Enchanting beyond love—  
There, held in thrall  
To learn whirl-wind,  
World-wind's all,  
My hot fleshed gaze  
Veiled in an evening's haze  
Of falling leaves,  
I will sit with dim eyes  
Of an age ago  
Awaiting darkness and  
A dying moon's  
Misshapen cameo.

*Jim Applewhite*

# The Party

By Mary Louise Cofer

UNTIL her mother's downstairs light went out, Lois lay watching the slender strings of rain tinsel to the ground. They feathered in the globe of yellow light that grew from the window and sank into the darkness where she could not see. Her face pressed closely to the mesh of the screen was damp with the rain that filtered through. The light cloud of rain hovering close to the stuffy little attic room enclosed its smallness and made the air strong and heavy to breathe. Darker even than the night the barn bulged at the far end of the yard and a fence cut short sharp blacker lines up from the ground. Besides her window a gossamer white ghost of a dress hung on the wall hook like a suspended web. Tomorrow was the party and it was raining.

Paper Japanese lanterns were strung and waiting in the kitchen to be hung through the trees, and a hundred balloon bulbs lay lightly in boxes. Her mother was going to float them out over everyone tomorrow just before they would serve the ice cream and punch. Whenever she thought about it, her stomach became light and full of circles of thrills bouncing through her. The palms of her hands were wet with excitement. It was like the hours she had lain in bed not being able to sleep many nights with good excitement and bad excitement tying knitted cords through her body: the nights she could lie locked in her bedroom hearing the uneven tramp of her father stalking the rooms in drunkenness, waiting for the stab of her mother's scream, the frantic working of the knob into her room, breath in short staccatos, the low slung darkness. Then she was like a cave of clawing birds. But the other times, she lay her heart pounding steadily and heavy against her chest, a good feeling like sitting down hungry to a table of food. Before she and her mother had moved to the old home place a month ago, in the earthy stranded stillness of the Florida swamp, she had felt the good excitement; and now on the night before her first party, she felt it too. Everyone in the small fifth-sixth grade had been invited, although she had no close friends yet. But she hoped they would all come. It would show them all. Her mother

had said it would show them all.

When her mother's light went out it was late. Suddenly the whole outdoors became an eerie cave of darkness hung with velvet threads of rain. She could hear it falling now in deliberate strong strokes, plunging to the ground and through the screen. It was coming to hard to leave the window open. She pulled it down along the sticky edge of the casement and fell down onto the bed. The feather mattress curled around her and she began her way to sleep. Firey red balls that sometimes bounced fiercely before her eyes came then, and she watched them climb slowly to and from her face in throbbing pulsing motion until finally they became parts of a frightening dream.

She slept late because the morning was dark and there was no sun to waken her.

"Lois! D'ya hear me? It's way past eight!" Her mother's voice sounded wiry and strained. She could not believe it was daylight yet. Please, dear God, let the rain stop!

"Comin', Mama!"

She pulled up beside the window and opened it. The grey lines of the barn and fence and trees were muted in the dull cast. Rain spotted her face damply. It would ruin the party! Please, please let it stop!

The narrow room was hateful in its grey bareness. She found her shorts over the chair, pulled them on and ducked down through the low doorway to the steps. Her mother was in the kitchen. arranging nut cups she had bought at the dime store.

"Run out to Miz Crumley's and see if she'll let us borrow her punch cups. We ain't got enough."

"Mama, It's rainin'."

Her mother didn't look up. Her voice sounded tired. "I know it. But it's gonna let up." She stepped back and swept her hands over the lacy lines of nut cups. "Ain't they pretty?"

"They're beautiful. But nobody expects us to have stuff like that fixed."

"They'll see. Now g'on. Take the umbrella."

Rain spoiled everything. It seemed as though



it had been raining the whole month they had been living here. She ran through the hall, pulled the umbrella from the outdated rack and opened the front door. It was an old house. The front door had panes of glass in network across it and a metal key on the outside to turn and ring the bell. A long low porch ran along the front, and at one end a swing and a cheap metal chair sat floating rain, and a vine trailed along the unpainted trellis that screened the porch. She squished the mud of the front yard through her toes and ran over the prickles of grass. Mrs. Crumley lived in the house across the road and she owned a lovely set of amethyst colored punch glasses she had ordered from a catalogue. They clouded everything you drank in them to a deep rich yellow. Lois had been to see Mrs. Crumley often although she had bad breath and a dark mustache fringing her upper lip and asked a lot of questions. But it gave her something to do in the afternoons until she could make some friends at school. She found her way over the river of ruts and mud that was the road when it was dry. She held the umbrella close over her head so that the rain wouldn't spoil her curls and ran up the steps of Mrs. Crumley's unpainted house.

"I come over for your punch cups. Mama said you might lend em to us for the party."

Mrs. Crumley was small with a face furrowed in fat. She still wore her dresses ankle length, and was always wrapped in an oversized apron.

"What's your Ma think she's havin'. The social event of the year?"

"It's gonna be a lovely party for me—if it stops rainin. Didn't she tell you about it?"

"Didn't have to. I heered around. Church meetin Sunday that's all they talked about."

"You mind us borryin your cups?"

"What's your Ma think she's so fine about?" Mrs. Crumley was waddling back toward the kitchen. "I heered it's spose to be some affair."

"She never gave me a party. This is the first un." Lois was familiar with the pine wood smell of the old house. It was the same as hers. And in winter it smelled like oil.

"Has your papa come back to her or somethin?"

"N'ome. We ain't heered from him." *Why don't* ago it seemed.

"Sent er some money?"

"N'ome. We ain't heered from him." *Why don't* you quit talking about him?

"Sit down while I wash the cups up. Won't take only a minute."

"We'n do that."

"No. I don't mind." She drew a dish pan full

of water and set it on the stove. "You too young fer coffee?"

"I drink it some."

Mrs. Crumley poured two giant sized cups and sat down across the linoleum topped table from her.

"Who all's invited to the party?"

"Everybody in the fifth-sixth grade."

"*Everybody!* Do tell! Why did y'all invite everybody? Y'all like everybody?"

"Mama said everybody should come see what a grand party she can give me. We'n have nice things like everybody else."

"How's your Mama gonna pay fer it . . . I spose there'll be prizes an all."

"Mama's got money." It was too stuffy in Mrs. Crumley's house. She wanted to leave.

"Is she takin' in warchin or is she workin out?"

Mrs. Crumley seemed to think that was very funny. Her guffaws nearly toppled her off her chair. Lois wanted to reach out suddenly and push her over.

"You don't have to do them cups. I'll take em now."

Mrs. Crumley got up and poked a pudgy finger into the water on the stove. "Ain't quite ready yet." Then she sank her cushioned hips into the chair again.

"You know, It's real funny about your Ma."

"What is?"

"How she always tried to be so biggity. Always was. Since she was little. Her folks, you don't remember them, they always dressed her finer'n anybody else in town, sent her off to a fancy school—oh, she was too good for the likes of this town. And then she just went bad. You know, you can't make a silk purse outa a sow's ear." She pulled a noisy slurp of coffee through her lips.

"My Mama's very lovely."

Mrs. Crumley waved a hand in her direction.

"Sure, *you* think so. Ain't fitten fer a child to think otherwise. Only us older uns, *we* know."

Mrs. Crumley was plain—her hair grew mousey grey straight from her face. And her squatty nose was unbearably ugly.

"Ain't right to tell you, bein' so young an all. But you'll know one day. Mark my word."

"I'll be leavin now." She felt her eyes brimming hot. Mrs. Crumley's bulks were sinking into water waves of blurs. She ran out into the dark hall. "An we don't need your ol yeller dime store glasses neither. We got plenty purty'n them, and we don't need em."

"You won't need any atall. Ain't nobody comin to your party. Nobody in this world!"

She forgot her umbrella and when Mrs. Crumley's

voice grated over the soft touch of the rain that she had left it, she didn't turn around. She would never go to that hateful house again, not even if Mrs. Crumley owned pure gold glasses. Not for anything.

When she reached her house she realized for the first time that she was soaked through and shivering.

"Lois, why didn't you take the umbrella like I told you."

She hated lying to her mother. "I didn't think it was rainin' so hard."

"Well, it's time for you to start gettin' ready anyhow. They'll be comin' at ten. G'on and be takin' off them wet things while I heat you some water. Where're the cups?"

"She said she couldn't lend em."

"Well, I didn't expect nothin' better from her. G'on. We'll get along without them. Ain't these little sandwiches lovely?"

Her mother had made dozens of dainty things from pictures in her cookbook." At school for teas we always had these. Course, nobody round here knows about em, but when I was at boardin' school we had lovely things. All the time. And beautiful places to live in, like fine hotels." Her mother's eyes softened into a dreamy stare. She moved automatically to put Lois's bath water on to heat.

It seemed to take too long to get ready. The time to ten dwindled in slow motion; and Lois could not forget Mrs. Crumley. What if no one came? Rain still misted against the windows, and the roads would be hard to travel. Rain would fade some of the beauty from the party, but now if everyone would come, that had become the importance of the party. They'd show Mrs. Crumley. Putty nose Crumley. Before she put on her dress she tried praying; but she was afraid to pray very hard because somehow it seemed useless. She held the dress up before her and watched the grey light from the window sneak through its folds. She slipped her damp hair through the neck and pulled the airiness of it over her hips. It splashed over her body like a waterfall of light and air. She combed her hair straight from her face and wished the curls were still there, but somehow it didn't matter. It was like being sewn into a cloud to put on your first party dress for your own party. She ducked down the stairs and ran into the kitchen.

"You look lovely, Lois," her mother said looking long at her. "Real lovely."

"Mama, you ain't even gettin' ready yet. It's nearly ten!"

"Oh, yes," she said dreamily, "oh, yes."

"Mama, you sick?" She looked older at that mo-

ment than Lois had ever seen her look before. Her snapping dark eyes were like films of nothing set small and unobtrusive in the prominent boning of her face. Tiny lines supported the weight of cheekbones and ran along her mouth and dug into her forehead. She smiled sickly.

"No darlin'. Just tired." Then she disappeared into the tiny bedroom.

Lois spread out the fluff of her skirts and sat down at the table. She tried some of the tiny sandwiches. They were beautiful. Like things you saw only in pictures and never ate.

"Mama, these sandwiches are beautiful."

She sat with her feet wrapped around the chair and watched the thick dark sky and the endless rain.

"D'you suppose the rain will keep everybody away?" But her mother did not answer.

She waited for the clock to pound out ten bongs and after it did, she sat very straight, ready to run to the door as soon as the bell rang.

"Mama, hurry. Hurry! Folks'll be coming right now!"

The dim sky was still falling.

When the clock said a quarter after ten, she got up and went into her mother's room. At first the limp body thrown across the bed like a discarded dress frightened her. Then she saw that the back was heaving.

"Mama." She nudged the limp figure softly. "Mama, what's the matter? Mama?" Her mother was crying out loud now. Then she sat up slowly on the edge of the bed and pulled Lois to her. She looked thinner than Lois had ever realized.

"They ain't comin', Lois. Nobody's comin'."

Lois stepped back from her, stung by what she said. "But everything's planned. Everybody knows."

"They ain't gonna come. Because of—me." Her voice grew smaller and smaller, like the image in the wrong end of the telescope. "I know it was wrong. I know; but I couldn't help doin' it. I knew from the first that nobody'd come. Lois, *baby*." She reached out for Lois again. But Lois felt only the need to repulse her. She tugged away from her mother and leaned against the wall.

"Why won't they come, Mama? Is the rain the reason? Why won't they?"

Her mother looked hunched and cruel, her face working into ugly distortions and her eyes swollen and bleary from tears.

"Because—because they've all hated me. *Always!* Oh, I wish I'd never come back here." She threw herself into the folds of the bedspread again.

To Lois it was as if she was the only person in a tight ugly room.





# Prodigy

by Fred Chappell

CAMPBELL, the cop beating at Eighth and Pine, called for the patrol car about 10:30 that night. When the patrol car arrived, they found Campbell holding him by the belt in proper fashion, so they shoved him in the patrol car fast and roughly. He was loose as a sack of cornmeal. It was about 10:40 when they arrived at the police station, and they dragged him out by the belt, and walked him toward the doors. He was still limp, and he had not yet spoken a word.

The desk sergeant searched his pockets, and took everything out but the cigarets and matches. (He was a pitying man. He once had had to stay in a foxhole three days and nights without cigarets.) While he searched the wallet for identification, the other cops led the boy over to a chair and sat him down hard. He lolled and folded in the chair. The desk sergeant, Mr. Prentiss, was surprised by what he found in the pockets: two fountain pens, a number of coins, one of which was golden and foreign, a tiny book of poems in a language so foreign he could not tell what the letters stood for, a little stone, a dried leaf, and a thing made of two hollow, tin, child's spinning tops; the bottom was cut off one and they were joined together for what seemed absolutely no purpose.

"Jesus," said Sergeant Prentiss, "we've got a loony in here."

He opened the wallet. There was no identification except a typewritten slip reading David S, but when he looked at the money he didn't believe it and took it out and laid it on his green desk blotter. He started to count it, and when he reached nine hundred dollars he said Jesus three times and went on counting. There were one thousand and twenty-four dollars in the wallet.

They slapped him around some then, but he was too drunk to notice, and he only lay limp in the chair, not even raising his hands to ward off the blows. After a while they stopped. It wasn't doing any good. They called the fingerprint man from his poker game in the next room. He said that it was hard to get clear prints because he couldn't hold the

fingers stiff, but they told him about the money, and he whistled and went on pressing the fingers to the pad. After that they hit him some more, but it was no good, so they took him upstairs, still holding him by the belt. The tank was already full to overflowing (it was Friday night), so they put him in a private cell. Williams said it was a good thing anyway because of the job he had worked somewhere.

When they came back downstairs, Prentiss was still looking at the green and black money. Under the lamp the paper almost shone.

"Jesus," he said, "look at all that money."

"Who around here keeps that much on them?" asked Roberts.

"Maybe he worked a second story job," said Williams. "It was no heist job unless he got rid of the gun."

"Maybe a snatcher," said Prentiss.

"Man, even if you could kiss the dog on a guy like Wilson, you wouldn't take that much in a long time." Wilson was a detective who had once been a pick-pocket. Legally he could not work on a police force, but he did.

"Nobody carries new money on em, and they don't keep it in their house," said Prentiss.

"Con game?" offered Williams. And refuting it himself: "Naw, too young."

"How old is he, anyway?" asked Prentiss.

"Too young to do anything," said Roberts. "He's real young. He can't be over sixteen."

They remembered what the boy had looked like. His youth had struck them forcibly as a physical characteristic. He had a large thick mass of red hair which was not curly or wavy, but the sheer bulk of it had seemed to make it turn and twist on itself in huge strands. His nose had been straight and good, but fleshy. His lips were thick and very red. His eyes were very heavy-lidded, but it might have been because of his drunkenness; the eyes might have been green beneath them.

"What's his name?" asked Williams. "Where's he from?"

"All he's got on him is this little slip of paper



which says David S," said Prentiss. "We better call Campbell and hear about it. Did you-all talk to him when you picked him up?"

"I thought it was just another drunk kid," said Roberts.

They called Campbell, but the pole-phone rang five minutes, and Campbell didn't answer.

"He figures he's done his night's work," said Prentiss. "He's gone after a beer out there somewhere. Go get him, and tell him not to be drinking in uniform."

"You mean bring him off the beat?"

"Sure," said Prentiss. "He's not going to do anything else tonight anyway. You can take him back in a few minutes."

They brought Campbell in about ten minutes later, but all he told them was that he found the boy lying on a lawn at 304 Eighth Street, and that the boy didn't live there. No, he hadn't said anything. No, he didn't know about the money. He didn't know how long he had been there; he didn't know where the boy came from.

Four hours later they went to question the boy. He was asleep, but when they woke him up he was still too drunk.

The shifts changed. Harkins went on as desk sergeant at seven o'clock. He got to the station at six-thirty, and Prentiss told him all about the boy and the money, and what the boy had in his pockets, and that they had awakened the boy at two o'clock and at five o'clock, but he was still drunk, and that they had not heard about the fingerprints yet. Then Prentiss went home to his wife and two children and a breakfast with coffee. Harkins sat at the desk reading the reports and fragments of reports that had been turned in the preceding night.

They served breakfast at eight-thirty, and they had to wake the boy up again. He was still drunk, but he mumbled the word "agon" and held the sandwiches in his hand, and went back to sleep.

When they told Harkins downstairs, he said Goddam and shuffled through the papers. "Goddam," he said, looking at the paper before him, "how can anybody stay drunk eight goddam hours?"

At ten-thirty they went to take an assault-and-battery case out of his cell into the courtroom, and they discovered that the boy was awake. They stared at him, and he regarded them slowly under heavy lidded eyes. They came back and took him downstairs and questioned him. But he did not answer, and so they began hitting him, not too hard, and then harder, and finally slapped him viciously because he did not seem to notice that he was being beaten.

"Boy, don't you feel that?" one of them asked.

"I also feel it," he replied.

"Who else feels it?" they asked.

"The god feels it," said the boy. "The god is in me."

"O Christ," said one. "Not a religious nut."

They hit him some more, but he began sneering, and there was nothing they could do.

"What's your name?" they asked.

"David S," he said.

"That's no name," they said.

"You have said it."

Finally, they took him back to the cell, and at twelve-fifteen a cop named Erwin brought him two sandwiches.

"You want to see some magic?" asked the boy.

"What kind of magic?" asked Erwin.

"Good kind."

"If you're a magician why don't you get out of that jail?"

"What makes you think I want out? Look, go get me a bottle of wine, and I'll show you some good magic."

"I can't get you no wine," said the cop. "You can't have anything like that in here."

Beneath the drooping lids, the boy's bright green eyes regarded him coolly and with a sardonic humor. "Go get some wine," said the boy.

Erwin had to go down the back stairs and out the back door. After a while he came back; the wine was hidden under his coat.

"I can't get it through the bars," Erwin said.

It was chianti.

"The belly's too big," said the boy. "You'll have to open the door."

He opened the door. The boy took the quart bottle.

"You come back after while, and you'll see some good magic," the boy said.

Erwin went downstairs.

"What took you so long?" asked Harkins.

"I was trying to get him to talk," said Erwin.

"What did he say?"

"Nothing."

"Took you a goddam long time to get him to say nothing."

Desk sergeant Prentiss was awake now and eating at home with his wife. The children were playing somewhere outside. Prentiss told his wife about the boy they had brought in.

"What was his name?" she asked.

"I said I don't know. There was a piece of paper

in his pocket that said David S, but that's not a name."

"I've heard that somewhere before," said Mrs. Prentiss. "You know I never forget a name. Where have I heard that before?"

"I don't know."

She pondered, tapping the table with long unpolished fingernails. "O, I know," she said. She went into the livingroom and returned with a woman's magazine with a photograph of a bright, healthy female on the cover. She opened the magazine, flipping quickly past the pages with the advertisements for cake flour and silk panties.

"Here," she said, creasing back the pages.

There was a picture of a beautiful young lady sitting on a sofa, looking out the window at the rain. There was a tobacco pipe on the coffee table next to some phonograph records. The printing said A Flight of the Heart, and in smaller print, by David Ess. The blurb said something about Here is a magical story about two young.

"It's not the same name," said Prentiss. "His paper had just a plain S on it."

"Maybe it's a pen name," said his wife. "Maybe that's where he got the money from. I bet they pay lots of money to people who write stories and things."

"Maybe so," said Prentiss. He was humoring his wife.

Harkins went off duty at three o'clock, and so did Erwin. At five-thirty another cop brought the boy's meal to him. There was a cheese sandwich, an egg salad sandwich, and a cup of watery coffee.

When the cop came to the boy's cell, he saw that it was filled with leafy vines and animals. Grapes hung expectantly from the vines, and the boy lay on the grassy concrete floor, his head pillowed on the broad furry back of a huge grey wolf. When the cop approached, two lynxes in a far corner opened yellow eyes and regarded him. The cell was full of the odor of animals; it reminded the cop of the odor of copulation. The lynxes closed their eyes and went back to sleep.

The cop put the food and coffee down on the floor, and went back downstairs and told York, the new desk sergeant. York told him that he was crazy, but he got out of his chair and went upstairs. He and the other cop stared at the scene in the cage for a long time. The sleeping boy stirred under their gaze, and almost awake, half sang a snatch of a strange song, then relapsed again into a sodden slumber.

"How the hell did this happen?" asked York.

They went downstairs and called Erwin, and he said No, it wasn't there at lunchtime, No, he didn't

know anything about it, Had they all gone crazy over there?

Then they called Harkins, and asked him what the hell. Harkins didn't know; he said he'd be right over. While they were waiting for him, the report on the boy's fingerprints came in. They had no record of them.

When Harkins got there, they all three went upstairs and stared at the scene in the cell.

"Goddam!" said Harkins. "I didn't know a goddam thing about it."

They stared some more, and decided to wake the boy up. They stood outside the cell and yelled at him because they were afraid to enter the cell with animals in there. The lynxes woke up first, and yawned, showing their long sly mouths and yellow teeth, and stretched. Then the wolf woke up and yawned and growled, and woke the boy up. He yawned too and felt around in the grass. He found a fatbellied empty wine bottle and touched the mouth of it to a pregnant bunch of grapes hanging above his head. The grapes seemed to shrink and empty themselves, and the bottle filled with a purple liquid. The boy drank of it, and then sat up on his haunches, and drank some more, and then looked at the cops.

"What do you want?" asked the boy sharply.

"What are you doing with those animals in there?"

"Sleeping or dreaming until you woke me," said the boy.

"You can't have animals in jail," said Harkins.

"I've got them," said the boy.

"Where did you get them?" asked York.

"I got them," repeated the boy. "Forms from the dry aether. Created I them."

"You didn't make them."

"I made their substance, then I fashioned them in accordance with wine. I used a golden mask and a poem and a prayer that should have been a dance and then a dance that was a prayer."

"No you didn't," said York.

The boy turned his back on them and wandered around the cell. He began singing wildly. He petted the wolf, scratched it behind the ears.

## 2.

Forms from the dry aether/ Created I them. Lynxes from dry steel bars at right angles, their fur from the drifting air, the wolf and the grass from the soul of the substance of the concrete, the soul of the form of the concrete interfering. And they interfere/ World become a monster Pentheus/ Warning to you O Royal Bastard/ When dark forces rise from what was light/ The empire sees or falls. Will fall. Poor unsuspect-



ings. Gyres only suggestions. Empedocles said he was a god but how? the people did not believe. Are, are become The kingdom of my god/And of his cry/and of his cry.

Lynxes have teeth/  
And vines are rough as age to human hands.

where shall i say my god that they  
know not me? where shall i sing  
my everything, having no succor, no aid,  
no silence,

no ear, no tongue that speaks the proper space-  
andtime language to  
a listening ear in a good silence?

Not from the dry aether the forms. The forms  
come with a soul. I conjure only onlies/I seek no  
hydria in the nothing. Lynxes live beyond lynxes,  
and beyond my calling-out. Plato: no philosophy but  
a nightmare. See only the shadows of the real, but  
the real is only a translation of the Shadow.

No. I do not seek my source, I do not know, I do  
not care to know who is in the Beyond, what is Be-  
yond, where is Beyond. Am I a hybrid thereof? Did  
a stalking abyss pursue my mother until she fell ex-  
hausted beneath a naked bulb in a dollar room? Or  
was a droneman my father, my mother channelling  
more energy, more cold upon him, sucking out his  
human heat and mushroom heritage? Medusa is a  
mirror. Reflections of that hydduous strenth.

Eyes, eyes of Lur, eyes of Picasso. No human eye  
seems human when you see the eye.

—We'll take you to Naxos. This way to Naxos.  
—No. That's not the way to Naxos. —This way to  
come on — No. No, please, no, please, please, please.  
—Naxos to the left with a haha laugh. (loud stage-  
whisper): Naxos to the *right*. —No, no, no. —Come  
on, you're a goodlookin boy, you know it? —You  
poor fools. And then forms from the dry aether.  
Created I them. Transformed I them. Vines from  
the mast/Made a wooden phoenix/And ivy at taffrail  
and poopdeck. Lynxes and panthers from out the  
shifting air. Leopard spilled by the spots on the  
sun. And eye, fang, ear, eye, eye, tooth, fur, tail,  
eye, fang about the slaveship. And the dryness and  
the winesource. Dolphins, gentle fish/Into dolphins,  
gentle singing dolphins created I them/For that they  
were seamen/For that they wandered upon/That  
they loved, loved upon the sea.

Whereupon I inherited the earth. The earth is  
good to wander upon. Did I want the earth? No.  
What of the earth? If it were a song I would sing  
it. If it were a grape I would eat it. If it were wine  
I would drink it. The earth is earthy, I wander upon  
it. Where have I been asked?

Naxos, Athens, Syracuse,  
Paris, Troy, Corinth,  
Galilee, Rome, by the Po, by the Ganges,  
and the Irrawaddy,  
on Aetna, on Olympus, upon the gulfs  
and the secret seas,  
with love and death and sex and drunken-  
ness and dream  
and vision and dullness and music.

So: this way to Naxos?

They shall have music. Music of the mad disci-  
pline. Incline thine ear unto the belly/Of the grape/  
Birth the world's stillest strongest voice. Were you  
there when the stars went awry, when the deathing  
form was fulfilled by the unformed dark, were you  
there where the sails spread winking in the sun, and  
had no premonition that all the while man woman  
and child donkeyed down toward Egypt? You were  
not there, nor did Herod start on his throne from his  
crazy stupor when the tips of the gyrecones met in a  
bright star pinned on Eastbreast. When dark forces  
rise in the corners the emperors had better look out.

Had better. Now the force, the irresponsible dark,  
floods through me again. I am become in stress again.  
Shall be joined, will have company of my bearded,  
lionbodied fiendfriend, his thighs move slowly as jaws,  
his thirst is old as the desert and dry as the sun. This  
empire too shall pass soon. And I here have built  
a momentary sanctuary soon to be embellished by the  
panthers. By the panthers/By the padding leopards/  
Here there be tygers. Forms from the aether/Shadows  
of my hydduous strenth. (And my goddess she shall  
be born of the seafoam.)

let my cry come unto thee. that it may echo in the  
hollow of thy hand. that it may wheel in the spinning  
spaces. now make padding panther, limber leopard.  
created i them. forms. let my song come unto thee.  
unto thy way. my cry unto thee.





# On Killing the Roses

I think I know what the reason was.  
As soon as I dropped the sickle  
on the grass  
and sat on the grey porchsteps  
to watch the tall cool stalks  
cut clean at the dirt line  
and lying across each other,

Even when the driving rain  
splashed my face and splattered  
my hair and rolled down cheeks,  
it was cool, like tears,  
(there weren't any)  
I still just sat  
I just sat still  
on the grey steps  
and knew even then  
that I did it because  
they were so pretty.

But now this bothers me because  
I am waiting, afraid of someday when  
I may once again  
kill the roses.

Or even more afraid of the fact  
I will never have another chance  
to show them I would not do it now,  
would be different from the other men  
who killed theirs.

But that is a never, I am afraid,  
a never and not a when.  
They were supposed to be perennials but.  
They never came back again.

*George Keithley*

# REVIEWS:

*The Hero*, Lord Raglan. Vintage Books, 1956.

*The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, Joseph Campbell. Meridian Books, 1956.

**L**ORD RAGLAN is a crusty, Englishman, who relishes a good scholarly argument that never misses a chance to cut the ground out from under his opponents. He even chides those, such as Gilbert Murray who accept his main thesis, when they step out of line over certain details. His tendentiousness and wit do, however, serve the very fine purpose of impressing his point and destroying his opponents arguments.

*The Hero*, first published in 1936, is a study in tradition, myth, and drama. The material studied was collected mainly in Western Europe, Greece, and the British Isles. In the section on tradition, Lord Raglan effectively destroys any belief in the historical existence of Robin Hood, the heroes of the Norse Sagas, King Arthur, Cuchulain, and the heroes of the Homeric poems. After showing that many of these traditional heroes have their origin in myth, he goes on to discuss the origin of myth itself. He accepts the thesis of the Cambridge Classical Anthropologists that myths are the spoken counterparts of rites and that they are the narrative explanations of ritual action. That myths are primitive man's speculation on the meaning of the natural universe or that myths are cloudy narratives of historical events, he refutes with concise logic and compact examples. Then tracing the story of various heroes, he finds that they all follow a fairly consistent pattern which has its counterpart in the action of the rite. One of Raglan's

outstanding accomplishments is to show by what rules the lives of historical figures become embellished by tradition until they conform to the same general pattern as that of the mythological heroes. In his last section, Lord Raglan demonstrates the ultimate origin of all drama in ritual drama and shows how certain dramatic features of the ritual determine both the form and the content of mythology.

*The Hero* is such a bold synthesis of current knowledge on mythology that I found it not only shockingly enjoyable reading, but also expect to find it of much use in the study of epic poetry and so-called folk literature.

Lord Raglan had little to say about the vast field of Oriental mythology or about the contributions of the various psycho-analytic schools to the study of mythology. Joseph Campbell in *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* makes his contributions in these two specific areas. Starting with this assumption: "Dream is the personalized myth, myth the depersonalized dream; both myth and dream are symbolic in the same general way of the dynamics of the psyche," Campbell is able to show the reader a pattern which the adventures of all heroes in all mythology (including dreams) follow. Many myths and the folk tales and ballads which come from them cover only part of the cycle, but their relation to the general pattern can readily be seen with the aid of psycho-analytic tools. After finishing with the adventure of the hero, Campbell goes on to deal with the cosmogonic cycle, "the great vision of creation and destruction of the world which is vouchsafed as a

revelation of the successful hero." In this section, as in the other, Campbell demonstrates a wonderful insight into the fundamental similarity of many diverse myths.

If the above things were all that Campbell was concerned with, he would have made an outstanding contribution to our understanding of mythology; but that is not all. Taking as his theme the statement from the Vedas: "Truth is one, the sages speak of it by many names," he develops a mythical doctrine to the effect that the essence of man and of the world is one and that the task of the modern hero is to forge from the unconscious of his soul a much needed mythology for modern man. According to Campbell, the salvation of man lies in his ability to create for himself new symbols and to understand that the various symbols developed by different men have the same redemptive value.

I have neither the ability nor the space to discuss Campbell's philosophy, but I can say something about his position in the contemporary intellectual world. He is very much in "the failure-of-nerve" category. That this is so is evident from his need to build out of his study of mythology a mystical, irrational philosophy of salvation through a new mythology. Campbell characterizes the modern world as the age in which "the human heritage of ritual, morality, and art is in full decay," and he feels that the major problem of today is to render "the modern world spiritually significant to modern man." The failure-of-nerve position is one that is often taken by men who have lost all faith in the ability of man to find his own salvation through the use of

his rational intellect, and Campbell certainly has lost his faith.

One more point: The aim of the various psycho-analytic schools is to gain a rational understanding of man's irrational processes, and I find it rather ironic that the tools of psychoanalysis which encourages us to look for our salvation in these irrational processes. I think that one must give credit to Campbell for the understanding that he has given us of the mythological cycle and the adventure of the hero, but I doubt that the mysticism with which it was covered will prove quite so valuable.

Keith Davis



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*A Change of Sky and Other Poems*  
by Helen Bevington. Houghton  
Mifflin Co. 1956.

*A Change of Sky* represents the beauty of small things; things which would be meaningless if they were large and magnificent. Like a poem by Herrick, a scene from a Chaplin film, or a watercolor by John Marin, Mrs. Bevington does not astound, but delights by her intense feeling for simple things. Her poems are small poems, minor poems, ranging from humorous epigrams to impressions of various scenes and from satirical pieces on the customs and foibles of our times to serious probings into the problems of art and artistry.

The collection derives unity from the observations of the poet on her travels from America to Europe and back again. Implicit in those journeys is the book's theme: "The sky is changed; I have not changed my heart." Mrs. Bevington's ideas and attitude remain essentially constant throughout the collection, it is the change of scene which accounts for the form and development of the book.

While Mrs. Bevington observes almost everything with a satirical, humorous mind, she shows consistent affection, sometimes passionate affection, for her subjects. She is witty in the Elizabethan sense of that term. No matter how ridiculous or slight she makes something seem, nevertheless she cares for it; it has meaning for her. For example:

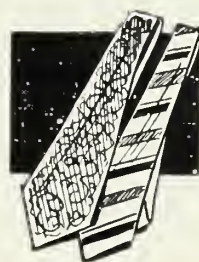
Queue-loving Englishmen (in  
queues)

Have leisure to confirm their  
views

That God created them in twos  
Presumably to stand in queues.

or:

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Past the wooryard and the triangular cedars  
The world is small. As anybody knows,  
It consists of a cloud or two, a countryside,  
A way to elsewhere: nothing grandiose.

The satire is subtle, but it can and often does penetrate deeply. Throughout *A Change of Sky*, the influence of Montaigne may be discerned. It is apparent in the satirical approach which is supported always by a feeling of compassion. And it is apparent in the deeper meaning which underlies the seemingly frivolous surface layer of the poems.

Yet, "At Hyères, on the Mediterranean," one of the finest poems in the collection, is serious in tone and in meaning, foregoing humor and all but the faintest tinge of satire.

"... Only, one must avoid

The *plage*, where the bombardment was,

Choosing the mountains, undestroyed,

The untouched sea. One must forget

The stricken beach, abandoned there,

Preferring the eucalyptus trees  
And palms, survivors at Hyeres.

Otherwise, even a gold sky  
Is blemished, the perpetual blue  
Leaves one uncomfortable. (Perhaps

Turning the eyes away will do.)

Certainly not all the poems in Mrs. Bevington's book are good. Some are superficially clever and some are over-intellectual plays on words; but the majority are sensitive and meaningful. One can feel that the poet knows about such things as fear and sadness, but also that she is in touch with the other side of life which has warmth, humor and happiness.

Mary Lou Porter

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*The Poetics of Music*, Igor Stravinsky, Vintage Books, 95c.

There is not much similarity between the achievements of Stravinsky and T. S. Eliot, but they inevitably suggest one another. In the first place, their poetic and musical works no longer stand alone as works, but are now also important as documents of trends, ideas, and attitudes of former decades, each respectively now standing as the concretely definite symbols of what modern artists then meant by art. This has, of course, nothing to do with the works *per se* (as every work must inevitably be judged), but it is a point of similarity.

The most important point of comparison is each of their beliefs in, and use of, tradition. A poetic tradition, according to Eliot, is that which has been used, and which has proven useful. Eliot does, in other words (at least according to his essay "Modern Poetry and the Tradition"), use tradition (meaning traditional forms and gimmicks) as a tool. "All events," he says, "must be seen in the light of the past."

Stravinsky also holds this view, perhaps emphasizing it even more. "A real tradition is not the relic of a past irretrievably gone; it is a living force that animates and informs the present. In this sense the paradox which banteringly maintains that everything which is not tradition is plagiarism, is true . . ." And then, in what could have been a paraphrase of Eliot: "Far from implying the repetition of what has been, tradition presupposes the reality of what endures."




There is a third point of comparison, something which Stanley Hyman notes in his book on criticism, *The Armed Vision*. It is the fact that Eliot (as well as Joyce, Pound, and a few others) presents a work of art that seems, at first glance, chaotic, but which examination shows to be very organized,

*The Waste Land* seems at first only disjointed scraps of poetry, Elizabethan history, quotations from the *Commedia*, etc., but its plan and organization make it a great, unified poem. So it is with *Sacre du Printemps*, the *Petouchka* suite, or the *Symphony in Three Movements* (although the additive method of the latter has more kinship with Dylan Thomas). The first impression, aside from seemingly cacophonous harmony, is of random musical phrases of no particular melodic intent, and with a seemingly random order of recurrence. However, examination (meaning repeated exposure) ascertains that each work has its own individual organic beauty and genius.

One may say that Stravinsky, since he offers his own definition of tradition, has used his definition to dispraise musicians and music

which he personally does not like. By declaring Wagner out of the tradition, he has justified himself in calling the Wagnerian system a "tyranny," and can speak of "the murky inanities of the Art-Religion, with its heroic hardware, its arsenal of warrior-mysticism, and its vocabulary seasoned with adulterated religiosity." With Stravinsky's definition (which is not an epigram, thus impossible to give here), is logically derived and extrapolated, and seems indeed very sound.

Offhand, I can think of only two other prose works by Stravinsky: his *Autobiography* and an article in *Atlantic* a couple of years ago, "The Diaghilev I Knew." The *Poetics* come nearer to giving a picture of Stravinsky as a personality than either of the other two. (*Autobiography* does not even record the fact of his marriage.) He is very well



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educated. This fact, seemingly not important to his music, gives far greater credence to his often surprising musical judgments.

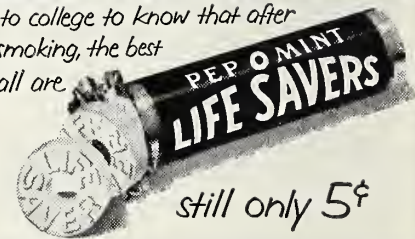
One thing is good to remember about this book: it is made up of a series of lectures given in 1939-40 at Harvard; and that the Stravinsky of 1939 (vide Korzybski and your own ears) is not the Stravinsky of 1954; many of his judgments may have changed since then, but I am fairly certain that his central doctrine has remained untouched.

Of scarcely five of the most important artists of the twentieth century, Stravinsky I would rank foremost. This book is not only necessary towards a good understanding of "modern" music; it is also an invaluable guide for finding where we're at.

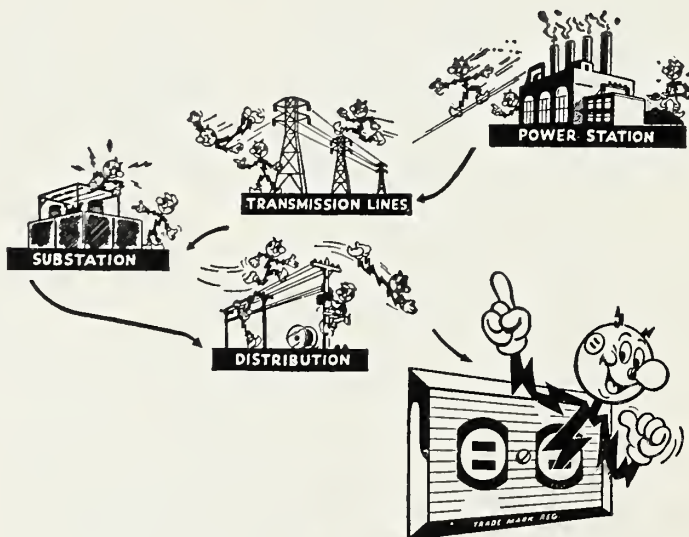
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# the archive

A Literary Periodical Published by the Students of  
Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

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*Cover and Cuts by Robert Stewart*

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## EDITORIAL

**I**F YOU READ the material published in the *Archive*, you will no doubt be surprised to learn how much we reject. We too are quite aware that the majority of material we publish is not good, judged by professional literary standards, although we think it very worthwhile judged by collegiate standards. But we are forced to reject material: about fifteen times as much as we publish, and occasionally we have to omit something we should have liked to print.

Most material is rejected for one reason: it does not mean anything to us. This is no slur upon the fledgling writers whom we hope one day to be able to publish; we are quite aware of the meaning they hope to communicate. The meaning is there (usually it is *too much* there), but it is really not communicated because it makes no impression. Strange as it may seem, some kinds of writing are dead, irrevocably murdered by the passing of time. Modern readers are hardly stirred by the late-Victorian hypocritical prose of Horatio Alger, but far and away the majority of our short stories are cast in this meaningless idiom. (This is especially true of those writers who have not yet had the benefit of a composition course.) Another meaningless idiom is the neo-Hemingway manner by which all happenings, including murder, rape, incest, and atomageddon, are reduced to separate whispers in a leadsheathed closet. This forced manner usually indicates that the author has convinced himself that for the purposes of his work he has no human sympathy. No author is inhuman, because, by definition, no human being is; the point of *I Am a Camera* is that I am not a camera.

Eudora Welty once said (in *Archive*, at that) that the trouble with

bad student writing is the trouble with all bad writing: it is not serious and it does not tell the truth. We find it very hard to accept a poem written on the statue of James B. Duke for the same reason freshman English instructors find it hard to read themes on "My Pet Bunny." James B. was, of course, an upstanding citizen, and we are dead sure that your pet bunny was floppy-eared, lovable, and funny, but when we are standing on the brink of some private doom we pray to God that the lines "I called him Hercules and he had the cutest little puffball of a tail" will not come into our mind. And although "Lynx, keep the edge on my cider/keep it clear without cloud" may seem at first incomprehensible, we assure you that we much prefer it. We're sorry, but your pet bunny, standing *solus* on his merit in a work of art, just isn't very serious. Will it sound pretentious if we say we are most interested in a writer's report on the human condition? We *are* human; we are *not* rabbit.

In focussing our attention on Miss Welty's second point, we should like to emphasize the word "tell." We are not trying for profundity when we say that the truth really is not truthful unless it gives the illusion of truth. In other words, the word "dead" is sometimes more truthful than the word "deceased," and sometimes a cricketlike sound of the tongue and a forefinger drawn swiftly across the throat is more truthful than either. "A rose is a rose is a rose" is true and makes good sense. "A rose is a Rhodes is a rope" requires proper context and overtone to make good sense; the Steinline is therefore more truthful.

Most *Archive* stories are "idea" stories. This type of story is almost necessitated by the space limitations of the magazine. Portrayal of character, place, and event take space. It is true that many short stories can portray these things in a length of 2000 to 4000 words, but such

short stories are unusual and hard to come by. Most *Archive* stories, then, have the initial premise: "If this were to happen, what would come of it? In what manner would it happen?" The short stories usually grant their first premise: this has happened, or it is happening, or it will happen. This type of story is illustrated by "End of the Rock" in this issue: if the narrator identifies himself with an inanimate object, a rock, how would things have happened? Not "How would events be reported?" or "How would things have seemed to happen?" because in fiction all things happen exactly as they are reported. If the plot of a story is mutilated by its telling, the plot is bad. Style, plot, characterization, etc. are not independent of each other. They hang together; they cannot hang separately.

Of course, an "idea" story demands more of the reader than other stories. The reader has to imagine

for himself the first premise. If the story is consistently conceived there will be no trouble in finding the premise. If the story is bungled, there is only confusion and boredom. If Poe's dictum is correct, and every short story must strive to create a single impression, then the major impression of most idea stories is a discovery. An idea story, if properly handled, can cause in the reader a whole new kind of food for thought. "Prodigy" of last issue concerned the resurrection of Bacchus by a Yeatsian gyre-change; "The Party" concerned the possible origin of original sin (the result of the sin was implied). The theme of the first story was the precariousness of the recognized order of things, of the second story the awareness of guilt, the discovery of evil. In this way one can place "Prodigy" somewhat in the tradition of Saki, Rimbaud, and perhaps Poe; "The Party" falls nearer the tradition of Hemingway, Faulkner, and perhaps Dostoevsky. Both have somewhat a common touchstone in Kafka's *The Trial*.

The authors we print are first authors, then authors we print. Likewise for those whose works we have to reject. They, too, are authors. We admire them more perhaps, as personalities, than writers whose material we accept, for they submit material (some of them time and again) in uncertainty and without the satisfaction of seeing their work before some kind of a public.

\* \* \*

However, here is the *Archive*. We certainly are not apologizing when we say that it is the best we could print with the materials available, nor are we being merely editorially polite when we say that we hope you enjoy it. We do hope you enjoy it; we did.

A.R.N.

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# It Is A Miracle

by Alix Hawkins

**T**HE NICKEL rolled to the edge of the counter, poised, then fell to the linoleum and twirled by two booths before it stopped near an old man's foot. A veined, taut hand descended in halting layers of space until it fell upon the coin and then resolutely the hand returned to the pocket of the thready brown trousers. The old man gazed at the empty opposite and did not seem aware of his actions—functions that to him were uninterestingly mechanical and part of a scheme of that life that all these years had endowed him the right to motion. In his growing old he had learned to consider only this empty opposite. Of himself, he cared little and yet he cared enough to secure by his own actions this void. It had been his doing and his want and he was neither afraid nor ashamed of it. Being alone consumed his time. Recently, though, he noticed he had begun to feel tired. And when he was tired he wondered how his arms and legs and hands had ever moved at all, especially for so long. Occasionally he thought about the time when he might be all alone, when they stopped moving altogether. As he sat slumped against his booth, beads of eyes sagging bulbous below constantly squinting eyelids staring at the brown ahead of him, the brown upright partition of the booth that intercepted this void, he wondered. He wondered if . . . no . . . and his hand jumped from the pocket and set at stirring the coffee into a whirl of action. Only the shock of someone's speaking to him disrupted this outburst.

"Hey mister, hey, watcha doing with that nickel you just picked up?" Just picked up—it had been five forgotten years, at least, since he had unconsciously pocketed the coin.

The voice repeated, "Look here, mister, I seen you grab it off the floor and it's mine. Gimme it back, you hear!"

Slowly the man divorced his attention from the brown partition and glanced to the path of the voice. There stood a boy—scrawny, dirty, and not over eight years old. On his face a bitterness, a contempt almost hid the softness of two of the biggest flecked

brown eyes the old man had seen. The boy jerked a hand across his eyes as if to eradicate them from his head and he thrust forward his dirty palm. "Come on, give it back!"

The old man's fingers began to think. They expanded within the pocket as he reached for the coin and then they stopped. He looked at the boy. It had been a long time since anyone had spoken so gruffly to the old man. "I wonder why he should talk this way," he thought. "I will see."

"Well," the old man fumbled kindly, "What makes the nickel yours, boy?"

The boy did not answer immediately. Instead, he looked at the scarred table, the brown-partitioned booth, and then at the old man. Then he jerked his small body and the flecks of his eyes snapped almost out of the brown. "Because I saw the thing roll off the counter. And the waiter didn't see it. So I saw it first and it's mine. I saw it first, it's mine. Gimme it!"

As the old man listened to the boy a great tiredness began to seep into his bones and the tiredness gnawed at the reveries of his mind until he said, "Here you are, then, son, you may have the nickel. I just wondered, that's all." He fished in his pocket, then watched five fingers rise past the table and deposit the coin into the stubby flesh of the younger hand.

"Thank you, thank you, old man," the boy grumbled. He stared down at the dirt wedged between the flap of his sole and shoe, then turned and started to run.

Quicker than he had ever thought before the old man almost shouted, "Boy, boy." And the boy stopped. He turned, began to flap the shoe sole on the floor as he waited. The old man fidgeted in a confusion that caused him to scratch the back of his neck. "Boy, come sit down and have a cup of coffee with me." And while he spoke the old man thought, "This is impossible. How is it I have said this. The boy probably does not even drink coffee. He will go away."



The boy stopped flapping his shoe. "With you?" His brow arched, his eyes crinkled, and his mouth cracked in a sneer.

The old man answered, "With me." I am trembling, he thought, and I am crazy, too.

The boy considered for what seemed to the old man the sum of the years he had lived and then his brow and face cleared and his eyes said why not. "Sure, okay, sure I will."

The man smiled and his face formed abstractions of wrinkles. "Sit down over there." And the boy climbed onto the seat opposite the old man. "Now, what would you like in your coffee," the old man said.

"Oh, some sugar and—and some cream."

"Sugar and cream it is. Waiter," the old man called to the white form busying itself at the next booth. "Waiter, I'd like a cup of coffee here. Some sugar and a little cream." Well, what the devil—here's the cream and sugar by my elbow. "Oh well, bring it black. Forget the sugar and cream," he re-instructed the waiter. Then he settled back to look at the boy who was sitting there with a pleased expression on his face.

"Hey, you know what, mister," the boy offered, "I bet you guessed; my mother don't let me have coffee. But I drink it sometimes myself when I don't stay home, which ain't too much." He stopped and sized up the statement. Then he said, "What's your name, mister?"

The old man's mind grappled for any other name but Henkel and then he said slowly, almost wistfully, "Oh, call me Mr. Henkel."

"Mr. Henkel, Mr. Henkel, Mr. Henkel," the boy repeated frowning to himself. "Hey, Mr. Henkel rhymes with nickel. Hey, that's funny." And he laughed. A crinkle of amusement lifted the sag in the old man's eye. This boy isn't so tough, he thought.

"My name's Michael. Michael Day. My mother and father are Irish. Only they don't believe in all those fairies and elves and witches. And I don't either. I think they're crummy. It's like believing in Santa Claus. He wasn't real."

"You don't believe in Santa Claus?" the old man asked. It had been a long time since he had thought of Santa Claus other than the stuffed bearded men who shook bells on the corners. He had forgotten that Santa Claus was for children. He thought back

to the time when he had lived on the farm, in Vermont, years ago, and when he had asked Santa for a real reindeer and Santa had not given it to him. Then he had tried to set a trap for one of the wild deer that ran in the forest. Even then he had not caught one.

"Why don't you believe in Santa Claus, Michael?"

"Oh, I don't know," the boy said, "I guess it's because he don't bring me nothing I want."

Michael reached for the cream and poured too much into the big white cup with green circles around it. "Too much," he said. And he sniffed his small nose.

"What do you want?" Mr. Henkel persisted.

"Oh nothing—nothing much," the boy answered. He fingered the rings on the cup. "Got a spoon?"

The old man slipped the clean spoon near him to the boy who stirred the coffee with it for a long time. He hunched his shoulders over the cup and peered down into the tan mixture that swirled. Then he sat back against the partition. "Mr. Henkel, why do you ask so many questions?"

It was true, the old man thought. He had been quizzing the boy for a reason he did not know. All of a sudden he had the desire to laugh. He wanted to laugh and say Hell the way he used to when he did not know the reason. He could not say Hell. This is crazy, he thought, I have not wanted to laugh for a long time. Why must I laugh? The sensation caught in his throat. He drank a long swallow of coffee. And

then he laughed.

Michael was suspicious. "Are you laughing at me, Mister?"

"Oh, good heavens, no," the old man told him. "I was only laughing because something tickled my throat. You know how it is."

The boy nodded in a perplexed way. "Well, I don't laugh much," Michael said bitterly. "Ain't nothing to laugh at, except somebody else."

The boy is amazing, thought Mr. Henkel. And he tried to see what the boy was thinking, but it had been a long time since he had hunted for a secret in the eyes of another. Eyes were for finding your way about and nothing else he had told himself these years. But eyes were eyes. Eyes were funny. He himself had funny looking eyes, he knew. He had been hurt the first time he realized that his





eyes were strange. It was when he was nine or ten or some such age and he had been in a fight with a boy the size of Michael, a boy the same age. The boy had suddenly stopped thrashing from under the grip with which he had held him. That long ago boy had stared up into his own eyes and had said, "Clyde Henkel, you've got snake eyes. They're slit too much." The old man remembered that he had rolled off the boy and that he lay there for some time, his eyes closed, seeing the white spots that hit the black space before him. Then he walked home to the farm with his eyes on the dirt all the way.

Often now, the old man thought that if he were blind he could be happy. Then there would be the great space and nothing else before him and he could be completely alone. It always made him angry when he had to open his eyes when he waked up. Because he saw only the neat drab furnishings of his room, the chewing gum spotted on the sidewalk where he walked to the Grill where he now sat and the chewing gum spotted on the walk to the river and the ugly water choking with wrappers and cans and half-dead oranges and the cigar-butted curbs and the sidewalks back to the stairs that creaked and made him shut his eyes when they creaked and the beads that stared at the mirror through the slits of his eyes and then the brown chipped painted bedstead and the bed that creaked and made him close his eyes when it creaked and then the space, the beautiful space as he lay there.

Why am I doing this, now, the old man asked himself. What made me ask that boy to sit with me. For many years I have asked nothing of anyone. I am seventy years old and I no longer work. I no longer must bother with providing for myself. I have enough money to live on. There is no need to ask anyone for anything. I have enough. Still the boy amazed him. It amazed the old man that a boy would sit with him and he was nervous, embarrassed. The boy was certainly a strange one. He seemed to be bitter, but he was not. Why didn't the boy get up and go on about his business.

"Where do you live, Michael?" For the first time Michael smiled. It made the man shiver. He could not imagine what there was in his question to make a boy smile.

"Live—Well, I live over by the river in one of them big brick apartments. Don't have no place to play and come over here on this street to see what I can find. Nothing, usually. Old ladies pushing

you all over with their shopping bags, is about all. Get me a few caps and my cap gun and scare some of them."

"You do? Why?" Then suddenly the old man himself became annoyed at his questions. Why couldn't he think of something important to say? Why did he keep remembering these silly things? "Do you often try to scare people?" he asked.

"Oh, just when I feel like it," Michael said.

Just when I feel like it. Just when I feel like it. Had he ever felt like it? Certainly there must have been a time. Well, the only thing he could think of was the time he had scared a lot of something else but not people. The scene flooded his memory.

There was a big meadow on his father's farm. A road ran by. One day a lot of workmen came and poured asphalt on the road so that the ruts would not jolt. They worked and sweated and then they took their sandwich bags off under the fence and through the meadow to some trees where they ate and sang and slept. Near the road cows grazed, not minding the noise the men made. Suddenly, the plan came to him. Then he ran by the fence until he came to the gate that let the cows in and out. "Out you go," he screamed. He tore off his shirt and waved it at the cows. Slowly the animals lifted their heads from their munching and their long tongues from licking one another and they plodded toward the gate. "Out you go," the old man saw himself screaming. And the cows, now moving along fast were leaving the pasture. Out

on that road. "Out you go." And first one, then another of the cows crossed the road of soft, gooey asphalt. The old man remembered how funny they looked. He had never seen a big animal become panicked. The cows were sticking and pulling their hooves off the asphalt like high-stepping ponies. Then the legs would go down and mesh and then jolt upward. They were calling wildly, their moaning was frightening so he, the old man remembered, ran away to tell his father . . . Just when I feel like it . . .

"I don't feel scary now. I couldn't scare nobody. Ain't never been scared myself either," Michael boasted. "You been scared before, Mr. Henkel?"

"What, what," the old man said. Nervously he pushed aside his coffee cup. "Scared, well let me see, boy, I don't know." His eyes narrowed and his chin slumped. Had he been scared. Yes, afraid. Frightened. There had been a time. The time when he



had just moved to this town on the river—away from the farm, his mother, father, and the growing things. Working at the Post Office, the night shift, coming home early one morning, the old man remembered. There was the time snow piled up about him on the sides of the road as he travelled. He was stamping and blowing the vapor into the air, when one morning he saw something that scared him and after that time he had not been afraid again. Just enough light outlined the snow-groaning trees so that they looked like white ghosts being still; it was so very quiet, except for the crunch of his feet, that he felt a strange mixture of peace and yet foreboding in the air. At last he came within distance of the house where he boarded. The trees were white, the ground was white, the house was white. Everything was white except something dangling from a tree limb. Even now the old man could see it. He had stared until he recognized the body of his landlord as it hung silhouetted against the early gray sky. Occasionally a snow-weighted branch would droop and in doing so empty the snow from its arms upon the man and occasionally the rope twisted even though it was still, and the man's limp body twisted with it so that his feet and legs became tangled. His eyes were open. Then the old man remembered he had made no sound and without gathering his possessions, he had walked back to town and had found the boarding room in which he now lived.

"Yes, Michael, I have been frightened. It is not a pleasant thing to be frightened, either. I would watch who I shot my cap gun at if I were you. It wouldn't do to hurt someone." . . . It is strange, the old man thought, who am I to lecture to this boy. It is strange . . . It seemed as if now every time he said something to the boy a fantasy of childhood, manhood memories paraded before his eyes, pushing aside the black space.

The old man spoke gruffly. "Why don't you drink your coffee? Don't you like coffee?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Henkel, since my mother don't give it to me, I don't drink it, ever. I lied. I'll drink this, though." And he sipped the coffee, then put down the cup and ran his tongue over his puckered lips. "It's bitter, Mister Henkel. It's almost like eating a lemon. It makes your mouth

pinch up." Mr. Henkel laughed again. Then he became serious. He wanted to find out something, he wanted to find out why Michael's mother didn't give him coffee. And how did Michael's parents treat him? How did parents treat children nowadays, anyway? He remembered his parents had always been quiet and emotionless. They never once had a fight while he had lived with them. Their life together had been a peaceful if uneventful one. How did parents treat one another these days? "Michael, does your mother have to spank you?"

Michael considered this question longer than any other that had been posed to him. He leaned his head upon two patched arms that fell upon the table and thought. Then he sat up and said,

"No. She don't spank me. She don't have time to. She's always fighting with my father. They're always banging each other up. Beating on each other. That's why I stay away. No fun in poking around a house where you ain't wanted."

Then something burst inside of the old man. He not only wanted to laugh, he wanted to sing . . . It is a miracle, he said to himself. Every time I think of a question the boy answers five more. Surely it is a miracle . . . the boy talked on about the fights his parents had. The old man pretended to listen. But he was really living a time long ago. A whirl of figures and events passed through his mind. He was remembering and thinking at the same time . . . Sarah. Fights. Would we have had fights? Little boys. A boy named Michael. A son. A son

with ears and a nose. But this is ridiculous. Of course he would have ears and a nose. Most sons did. A girl. A girl like Sarah. Sarah. Oh, why did that happen to him . . . At this moment a pain troubled the old man's heart. The pain was as if someone had stabbed the old man; for it had been a long time since he had thought of Sarah other than, "Once I knew a woman named Sarah." . . . Sarah and the yellow dress she wore and her yellow hair and her sunshine and he was in love with Sarah and she with him. He had met her at the Post Office, some years after he had left the room in the country that winter morning and had come into town to live. Sarah had worn the yellow dress to see him off at the train station when the United States began





fighting. He had enlisted. He did not understand the compulsion which had said, "Go out and do something about this trouble"; nevertheless, he had enlisted, before he and Sarah had married. The train had moved off and he had sat waving and smiling from the windows. She was crying and smiling. Goodbye, goodbye, and then the war. He did not mind the fighting. He was not afraid. There would be the time when he would see the yellow dress at the train station waiting for him . . . now even, to an old man, Goodbye, Goodbye, Goodbye, could ring and ring in a person's mind. During the last six months of the war when he had been in Europe he had not been able to secure information from home. And then he went home and the train clanged in his heart and the vision of yellow stirred within him and he was happy and excited and it had been so long. And the train had pulled in slowly to the station and there was no yellow. There was no one. That was quite sure, there would be no one because no one knew that he was coming home. Yet there were crowds, screaming, happy thronging, kissing, screaming crowds that bounded upon the men who hesitated and then stepped from the train to their hometown. There was no yellow. The old man remembered now that he had wandered away from the crowd, had gone home to the room that had been saved for him, had shut himself in and had waited for the knock. He had told himself that it was crazy to think of it. It was something he had read about in papers and books before but something that would not happen to him. And then the knock.

"Come in," he said and the words said to him Goodbye, Goodbye, Goodbye. "Come in," he had shouted. Mrs. Healey, the landlady, came in and talked about his taking the room again. Her pinched little nose led her about the room as she flicked imaginary pieces of dust from the furniture surfaces. Then she stopped. "Clyde," she had said trembling, "Clyde. She is dead. She died in a train wreck coming from her home. She died three weeks ago." And she ran from the room. The old man listened to his heart as he thought of the feeling of Goodbye, Goodbye, Goodbye, and the feeling of the yellow spots flashing in the black and the yellow fading and the black, the long black and then the sleep. The old man trembled. He could not stop trembling. He began to listen to the boy who had been talking, telling him of something. "What was that you said?"

"I said you aren't listening, Mr. Henkel."

"Oh, yes, yes. What were you saying, boy?" and

Mr. Henkel loosened his tie because the Grill was stuffy.

"I was telling you about my mother and father and about their fights and about the time my father took a knife to her." The boy paused to see the effect this statement would make upon the old man and when the old man said, "No, boy, no, you must be fooling me," he answered, "Oh, sure I ain't, Mister, I ain't fooling you. It happens all the time, that's why I run out of the house. Most of the time. That's why I don't stay home none."

Then this was the reason, the old man thought, this is the reason the boy is bitter and this is the reason he will talk to me. He is lonely, he is very lonely. And then a thought came to him. He looked out past the booths, saw the people walking in the streets, saw the people at the Post Office, saw the people, the boy who had snake eyes, the men working on the asphalt road, the soldiers, the hanged man, Sarah and he saw them all finally as lonely. The thought fired his mind. He lurched from his seat to the mirror that ran along the wall behind the counter. He had great hopes and yet before him he saw a lonely man, an old old lonely man. Then, very tired, he sat down and the boy and the man said nothing. And the old man thought and pictures full of color faded and startled his mind, bumped and pushed before his mind, leaped and raced and stopped and never let the blackness in. Then the boy spoke. The old man looked up at the boy, pushed away the pictures and saw the boy sitting before him . . . this boy, this boy, who was even now saying, "Mister Henkel, I'm a liar. I told you a whole bunch of lies. I'm sorry if I upset you. I guess I scared you about that knife stuff, but here's the truth. The honest truth, so you won't worry. My father don't take a knife to mother. I've never seen him do that kind of thing. They don't fight much, either, because they're never home to fight. I never see them. And when they come home, they say I'm the baddest boy they know. So, I just run away all the time."

The old man could say nothing. And yet he should have known. It is a miracle, he had been saying to himself. He thought a moment and then the feeling tickled his throat. He laughed and said to the boy, "It is a miracle, my boy, that you do not run away more often. I am afraid I would."

Then the old man straightened his tie and sat up to catch his breath and said, "Let's walk down by the river. We will count the boats in the water." And the boy scrambled from in front of the partition, onto the floor and followed the old man out of the screen door.



# Salvation

I have seen them coming from stirring movies,  
Ashamed of their tear-soaked faces, hurrying;  
Bowed heads streaming toward trolleys, taverns,  
Brave young men beaming, chiding young women  
    playfully —  
All eagerly disappearing into the multitudes,  
    forgetting,  
Not even knowing they had found the answer.  
And I can't stand and laugh at them inwardly as I  
    once did . . .  
Thousands of times each day men find and forget.

I have seen them sitting in bars, old men, young men,  
Spitting on sawdust floors, staring into their glasses,  
Pretending not to care, but caring, searching their  
    drink deeply —  
All looking, looking for the answer, trying to find it  
    there,  
Some trying to forget it, having found it once,  
Because it hurt them once.  
And I can't sit and scorn them inwardly as I once  
    did . . .  
Thousands of times each day men find and forget.

I have seen them streaming in under steeples;  
People scheming for an hour's indication,  
Some grieving, dreaming to find solace,  
Then all leaving and forgetting the answer.  
How long did Christ hang on the cross?  
Two thousand years is a long time to remember, a  
    hard task.  
Two thousand years is too much to ask.  
But I can't watch and call them hypocrites as I once  
    did . . .  
Thousands of times each day men find and forget.

I have seen them working: dirty men in black mines,  
Perspiring steelmen in red mills, swindlers, salesmen,  
Neat clean men in gray suits hurrying, hiring and  
    firing,  
Coming and going daily from their families,  
    worrying —  
All lost in the millions of means, forgetting the end,  
    the answer.  
I will go with them now into their whirling circles,  
    but I will remember.  
Thousands of times each day men find and forget.

I have heard the cynics calling the lovers foolish,  
Skeptics singing, defaming — lost voices ringing out  
    of tune,  
Attacking the answer, lacking another. I have left  
    them behind.  
How many times has man found and forgotten?  
I found never, then once, now forever. . . . I come  
    to you soon.

*Norwell Browne*

# End of The Rock

by George Keithley

**S**HE BROKE the cup. None of us said a word but scampered for rags to clean the table and mop up the coffee spreading over wood and running to the floor.

Sitting down again at the supper table we looked at the meat. We had it to make us feel good when Jack was gone. He'd bring fish when he came back in off the water, and the small frame house would smell of it for several weeks until he went back out to sea.

Mother didn't think he'd come back. "Damn it," she said softly and again sat down with us.

"Did you build the box for your father?"

"Danny and I finished it this afternoon," my brother Jerry answered.

We'd have felt bad about making it, except we knew Jack would come home. Still she'd insisted we build the box so he could be buried as soon as his body was found, but we knew there'd be none of that. Storms had been bad and heavy thruout the week, but Jack would come home sometime after supper, in the middle of the night while we slept, and would be with us in the morning, tho she wouldn't believe it.

The gravy was the best part. That was one thing you didn't get with fish. The brown lamb gravy on potatoes, warm and thick in the mouth. Mother hardly ate anything. She just drank coffee. While he was out fishing she had no appetite and yet never seemed thinner, the years of hard work and waiting having left only muscle on her bones. But her face grew downward lined until I would sometimes feel tired watching the teary expression.

This waiting, I guess, was hard on her.

She had changed the sheets. They were clean and crisp on the skin, the blankets heavy and warm. Lying in bed, later in the evening, I listened to the splashing out beyond the bank, the insects, mostly crickets, behind the house, and then again in front the waves beating against rocks, grown somewhat used to it all.

I heard Mother get up once and move softly toward the front of the house. Then she crept back to-

ward the bathroom, but before getting there she either bumped something or fell because I heard a loud thud. Then she was up and walking easily back toward her room. And then I slept, to be awakened some time later, still in the darkness, when a door slammed. Then a large and strong wet hand ran fast thru my hair until I looked up and smiled at Jack, and he smiled back. There were drops of water on his face, on his cheeks. It must have been raining. But I couldn't hear it, and when he left I slept again.

In the morning he had risen before us. Dressing in the cold bedroom and feeling the chilled boards on our bare feet, we looked to the doorway in surprise. Jack stood, a hand on each of the side beams of the opening as if steadying himself. A not infrequent shiver started from the cold planks beneath my feet and ran like electricity up the backs of my legs until I had to shake it off. We could never see how Jack could kiss Mother in the morning. The walls were cold, and the day's first fire would only make them smell musty. Besides, there could be no sex that early, when everyone is neuter, altho maybe we were still a little too young.

After clearing the phlegm from his throat he told us the news. It surprised us no more then than now after we have lived with it. I wanted to ask him how long he had lain with her, but Jerry and I went up in the attic and brought down Jack's box.

Sarah went first and alone into the bedroom, washed Mother altho she was already (or still) clean, and clothed her in the black dress too large for her wiry body. Then Jerry and I brought the box into the bedroom, took Mother off the bed, and placed her in the pinewood. It was much too large for her.

"I'll help you boys seal the lid."

With Jack's help we carried it out to the edge of our land furthest from the water where we buried her. Some of us wore snatches of black, tho by accident, socks, shoes, a belt, lines in a shirt.

I didn't really feel bad until hearing the clomp! clomp! as the shoveled lumps of dirt hit the top of the good wood, and I realized she would not move again. Soon the lumps were falling on more dirt with a light, muffled thud. Then the back of the spade smoothed

the top and pressed down sod as Jack patted it gently. That whirling heat which had rushed thru my stomach calmed and cooled. We walked back to the house, except Sarah who was sentimental and was looking for flowers. I could never smell them because my sinuses were full. But something in the air, possibly salt, cut thru them so that I could usually smell the sea breeze whenever we crawled over the smooth wet surface of the huge rocks ribbing the coast and waiting for the sea to come in again.

Often it would raise a hell of a storm, and even lying in bed we could hear waves smashing slippery

rocks. But when we ran in the morning thru high grass, wet and sharp against our ankles, when Jerry and Sarah and I ran out on the edge of the bank, they were still there. I would stand admiring the massive and glistening rocks and almost wish that I were one, because they last forever.

Sarah came into the house.

"I found her some flowers," she said.

For a long time then, for very many nights, out of respect I suppose, beyond the bank the broad water lay black, the sea calm.



## SOME OTHER LAND

Once-bright, colored stars  
Fall from maple branches.  
There remains a vague  
Dry-leaf bird  
Vanishing in forest shade,  
Leaving its song flung  
To the glass sky like water,  
Inspiring in the soul's eye  
An ephemeral seeing.  
Because the glare of a white wall  
Remains in my eyes, when the sun  
Cannot warm the back of a hand;  
Because the wheel of life  
Turns out of dust  
In order to turn back to dust,  
And thus all seasons are one,  
The winter bear inhabiting all;  
For these reasons  
My spirit is oppressed —  
An inland gull, desiring  
Some valley where I shall be  
A white glint, soaring to the sea-sun.

*Jim Applewhite*



# The Cave

by Bill Tracy

**P**AUL GRAHAM ducked and bent lower on the dusty floor of the cave. His back ached from stooping and he cursed under his breath at having bumped his head. The Arab called to him through the darkness.

"The hyena is here, Baul, at the back in a corner as you expected." He had difficulty pronouncing the 'P' in Paul's name.

"Good, Othman. I'll toss you the wood and sage brush, and you can get started." Paul moved towards the entrance hole where a shaft of light seemed to swirl down from the surface. It was hot in the cave, and the suffocating dust and the stench of animal droppings clogged his lungs. He took hold of the crumbling sandstone wall and straightened up, brushed through a stringy cobweb and had to spit it from his mouth. The desert above was like a blast furnace, but the hot breeze felt good and almost cool as it whipped down through the hole with a hollow sound, and evaporated the moisture from his perspiration-soaked tee-shirt. He could hear the muffled sound of talking over the wind. "That's the Crawfords," he thought. Breathing in deeply to clear his lungs of the stale air, he crawled again back several feet into the dimness. Then he squatted on his hams and started pushing the large dry pieces of brush and branches from small bushes into the rear of the cave where he could see the Arab working by the glow of a small flashlight. *God, it was hot!* And the thick, dry dust matted and caked like bricks on the hair of his sweaty arms. It would be good to finish up and get into the open again, but not until they had caught the hyena. Mr. Crawford couldn't wait. He couldn't stand to stay down in the hot, low ceilinged cave so he'd climbed back up to talk to his wife and son in the shade of the red pickup truck.

"I don't see how you can stand it down here, Paul. It's as hot as an oven."

"Yes, Sir. It certainly makes you appreciate the air conditioning back in camp, though, when you get away from it."

"But I don't understand why you're going to all this trouble. Why don't you just shoot the animal and get it over with. I don't understand all this fuss." Then he'd climbed up, kicking and squirming, boosted by Paul from below, hardly able to pull his large sweating frame through the hole. He'd sworn beneath his breath so his wife wouldn't hear him and mumbled once more, ". . . understand all this fuss."

*No one had ever understood*, Paul thought, crouching in the darkness and passing the bushes to the Arab. *Even back in college no one had seemed to understand.* "Majoring in Zoology is fine, dear," his mother had written. "Are you interested in becoming a doctor? Of course your Father and I want you to be *successful*. What are you going to make of yourself? We know you've always liked animals and it would be a fine *hobby*, but you must be practical. How can you *use* those courses in a profession? And of course when you get married and have a family there will be money, budgets, finances, and *security* to think of. Please try to look at this from all sides, darling, and you know your Father and I are only advising you about what's best because we've learned from experience the hard way. One can't always stick to one's ideals — sometimes one must compromise and . . ." *All right! He'd been practical. He'd changed. Switched to civil engineering after his Sophomore year.* ("There's big money in engineering. Lots of job opportunities, good starting pay and chance for advancement. You've made the right choice!") Then he had to go to school an extra year to get his degree, and one of his profs had said, "Five years is a long time, Paul, but it will be worth it. You're a smart boy, but naturally it takes longer when you've piddled around with some useless courses before you start in on the real thing." Then he took the job with the oil company in Arabia, and he only worked during the week to live on the weekends when he drove into the desert to his strange new kingdom of plants and rocks and animals.

It was wonderful: date groves, and ruined mud cities; lizards, salt flats, and 'wadis' or dried up river beds. There were dark Bedouin tents, hedgehogs, ostriches, and towering sand dunes so mighty that they had smaller dunes on their backs. All was strange and new and wonderful. His buddies in the dormitory sat in the rooms and were homesick. They cursed and wrote letters and complained about the food. "Come with me this weekend," Paul would say to his roommate. "I've found a great place to go swimming in an artesian well in the desert about thirty miles from here. It's full of fish, too."

"You never run down, do you, Paul? I don't see what you find so interesting in that stuff. Thanks for asking me, but I'm a little tired this weekend. I guess I'll just go to the movies."

Several months ago he'd made an arrangement with the Brooklyn Zoo, State-side, to send them a few specimens, rodents, snakes, a fox cub. It didn't pay much of course, but it was great experience. What came as a surprise was when his boss approached him one day at the office and asked if he and his family could go along on one of Paul's trips.

"Mrs. Crawford is compiling a catalogue of wild flowers, you know. She'd love to have a chance to get out in the desert. Then the kids always enjoy getting away from the camp. I've the two children, you know. Dianna, she's sixteen, and young Robert, Bobby, (just turned fourteen last month). Of course I've been out here six years now, myself, so I figure it's about time I saw some of the country, too."

Paul wiped his face with his gritty forearm and grimaced at the salty sting in his eyes.

"How's it going, Othman?" He threw the last clump towards the Arab and crawled towards him.

"I'll be through soon, Baul." He was stuffing large armfulls of twigs and branches into a small nook in the cave wall. His hands were gloved, and he forced the brush tighter and tighter into the hole.

"That old Arab trick really works," Paul thought. *But who'd believe it. When that hyena is trapped and pushed against the rock so that he can't move, you can reach in and tie a few ropes on. Not enough room to get him into a box down here. But the whole works takes more courage than I've got. "Keep it up, Othman. I'm going up above for a few minutes."*

Paul crawled towards the light. Yes, he thought,

maybe the Crawfords were different. Maybe here was a family that wanted to know and enjoy nature. Maybe they understood the appeal that life on the desert had come to hold for him, even the strange fascination he found with the dark, hot, smelly cave where the hyena lived. As he crawled over the floor his mind raced back over the events of the morning.

"He's in there all right. These are fresh tracks," Paul had said when they climbed to the top of the hill. "He probably came in about dawn. I wish we'd got an earlier start." Then he'd turned to the Crawfords. All three seemed to wait expectantly for him to continue. "He's big — that's for sure. I've been tracking this guy for several months now. Last week I got his trail by that big jebel over there and followed it here."

The executive had followed Paul's pointing arm with his eyes and looked at the flat topped mountain in the distance.

"It's a coyote, you say?"

"No, ma'am. It's a hyena. Not just a half-wild Bedouin dog or something. The Arabs call him 'dtha bih'. He's a real blue blood."

"I suppose he resembles a wolf."

"Not really. He has a real thick neck, as muscular as an ox, and a heavy hunch back with big shoulders and a large triangular head. Then he barks just as you'd expect him to. Sort of a sharp, yelping laugh."

"You sound so enthusiastic. It must be contagious because I'm excited too," Mrs. Crawford said. "I hope I can get some pictures. I brought my camera and portrait lens." She was fingering a wilting, orange poppy which she had picked

when they climbed out of the car at the foot of the hill. "I like to take close ups of flowers in Kodachrome."

"That's fine. You should be able to get some good ones. The hyena is gray and black striped though, not too colorful."

"Maybe I can get a shot of Robert standing over the trophy." She smiled at her husband.

"I hope we'll be able to take it alive. Then you could get some action shots of snapping teeth and thrashing feet if we had some luck."

"And this is its den?" Mr. Crawford had motioned towards a dark gaping crack in the limestone hill.

Then Paul had explained how down in the hole,





the sleeping animal had probably awakened when they drove up and how it had probably hid in a nook or corner where its flanks would be protected.

Bobby jumped up. "Are there any cubs? I'd love to have a cub."

"Quiet, darling," Mrs. Crawford frowned. "Bobby was so excited at getting to come today. Of course our daughter was real disappointed that she had already made plans for a party tonight."

"I wanted to go there too."

"Please, son, I'm talking to Paul now. Of course I wouldn't have missed a chance like this for anything. I'm collecting wild flowers for a catalogue, you know."

"Yes, your husband told me."

"I press them for classifying and study, and I think they make wonderful gifts for my relatives and friends in the United States, too. They keep their color so."

Mr. Crawford shifted his weight to his other foot and blotted the sweat from his face. Paul motioned towards the truck.

"There's a ten gallon can of ice water on the pickup, Sir, if you'd like some."

Mrs. Crawford turned to her husband. "Yes, and I brought a thermos of hot coffee, too, dear. Why don't you go get it and some of the boxed lunches?"

"Bobby, you can hear your mother," Mr. Crawford said. "Why don't you bring them up here for me, please."

His wife turned to Paul again. "My husband tells me you're one of the company's most promising young engineers. You must enjoy your work so. But why do you find so much pleasure in coming out on the desert like this?"

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Crawford. Whenever anyone asks me that I just give them a standard answer."

"Oh, really? What is it, Paul?"

"I seek familiarity with my surroundings, knowledge of flora and fauna, and association with the Arab Bedouins for friendship and assimilation of their language and culture. Unquote!"

"Wonderful," she laughed. "Isn't that wonderful, Robert? I've already told you *my* reason for coming. I mean the flower catalogue."

Mr. Crawford interrupted. He was chewing on a dry sandwich which Bobby had brought him. "You tracked the hyena from over there, you say?" He picked up his binoculars and scanned the shale-covered jebel. "The topography of this region is

very interesting. Our new pipeline will run somewhere near here."

Then Paul had spread a blanket over a few sticks and built a shelter from the sun for the family to rest in while he and the Arab went to investigate the cave. "We'll need all the help we can get in a little while," he said and had slipped down into the darkness. The hyena had been there and now Othman was trapping him. "In a little while," Paul thought. "Not long now." He climbed slowly up into the fresh air to join the Crawfords again. The wind had increased a little and the puffs of sand blew against his khaki pants when he stood up on the surface. He walked over to where Mr. Crawford sat, leaning against the truck.

"The 'shamaal' has really blown up, hasn't it? We'll be out of here and onto good roads again before much sand starts drifting. We're getting some ropes onto the animal now, then we'll pull him up."

Mrs. Crawford was at the bottom of the hill examining some tiny blue iris-like flowers.

"Oh, darling," she called, looking up. "Bring me my tripod won't you dear?"

"Damn," her husband said, pulling himself to his feet. He returned in a few minutes, panting in the hot sun, and when his wife called again a little later for her cable release and range finder he looked around desperately for his son. "Bobby, your mother wants you to take her camera bag to her, please."

"All right. Look, Paul." The boy held up a small lizard by its tail. It jerked suddenly and fell to the ground, scampering into a narrow crevice. The boy was left holding the writhing tail between his fingers.

"That trick keeps your friend from being someone's dinner, Bobby," Paul said. "He'll grow another one. Don't you think he's quite an escape artist?"

"What's taking you so long, dear?" Mrs. Crawford called.

"Gosh, Paul. Lizards must have lots of enemies. I guess they'd have a hard time if it wasn't for the tail."

"Darling, what's keeping you?"

"Bob, hurry up now. Your mother's waiting." Mr. Crawford said. "Paul, what are you going to do with the animal when you capture it?"

"I've got an arrangement with the Brooklyn Zoo. I hope to ship him home to the States."





"That's very interesting. My wife would be interested to hear that."

"We'd better get organized, sir. Othman will be ready for us to pull up the hyena very shortly. It'll be rather dangerous so I want to make sure everyone knows what they're supposed to do."

Bobby joined the two men, laughing. "Mom's all excited. She's found a *traxacum officinale*—that's a dandelion to you."

"Very good," Paul laughed. "Is your mother coming back up here soon? We'll be needing her help, too."

Mr. Crawford yelled down to his wife. She was examining a bird nest in the twisted branches of a small dry tree. "She'll be here in a moment, I guess. Go ahead."

"Fine. Now we have only two guns. One for your wife and one for Bobby. Strictly for self-defense or in an emergency. I hope they won't have to shoot. This should all go smoothly if we're careful." He traced a large circle in the sand with his boot heel. "There will be two ropes. One for Othman and one for you. You'll have to pull up slowly and keep him in this area by making the ropes plenty taut. I'll have a long stick in one hand and wrap a blanket around the other. That big wooden chest will be open on its side in the center of the ring, and we'll have to push him into it. He'll make a lot of noise, but he shouldn't put up more trouble than the five of us can handle."

Mrs. Crawford had walked to the top of the hill while they were talking. She sat in the shade and took a cup of water. "I think I'll take up bird watching sometime, dear. I'm sure there are hundreds of unclassified birds in this area. I've seen the most fascinating nests this morning, but they're all deserted. I want some pictures of eggs on the ground camouflaged to resemble rocks."

"It's not the right season, dear." Mr. Crawford helped his wife to her feet. "But it will make a nice project for next spring, after you finish your flower catalogue. I'll send to the States for some books."

"It does sound fascinating. Of course there's the expense of a telephoto lens for my camera."

Othman reached up through the hole and lay two heavy ropes on the ground. "Quickly, Baul. We must bull now, before he chews the ropes."

"All right. Let's go." Paul shouted. "Mr. Crawford, have you explained everything to Bobby? Mrs. Crawford, load your gun. Believe me, you might need it in a minute."

"Yes, just a second. I must get a picture of this, or Dianne will never believe me."

Paul hurriedly passed the guns and clubs around the small group and grabbing a heavy stick, he took his position by the hole. Slowly at first, and then faster, Mr. Crawford and Othman pulled on the ropes. 'Dtha bih', the wild free strength of the desert was being dragged across the floor of a dusty cave, pulled from the safety of his corner, pushing away from the sage brush door which had blocked it. The animal dug its claws into the ground, strained pitifully, and yet was carried away, barking, screaming, laughing through its cave. When it was just below the entrance, Paul gave a sign, and the two men pulled up and walked backwards at the same time, going in opposite directions away from the mouth of the cave and bringing 'dtha bih' up into position, stretched in between.

"Keep those lines taut. Don't let that snag, Othman! Are both the guns cocked? Don't fire!"

The noise was bewildering now—the shouts of tired men, the chant of an Arab pulling on a rope, the excited exclamations of a young boy, and the fearful snarling, snapping teeth and throaty growls of the animal.

Another jerk and twisting leap! The rope which was tied to one of the hyena's forelegs slipped from Othman's hands. Mr. Crawford fell backwards, then, and the screaming animal was pulled towards him. It could see the sudden weakness in the chain of shouting humans around it, and rushed towards the man. Paul leaped forward and stepped on the rope dragging behind, just as the hyena snapped at Crawford's kicking foot. Its jaws clamped for a moment on the boot and then Paul dragged it backward by the rope. Mrs. Crawford threw down her camera and waved her gun violently while Paul handed the first rope back to Othman and moved in towards the hurling animal, and her husband regained his feet and stretched his rope tight. Paul waved the sharp-pointed stick wildly and edged in slowly, bracing himself backwards with wide-spread feet ahead of his body. Then he swatted the cutting branch quickly at the hyena's face, but the animal ripped off the end with one snap.

"Keep those ropes stretched out tight. Don't give him any room. Move in! Shorten those ropes!"

The stick was shorter. The hyena leaped at it with burning eyes, clawing the air and half barking, half snarling. Paul still waited his chance. Then he gave a hard fast jab on the animal's sensitive nose. Just for a second it reached up its paws to its bleeding face. It was enough. Like a gigantic fish net, the blanket was tossed and covered the hyena. Othman pulled himself in along the rope, and with Paul

he wrestled and forced the struggling bundle into the chest. 'Dtha bih' was a prisoner.

Paul sat with the family in the shade a long time, resting and talking of the capture, while Othman warmed some coffee over a small brush fire.

"It was too risky for this size group. We should have had several more Arabs with us. I can't tell you how sorry I am, Mr. Crawford. Are you sure your leg is all right? The skin isn't broken."

"Yes, it's bruised a little but that's all. His jaws didn't cut through my shoe. I don't think the danger of getting rabies from that beast was worth the experience. I mean that hyena probably won't live to reach the United States even if the Arab Government does allow you to ship it out."

"I certainly agree, darling. Of course I assume that Paul knows what he is doing, but if I'd had my wits about me I would have just shot it when you first pulled it up. I don't know when I've been so frightened. Not for myself, you understand. But when I saw Robert lying there on the ground I just . . ."

"Yes, Mrs. Crawford, I understand. I think it turned out all right. I am sorry. We could start back now if you wish. Before the accident I had thought maybe you would like to shoot a few gazelle. There is a herd that usually grazes near here."

"Well, I believe I feel up to it, Paul, if my wife does. Some venison would taste good after an experience like that. And don't get me wrong. I wouldn't let my discomfort stand in the way of the group. I certainly don't blame you, although I do feel that you were a bit ambitious to attempt capturing that creature alive."

"Are we going to go gazelle hunting, then?" his wife asked. "I'll just put some more film in the camera."

Bobby jumped up again. "Could I have the horns if we get a buck?"

"Fine. Then let's get started." Paul stood up.

"Othman! Let's get the truck loaded. You and Bobby can ride in back again with the hyena." He walked over to the pickup and looked at the wooden box.

Inside, 'dtha bih' had stopped barking. He was resigned to captivity. The proud fearless noises had stopped. He was licking his wounds and bruises, escape impossible. Occasionally there was a soft whine and the light scratching of tired claws against the thick wood.

Paul looked around him. Bobby was emptying his shoes of sand and watching the wind carry the tiny grains away. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford had climbed into the cab. She sat impatiently while her husband poured a cup of water into the thermos cup. The sun was still high in the sky. Paul could see a small Kodak wrapper blowing away down the hill into the desert. The lizard with the stump tail left its hiding place and disappeared into the cave. Paul walked slowly around the truck and looked up at Othman blankly. Then he went on around and slid into the driver's seat, pulling the door closed with a slam. "All set?"

"Well, finally," Mrs. Crawford smiled. "I hope you have that beast where it can't get loose." She fidgeted with the spool of film, trying to fit it into the camera slot.

Paul turned on the ignition and shifted gears noisily.

"Darling, you must arrange for Paul to have a better car if we come with him again. I'm so stiff." She fumbled the film and dropped it onto her lap.

Paul could not help glancing out of the window back towards the cave. It was empty, and they didn't seem to care. In the sand by the tires he saw a black, thick-winged scarab beetle leaving its strange tracks as it struggled desperately straining to push a priceless, tiny ball of dung. Suddenly Paul pulled on the emergency brake and turned to Mrs. Crawford beside him. "Here," he said, taking the spool and slipping it deftly into position. "Let me help you."





Mary Jane Noble

Reclining Figure





# BOOKS

**The Cultivation of Christmas Trees.**  
T. S. Eliot. Farrar, Straus and  
Cudahy, 1936. \$1.25.

**A Child's Christmas in Wales,** Dylan  
Thomas. New Directions,  
1954. \$1.50.

**What Men Live By,** Leo Tolstoy.  
The Peter Pauper Press. \$1.00.

At Christmas time the garishness of our commercial society seems to come most obviously to the point of obliterating the true meaning and purpose of life. It takes almost a superhuman effort to rise above the numerous group emphases designed to reach and envelope each and every all-American person. In recent years there have been a few feeble attempts by various groups to replace the proper emphasis on the entire holiday season but in the face of world-famous commercial aggressiveness these various movements have weakly sputtered and died out, only to be nebulously revived the next November. Obviously the only real solution lies in individual effort to rectify the situation within the realms of personal experience. Some of the publishing companies have recognized these scattered personal efforts and have responded with literary impetus and encouragement. This year there are three small (and inexpensive) books available that will add a great deal to the creation and maintenance of a Christmas atmosphere above and beyond the simulated joyousness in the exciting stores.

Farrar, Straus and Cudahy have created a beautiful holiday edition (gifts in mind, no doubt) of T. S. Eliot's *The Cultivation of Christmas Trees* with handsome Picasso-like drawings by Enrico Arno. The poem itself discusses the very situation of which I have been speak-

ing, the complete and utter commercialization of the Christmas season. Commercialization is perhaps not a comprehensive enough term to include all of Mr. Eliot's meanings. He is rather speaking out against all attitudes such as the "social, the torpid, the patently commercial, the rowdy, and the childish" attitudes which disregard the real significance of the season. To him, a return to the "reverence and gaiety" of the child is a means through which man can return to the still center from which he had his beginning. The poem's idea was perhaps stated more lucidly in another context, "Truly, I say to you, unless you turn and become like children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven."

Although in the poem one is aware that the poet's point of view is one of the deeply religious man looking both backward and forward to his imminent death this fact does not discount the poignancy of the poem for all types of readers. The poet sees a specific problem and offers a solution. When one sees a child

*For whom the candle is a star, and  
the gilded angel  
Spreading its wings at the summit  
of the tree  
Is not only a decoration, but an  
angel....*

one can accept the validity of this particular solution in so far as it goes.

A similar emphasis on the reactions of a child is contained in Dylan Thomas' *A Child's Christmas in Wales*. Although the religious element is not so overt, in this short autobiographical account of numerous Christmases in Wales, it is still present. The child's "spirit of wonder," spoken of by Mr. Eliot, injects a mystic element into the story which is completely absorbing. There is much humor in this story, the characterizations of various friends and members of the family (Who can forget Mrs. Pro-

thero asking the firemen standing in the smoky living room if they would like anything to read?), the description of the many "useless presents," the pathos of the imagined safaris through the snow. All of these experiences that make Christmas a moving and a memorable time to Dylan Thomas speak to us and by means of contrast point up our frequent lack of memorable experience in connection with Christmas. It is a warm, sad story that because of its depth and meaning escapes the maudlin sentimentality of many of our current Christmas "classics." It is the story of a child, yet it is obviously told by a sensitive adult rather than the overgrown child writer that is so popular now.

Leo Tolstoy has written a short story which is entirely different from the preceding works. *What Men Live By* is not essentially a Christmas story but its meaning brings back to the reader the purpose of the season more forcefully than either of the other two books. It is a tale of the response of a Russian shoemaker and his wife to the need of a fellow man. This "man" is in reality the Angel Michael who is being taught three lessons by God: "What is given to men, What is not given to men, and What men live by." The way these three answers are revealed to the angel and to the shoemaker and his wife form a very moving climax to the book.

In contrast to the other two short books this story seems almost majestic in its solemn progression of events and in its simplicity of statement and resolution. The reason this book is particularly meaningful at this time of year is the clear statement of Christian ideals that form the substance of the answer the angel discovers. These three books form a progression from the particular to the general with the child as both a symbolic and a tangible guide.

Sylvia Mathis

**The Outsider**, Colin Wilson, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1956.

**I**N THIS phenomenally ambitious little volume, Mr. Wilson undertakes to present all human learning in an assimilated form. His attempt is no less astounding than the background which has prepared him for this work. He left school at the age of sixteen with an active interest in science and nuclear physics. This interest led him to write a set of six volumes summarizing "all scientific knowledge of humanity in a series of essays." T. S. Eliot's poetry turned Mr. Wilson's mind from the scientific and as a result, he has devoted his seemingly endless energy to writing.

Mr. Wilson takes it for granted that his readers are well acquainted with everything that has been written in our native tongue. Going beyond this assumption, it is also necessary to have a knowledge of all literature which has been translated into English.

One of the more convenient of his devices is Mr. Wilson's habit of giving each point a definite tag. He never strays far from this tag, be it a phrase or a paragraph quoted from any of his many references. While innumerable quotations are connected to the primary point, each argument is neatly rounded out by a return to the first premise.

The Outsider is a creature of many faces: he is a social problem as portrayed by Barbusse, Sartre and Camus. The Outsider stands for truth; he is an introvert, a neurotic. The combination of these characteristics is not rare but the Outsider is rare in that he recognizes the nature of his sickness.

Plunging deeper into the quagmire of what other men have said, Mr. Wilson attempts to explain how the Outsider seeks control. The understanding of the needed discipline is exemplified in the lives of T. E. Lawrence, Van Gogh, and Nijinsky.

Bringing in modern psychological terms Mr. Wilson considers the "pain threshold" of the super-sensitive outsider. The Outsider "has found an 'I', but it is not his true 'I'." He doesn't know who he is, yet to find out he must experience the "moment of Pure Will" which is almost as agonizing as the epileptic fits of Dostoevsky.

There is an undefined feeling of optimism throughout this behemoth of learning. Mr. Wilson gives the impression of having chosen extensively from almost all writings but rarely does he select a passage which has a hint of real pessimism and it is impossible to find a passage denying the innate worth of mankind.

Despite the scope of this book, Mr. Wilson, an ardent disciple of Shaw, states that he will have served his purpose if he acts "as a stimulus to the re-reading of Shaw."

Laboring through this enormous amount of learning would be a ponderous task, no matter how the book were written. Mr. Wilson's style is often tedious and tends to the sophomoric in expression. The impression given is of an undergraduate term paper dealing with a highly specialized subject. The Outsider is a being who, if known at all, is known subjectively by his fellow humans. Thus the treatment of this little known creature should be clear enough for all "insiders" to understand.

However when there are quotations from James, Kafka, Nietzsche, Keyburn, Hallevy, Blake and Rilke in one already complex chapter, the layman is staggered by the profusion of new facts and theories.

The *New York Times* says, "Where young Wilson got his knowledge baffled the critics. That he had it there could be no mistake."

The amount of learning is obvious; the means of expression leave something to be desired.

Sally McIntosh

# DUKE UNIVERSITY STORES



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# MUSIC

WE DERIVE the word art from the Latin *ars* which means that which is made. A thing made suggests an action and art is such an action that is limited by a time-space concept. This concept produces form, the vehicle for transmitting the idea and the thing which is made. Between idea and art there lies the hiatus of the realm of non-rational images—the sub-conscious. Ideally, the artist in creating feeds upon the sub-conscious. An emotion prompts an expression to be fulfilled. And so the artist paints a picture, writes a novel, composes a symphony. The thing is made. Suppose then a cook conceives a new recipe. He develops the idea. He makes a thing. Both the artist and the cook have created and yet there is a distinction between “the arts” and the recipe—both things which were made. The distinction is this:

Mundt states: “We find a work of art to be any gesture” (symbol) “any utterance, act or object that in addition to its utilitarian purpose carries an expression of meaning.” Fundamentally this is the essence of the *whole* man. Explicated, Mundt means that although “How do you do” is a simple work of art (repeated as a rite of social intercourse within a ritual—the gesture symbolizes acceptance of a code of behavior toward a person formally introduced) still it does not connote the type of art, like dance, that evolves from an expression of *life* in the form of ritual. Rather, these things made and their similarities integrate to form a pyramid of arts—gestures, domestic arts, and at the pinnacle reflective arts, which contemplate the heights to which the human spirit should ascend. So constructed this pyramid does not remain static. Rather, every art in the structure of the pyramid (man) is interrelated so that each

stimulates the other and so that a completeness, a unitary existence is accomplished. Therefore the artist can in no way separate himself from *life* if he wishes the thing he makes to be valued; for art is a function of the common purpose of all knowledge—to help man embrace life more fully.

Today the artist faces the problem of specialization. The dichotomy of art and science (which has resulted within the last one hundred and fifty years because of the overdiversification of the sensate era in which we live) has produced a society which tends to understand through rationalization alone. Science sees the meaning of only the utility of our lives and tries to rationally explore and destroy man's set of myths (his art symbols of rite and ritual) which relate to the outside world. However, ideally, art and science should be a manifestation of the same integrated forces

but only in different materials. The result is that analysis in art means destruction because art is understood not through observation, but through participation. Science, as a specialized unit, cannot penetrate the realm of sub-conscious rituals even though they be connected with every day acts. Therefore in order for art to have any meaning today it must first become a part of a synthesis. Here, then, is the problem of today, in all matters. We specialize and yet there is no field of specialization which offers the nucleus for the synthesis of man, because man is an organic part of a large unity as well as an independent personality of his own. (Christianity offers a formula which would embrace man both in his finiteness as an individual and his infiniteness as a child of God. Christ was an artist who wanted to know with his heart. But we have pushed His religion into an ideal of thought.)

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Today, we are for the large part a man who seeks definables. And since "Form in the arts and the form of society are cast from the same mold" — Mundt — this situation is deplorable in that it so heavily limits expression which is art; deplorable too because mankind in turn invariably mimics art — whether it is at the heights of the spirit or at the overripe sensate. Modern art finds itself intrinsically akin to the world situation — a clash between idealism and materialism. Man is just now realizing that he must integrate science and emotion until a unity is achieved. Yet even though this happen, art will still speak for the new age as it speaks for our own.

Music is an art form which is more closely derived from drama, ritual, and emotion. Music was created, though, to control this ritual and it accomplishes this feat though arresting time as no other art can. And this is possible since music uses the least tangible materials; its power of suggestion is the purest; rhythm with the help of its symbols, notes and bars becomes time without the diminishing return. Another reason music is the purest means of power of suggestion is that music does not tell simply of nature (the "on-ego world outside ourselves that we have to learn to read like a script" — Berenson) as do painters, sculptors, and architects. Instead, music deals with this nature as our own bodies which combined we call human nature. Music is sublime because it "sweetens the cares" as do perfect manners. As in the best art it should be a form of communication, man to man.

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## Nugacity

Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa.  
—Dante

Colors, the genius says, are relative to  
The seer, as proverbial beauty — Yes?  
Now look, and what you see as green, to me  
Is gold: the names are still the same — we both  
Call it vermillion — something, anyway.  
Amazing, what? Now think, if worlds were atoms,  
And atoms worlds, and universes bits  
Of dust in a titan's pocket watch on some  
Electron planet. Stupefying, what?  
Imagine, hope for, golden streets, or pits  
Of fire, or childish head-pats, spankings — what?  
Ecstatic, ah!

The idiot says that that  
Would be quite nice, but he can only use  
His eyes, and his one life and brain to try  
To keep Delilah's horsemen's spears away  
From private clouds of thought and feel and touch.

*Edward Doughtie*



## A Child

You're gone, my love, and with you went the light,  
The dusk, the dew, and everything that's fair,  
The fragrant freshness of the morning air,  
The tranquil velvet of a starry night.  
From every oak may dance a leafy sprite,  
But in my heart I cannot see or care.  
The grassy green is only brown and bare.  
There is no beauty; beauty said good-night.

But somewhere someone stands in joyous wait;  
There dawn is breaking in its lightening rays.  
You come — and banish every ill and hate;  
Contentment reigns where once were sad displays.  
Perfection must be shared in humble song.  
I thank my God I had you for this long.

*Polly Vance Akin*

## Elegy

Spreading his hands in bouyant ecstasy,  
His blushing cheek aglow with fresh delight,  
The child reached forth and plucked a dainty sprig  
Of purple blossom, and, with frolic, he  
Held high the self-asserted rarity,  
(Adonis seen alone by neophyte)  
As if in futile effort to unite  
Insouciant world to his exalted glee.

Once I was child as he; a violet's scent  
Distilled for me drops of perfection's bliss.  
But last, in bitterness, each beauty meant  
A veil for hate, a new Delilah's kiss.  
Only a child with innocence untrod  
Can note unstained the miracles of God.

*Polly Vance Akin*



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# the archive

A Literary Periodical Published by the Students of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

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# 52 YEARS OF PRINTING SERVICE



FRATERNITY AND  
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124 W. PARRISH STREET

## EDITORIAL

Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess: is how fairy tales begin. A bit stilted of course. At least it is after a while. But really is there any reason for serious "realistic" literature to be as stilted? Once upon a time there was an ugly old prostitute: might be the beginning of Norman Mailer's next novel. (Not that we don't like Norman Mailer; we do.)

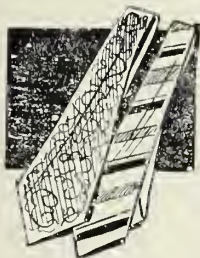
Robert Frost claims that in revolutions the same class comes out on top, but the catchwords have changed. Once upon a time there was not a beautiful princess: is how realistic, serious fiction (please note that we consider these words meaningless) should begin. Suppose we use the somewhat dangerous epithet truthful fiction. Truth is often more easily realized by denying lies than by asserting itself as truth. Once upon a time there was not a beautiful princess and she did not live in the Castle of Crystal. She did not listen to the song of the birds all day; she did not love a handsome prince from Afghan far away; she was not rich. Instead she dug Count Basie the most; she had three lovers and could barely pay her income tax. She did not have a pet dragon; instead she poisoned the mice that infested her apartment. Later, after she was married, she poisoned her husband.

Of course this method for writing truthful fiction is not very feasible today. We no longer believed in fairy tales in the first place. In fact, a good many of us didn't know any. That is one of the main reasons that truthful fiction is impossible in our generation. We have no Horatio Alger tradition to deny; we cannot, without danger of redundancy, assert that struggling upward is the same

as falling off a log. After *The Sun Also Rises*, not even the moon can come out. The reason Yeats was a great poet was that he was an old man; he had outlived his time and his vision which to him was a beautifully artificial preRaphaelite dream, is to us merely an absurd Freudian wish-fulfillment with obscene undertones. Much as we enjoy modern poets, much as they "say to us," there is not much in them, the juice has run dry. Eliot and Auden find themselves in an intellectualized religion of Cassandraic iron tears; Dylan Thomas dug both his fists like turnips deep into the sex glands, but returned latterly to *sforzando* reminiscences: Thomas Wolfe without irrelevancies. Empson, Barker, and Cummings admit that they are playing little games with sounds, words, and meanings.

Well, it must have been fairly easy to prophesy: Jose Ortega y Gasset did so thirty years ago in "The Dehumanization of Art," so did Joseph Wood Krutch in *The Modern Temper*. And then there was Dostoevsky, Kafka, Lawrence: the whole gallery of the prophets of doom, "Our black, black doom," said Ambrose Bierce, winking his eye. Trouble is, none of the prophets gave us any help. They portrayed and predicted the situation, but they didn't suggest any way out of it. Lawrence had one, of course, but it'll be a cold day before Quetzalcoatl rises out of the Mexican lakes to reclaim His of the Blood again. We're doing the best we can, of course, and we can hardly be blamed for trying to find something in dianetics, yogurt, Elvis Presley, etc. The more hopeful go back to the Bible, all the pedigreed idiots run into the science of plastics, the morons take battle stations in our decayed Modern Art. Alas, we weep for Adonais — he is dead, dead, deader than Bird even.

# DUKE UNIVERSITY STORES



Duke University  
Men's Store



Woman's College  
Store



Book Store

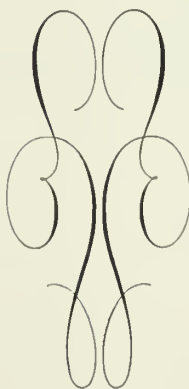


Hospital Store

The future looks even worse. At least according to *Brave New World*, 1984, *Messiah*, *Player Piano*, *Limbo*, etc. it does. And nobody now is giving remedies for then either. The closest thing to one you can find is in Ezra Pound Pound is perhaps the most courageous of modern poets: instead of becoming absorbed in his own private vision and making an artificial universe wherein his poetry can perform unhindered by reality, he still searches for beauty in the pragmatic garbage of everyday existence. But Pound is quite, quite mad, and besides that a traitor to the United States and its brave baconrind banner. (The government cannot afford ideals; the people cannot grasp them.)

Probably we are not the first editors to come to the *Archive* and find it badly in need of a format and some Airwick, but we bet that no one else has blamed anyone whom they couldn't touch with a blue pencil.

A. R. N.



# Duke University Dining Halls



- Woman's College Dining Halls
- Southgate Dining Hall
- The Oak Room
- Old Trinity Room
- Cafeterias A-B-D
- Breakfast Bar
- The New Grille
- Graduate Center Cafeteria and Coffee Lounge







# The Moss

by Martha Hester

HELEN paused as she walked toward the house, resting the weight of her armload of wood on her hip. She looked at the house deliberately, trying to see it as David would. She wondered where her Kodak was; if they left tomorrow, she would want some snapshots to show Dickie when he got older. Her home seemed to her to look just like all the other farmhouses in the grove country, or like they all looked fifteen years ago. Now the others around were all fixed up, of course; but Papa had never wanted things changed around. It looked the same to Helen now as she had remembered it when she had left for town. Papa never quite got around to painting it, or finishing the foundation; its weathered clapboards had acquired a satin finish, and the naked brick stilts, veiled with trellis-work, had shifted in the sand until they all leaned toward the center of the house. She had forgotten how close the oaks hung over the house. The moss dripped like suspended rain from the limbs, blending with the grey of the sky and the house and the clean sand. There was the one grapefruit tree, with its polished emerald leaves, half-smothered in moss; that was the only color in the winter, like this. She could remember climbing up that longest limb that came out over the front room, and jumping down on the tin roof, to scare Mama.

"Helen?"

Her heart jumped when she heard her mother calling just the way she used to when Helen would have to go inside and face her mother. Laughing at herself for feeling guilty, Helen shifted the wood in her arms and hurried on to the house, her tennis shoes squeaking in the sand. She ran up the porch steps and into the kitchen, remembering just in time not to let the screen door bang behind her.

Her mother was standing in the middle of the dark linoleum floor, groping for the light cord. She could scarcely reach above her head, her arms bound by the two sweaters she had put on over her tight-sleeved calico dress.

"Helen, where is the light? I can't find it."

Helen let the wood fall into the box behind the stove. She pulled the string hanging just over her mother's head. "Here, Mama."

Her mother blinked in the amber light. Her braided hair made a yellow halo about her head. "It's so dark today, Helen. I couldn't see to crochet." She slowly crossed the six feet to her chair beside the stove, her slippers whispering as she walked. Helen turned the chair toward the light and helped her mother sit down. "Helen, where did I leave my fancy-work?"

"I'll get it, Mama." The ball of thread and needles were wrapped in a knitting bag, lying on the polished window sill beside the chair. "Here, Mama. Wouldn't you rather I'd get you a rocking chair?"

"No, I like this one." Mrs. Baker straightened her back to fit the wicker-bottom chair, and began to wind the thread around her waxy fingers. "You just go back to what you were doing."

"Yes, Mama." Helen glanced around the kitchen, trying to think what she must do. The room was worn out; the unfinished wooden walls were stained mahogany, fragrant from the smoke of the wood stove, and the Florida roaches survived all her efforts to poison them, so that she never felt she had finished cleaning it. She reached into the lower cabinet for some potatoes to peel for supper, striking her head sharply on the edge of the sink counter when a sudden constricting weight was thrown against her knees.

"I caught you, Mama!" crowed her son, collapsing at her feet. Helen scooped him up and sat him on the counter beside the sink, tucking his faded polo shirt into the elasticized jeans that perpetually slid down over his nonexistent hips.

"Yes, you did, Dickie-boy, and how long have you been awake?"

"I was awake a long time." He squirmed sideways and turned on the spigot, splashing his wet hand on his cottony hair. "Mama, fix my hair like when I go off, okay? Let's go somewhere, can we, Mama? Why don't we go to see Papa, huh?"

"Okay, baby, we'll ride somewhere when Daddy

comes home," promised Helen, swinging him back down to the floor.

Dickie stood still.

"Did you forget Daddy was coming home today? Have you finished cleaning up your blocks so you'll be ready for him?"

"I forgot," he said with dignity. He sauntered into the next room and began to fling his wooden blocks into the cardboard box Helen had told him to keep them in while they were staying at his grandmother's house.

Helen reached for the potatoes again. She began to sneeze as she scrubbed the dusty vegetables. She turned on the rusty spigot to rinse away the dust in the uneven stream of cold water. She remembered to stop and put her rings and tailored watch on the bottom shelf above the sink. She noticed that the room seemed too silent and looked over at her mother. Mrs. Baker had stopped the quick rustling of her crocheting and was looking at Helen.

"Why don't we go to see your papa?" she said.

Helen turned back to the sink. She found a knife in the sink drawer and began to peel the potatoes. "We just walked down and planted some more ivy by the stone yesterday, Mama, and besides, it's getting so late in the day. David will be here pretty soon. And you get so tired, walking so far. David will drive us down tomorrow."

"Well, Helen." Mrs. Baker sighed. With one hand she reached up and took off her spectacles, wiping them awkwardly on her starched skirt. "It didn't used to seem so far at all, when Tom and I would walk down after supper, after the first baby died. It's just down in the far orchard."

"Yes, Mama." Helen put the potatoes in a pot and filled it with water. She put too much salt in the water and had to drain it off. She filled it again, and covered it, crossing to the stove. The stove was massive, shiny-black; somehow everything she cooked on it seemed to taste of shoe polish. The heavy pot grated when she set it in a vacant eye to heat quickly. She bent over behind her mother's chair for wood to build up the fire.

"You are low on wood again, aren't you, Helen," Mrs. Baker said. "Your Papa used to always be sure I had enough wood ahead for the fire. Why don't you say something to David? He ought to keep plenty of wood for you here, for the fire." She eyed Helen's grey sweater and skirt. "Of course, if you must dress like a teenager, I suppose you fancy yourself strong

enough to split kindling yourself."

Helen laughed, knowing her mother meant to make a joke.

"You really should say something to David, though, Helen."

"Yes, Mama, I said something to him." And she had, last weekend when he was here. She should have known better than to say anything then, but she just hadn't thought. He had been wretchedly tired from the three-hundred mile drive down from Jacksonville in the winter rain. He had come in, his face raw and tight-lipped in the grey dusk; he had sat silently down at the unsteady table, waiting for her to fix him a cup of hot coffee. She had not expected him so early, and had hurried to stir up the fire, using the last piece of wood. She had absently asked him to split more for her. From his rigid silence she had realized how angry he was. She had gone and sat down across from him, waiting for the bitter words to begin. He had been cuttingly angry, as he seldom

was, yet in his rage he had been gentle. His eyes had glinted grey with frustration. "Kindling," he had said. "Drive three hundred miles to split kindling." He had taken out his plaid handkerchief to wipe around his neck. "Helen, if you would just bring your mother and come home."

Helen had answered him hesitantly. "David, you know I can't take Mama away from her home, not yet."

"Helen, it has been four months since your father died."

"Yes, but Mama is so old, she's lost away from home."

"And your son is older, too, he's six years old and can't start school because there isn't one out here in the woods."

"But Mama can't leave yet . . ." She had broken off at the sight of his face. She had never seen him look hard. She had hoped he would shout out his anger, but instead he had got up quickly, and gone out on the porch. His solid weight had made the boards creak as he walked over to the railing. She had heard the railing creak as he leaned on it. Suddenly the rotten wood had given under the force of his grasp, and he had almost fallen. She had waited, listening to his swearing under his breath. Then he had walked down the path to the woodshed. The water had begun to boil, and she had fixed the coffee. After about ten minutes he had come back into the kitchen.

"Damned ivy rots the wood," he had said. He had





put his arms around her, tucking her head under his chin. "Helen, I miss you," he had said.

"I know, honey, and I want to go home. But I just can't upset Mama any more, right yet. . . ."

"Helen, I swear." David had spoken very low in his throat, so that Mrs. Baker would not hear their conversation through the thin partitions of the house. "Helen, you've got to think about your son, too. You know it isn't right for a child his age to be alone all the time, with no playmates his own age. When he does start to school, he'll be a regular hellion." He had set her away from him at arm's length. "At least you could let me take Dickie home and start him in school."

"Oh, David, no, you can't take Dickie away from me, he's so little. . . ."

"Well, then, what do you propose that we do?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know." Helen had felt her throat swell and started to turn away.

David had shaken her a little, exasperated. "I swear, Helen, you act just like a child yourself when you are around this place. Now you've got to make up your mind one way or the other." At the sight of her face he had held her close. "I mean that, though, Helen," he continued. "Next week either Dickie will go back with me, or we'll all go back together. You'll just have to make up your mind one way or the other."

The next day he had fixed the new railing and chopped enough wood for the week. He had not said anything else about her going home to Jacksonville, but she knew they would have to decide something when he got home tonight.

She put the last piece of kindling in the stove. She shook the pot of potatoes; so often she let things burn on this stove. She went over to the linen cupboard on the other side of her mother's chair to look for a tablecloth. Her mother watched her as she looked through the stacks of musty linens, fragrant with age.

"You do have some beautiful things, Mother, I'd forgotten, I'd been away so long."

"Yes, Helen; your papa bought most of them, you know."

Helen found her favorite, a creamy linen with the Ansley coat of arms embroidered in violet, and spread it on the table. She took pleasure in setting four places with the monogrammed silver. She took out the lavender-flowered Haviland her mother had brought from the Ansley place in Mississippi; she found an ivory candle for the center of the table.

"Your Papa started bringing me linens a long

time ago, when I was just a little thing, when we lived out on the River, down from Natchez."

"Yes, Mama," Helen murmured. She put the candle away and replaced it with a dried arrangement in soft blues and violets, from the rows of plants that found an ivory candle for the center of the table.

"Helen, he was a fine-looking man, with that curly black hair and those dark eyes, kind of slanted like yours. You were lucky to take after him. He had those big, solid shoulders, too. No trouble for him to swing an axe. He always managed to . . . to . . ." Mrs. Baker's treble voice trailed away; she looked self-consciously at her daughter.

"He always managed to keep you in kindling," Helen supplied gently.

"Yes, that's right," Mrs. Baker continued. "I remember how I noticed those shoulders first thing when I met him. I was just twelve years old then, think of that, Helen. And he kept coming back to see the family, while I grew up. . . . What was I going to tell you about, Helen?"

"The linens, Mama." Helen surveyed the appearance of the table, running her fingers through her short hair with a feeling of satisfaction. She pulled a wicker-bottom chair from the table to the stove and sat beside her mother. She lit a Chesterfield from the pack she kept tucked in her belt, settling sideways in the chair. She pulled up her hose, stretching her legs out and propping them on the fender of the stove. She did not want to do anything this afternoon but wait for David.

Mrs. Baker appeared to recollect the purpose of her narrative. She looked as if she had forgotten herself in her memories; she tucked her short legs under the chair, catching her worn felt slippers in the bottom rung, and her face reminded Helen of Dickie's, when he talked about his father.

"Oh, the linens, yes. Helen, your papa used to bring a present for me every time he came — though, of course, he was not really calling on me," she added. "I wasn't old enough, of course. But he brought the presents anyway, and it was always some kind of household thing he had got in New Orleans, a tablecloth, or a counterpane, or sheets, like those English ones we never used, or dainty hand-embroidered towels, Maman and I both decided it wasn't quite proper, but she said it was just so nice of him that she really couldn't say anything. I was so glad," Mrs. Baker giggled.

Helen could not keep from giggling, too. People always laughed when her mother did.



"And then, he got them all back, too, didn't he," Mrs. Baker giggled again. "I suppose I've told you about coming away from Mississippi."

"Yes, Mama." Helen rose to get a nail file from the shelf above the sink. Her nails seemed to get so rough out here.

"That was right after we got married, when I was twenty. Tom just felt like Mississippi was too washed out still from the War, so he decided we'd come to Florida, where things were booming, and he could get some of that Yankee money. Have I ever told you what this place looked like before we made our home here?"

"Yes, Mama, just a wilderness, wasn't it."

"That was sixty years ago . . . sixty-three this year." Mrs. Baker seemed to remember her age. She unwound her feet from the rungs of the chair, and set them straight on the floor the way her mammy had taught her.

"There wasn't a house for miles, of course; Tom built this one, long before you were born. We came such a long way here. Tom said it wouldn't be much different, but it seemed so then."

Mrs. Baker stopped to shake more thread loose from the ball in her lap. "Even the moss looked different; in Mississippi I always thought it looked like a decoration, like a fringe, or lace, but here it looks so dirty. Somehow, it just chokes the trees. I think it must be that in Mississippi there's the magnolias, so dark and green, to set off the grey moss. But I brought some dark green, too, didn't I? Tom let me bring some ivy, all the way from the house in Mississippi. That's the same ivy as grows out there by the porch, Helen. Did I ever tell you about how the porch came to be built, Helen?"

"Yes, Mama."

"It was the funniest thing . . . the ivy . . ."

"The porch, Mama, when Papa ran out of lumber."

"Oh, yes, Helen, well, you see . . ."

Helen closed her eyes; her worry would not show so much if her mother could not see her eyes. If she could just be alone to think. She could not force herself to follow her mother's wandering narrative. She thought that the painful rehearsal of reminiscences had continued almost without interruption for the past two weeks, ever since her mother had had that sinking spell. Helen felt as if her mother's mind were somehow disintegrating, breaking off into little bits of memory. It would be cruel to tear her away from the house, from the familiar surroundings

that were her only clues to reality. She wondered what had made her mother have the spell; she had tried so hard to take good care of her. And especially, it did not make sense that the spell had come on that particular day. Mama had seemed so well, so aware of things; she had been full of questions about Helen's life in Jacksonville. Helen had thought that perhaps the time had come when Mama could leave. Mrs. Baker had insisted that Helen and Dickie walk down through the grove to the cemetery with her. She had remembered that it was chilly outside, and had bundled up in three of Papa's black coat-sweaters, one over the other, and had even put on those old white wool stockings. Even then she had forgotten, by the time she had finished dressing, where she meant to go; she had been forced to ask Helen to remind her, docile in her helplessness in a way that Helen could not forget.

The three of them had set out, hand in hand. They had walked slowly through the white afternoon sunlight. Mrs. Baker had walked stiff-backed, resisting Helen's help, feeling her way with her thin-soled oxfords along the soggy grey ruts in the ploughed orchard lanes. Once she had stepped on a spoiled orange lying in the lane, fallen from the trucks of the packing crews. The fruit had been solid enough to roll under her weight; she had lost her balance, and would have fallen if Helen had not been close enough to catch her. They had been even more careful after that; it had taken them half an hour to walk the rest of the half-mile.

When they had reached the graveyard, Mrs. Baker had stood with both hands on the rusty fence, resting before she went in. Helen had waited anxiously at her side; even Dickie had squatted on the cornerstone at the end of the fence, and sat very still, watching. Mrs. Baker had seemed to get her breath; she had looked all right. Helen had opened the gate and guided her mother into the bleak enclosure. There were three mounds in the sand; two miniature ones marked with blank headstones, and Papa's. Mrs. Baker had walked down the short row, her back bowed with the grief of age. Pausing in front of each mound, she had stopped last in front of Papa's. For the first time, Helen had seen tears in her mother's eyes. Mrs. Baker had fished around in her left dress sleeve, underneath her sweaters, for the handkerchief she always carried there. Helen had thought that for once Mama's bonebreeding must yield; unable to look away, she had watched her mother put the handkerchief between her teeth, biting it as tears crept along





the wrinkles in her face. Her mother's image blurred by tears in her own eyes, Helen had groped her way over to where Dickie sat, motionless. Helen had knelt with her arm around him.

There had been no sound to warn her. At last, by chance, she had looked toward Papa's grave. Her mother had been crumpled across the foot of the mound, her spectacles knocked half off by her fall, the free arm waving a question mark above the empty face. Helen could only think to loosen her mother's clothes, and to send Dickie running to the icy spring to wet her mother's handkerchief. For several seconds she had thought her mother had ceased to breathe. The beat of her mother's heart had been reluctant at first; then it had become imperative, increasingly demanding. With each beat the frail, misshapen body had convulsed. Then, with a gasping sigh, the diaphragm had begun to work again. It had been several minutes before Mrs. Baker had regained consciousness. Helen had sat cross-legged in the wet sand, cradling the limp body in her arms. The minutes had crept by. Dickie had come running back with the handkerchief. Shivering, he had crouched beside Mrs. Baker's head.

Without warning, Mrs. Baker had opened her eyes wide. She had smiled, and asked Helen what was the matter. She had been unable to remember where she was or why she had come; she had only struggled to sit up, and begun to talk of fixing supper. Helen had somewhere found the strength to half-drag, half-carry her mother's tiny body back to the house. After Helen had put her to bed, Mrs. Baker had scarcely walked or stirred for twenty-four hours.

Helen had been unable to get a doctor at first; David had come home that night, and had driven into Dade City to fetch Dr. Grover, who could not come until late the next afternoon. Then he had only said, well, she seemed to have had some kind of a sinking spell, and that Helen should keep an eye on her all the time, and should take care that she didn't get excited. Helen remembered the flat tone of his voice when he had said, with a country doctor's bludgeoned resignation, that she probably wouldn't live much longer. Helen had only nodded, refusing to reply, handing him five dollars to make him go. David had seen him to the door. Helen remembered that they had talked on half-audibly. Then David had made her sit down in the front room with him to talk. He had taken both her hands in his, just the way Papa used to.

"Helen, don't you think it would be better for your mother if she were in Jacksonville where there

are the best doctors and hospitals? And where there wouldn't be so many things to remind her of your Papa?"

Helen had felt that same confused feeling in her stomach. "Oh, David, I don't know. I know she ought to be near doctors — but I'm afraid it would just kill her if we took her away from her home. And she won't agree to it. And we can't just take her — can we?"

David had dropped her hands and walked over to the open fire Mrs. Baker always insisted on. Something about the way he had grasped the low mantle as he stared into the lazy flames had made Helen know how helpless he felt. She sighed aloud.

Helen became aware that the room was silent. Her mother had cocked her head the way she always did when she asked a question.

"I'm sorry, what is it, Mama?"

Mrs. Baker pulled in her chin in reproof. "I asked you where Dickie is."

Helen blushed. Her mother had a way of looking away from a breach of manners that was in itself a scolding. "I think he's just in the other room, Mama." In some way the reproof reduced her to adolescence. She decided that now was as good a time as any to ask her mother one more time.

"I'll look for Dickie in a minute, Mama. But first, I wanted to ask you—if you wouldn't just as soon go on up to Jacksonville with David when he goes back tomorrow?"

The room was silent.

Helen watched her mother's face. Mrs. Baker did not change her expression.

She stared blandly at Helen. She did not seem to have heard Helen's question.

"I asked you where Dickie is," she said again.

Helen sighed. "I'll see, Mama," she said. She moved awkwardly, catching her foot in the chair as she rose. Her steps sounded loud as she walked through the silent house. She came back into the kitchen.

"Dickie doesn't seem to be in the house, Mama," she said. As she heard her spoken words, she felt a flutter of panic in her stomach. "Maybe he's out back," she said carefully. "Will you—will you stay here and watch the stove, Mama?"

"Yes, Helen. Don't be gone long, now, David will be here soon." Mrs. Baker settled back to her crocheting.

"Yes, Mama."

Helen stepped outside on the porch. She closed the screen door neatly behind her. She consciously





took hold of herself, glancing around the deserted clearing. She dragged her heavy feet down the steps. She heard nothing. She could not call out, for fear there would be no answer. She peered through the trellis work that veiled the stilts of the house; she could barely catch a glimpse of light from the other side. She walked once around the house; perhaps he would be playing in the clean sand. On the front side of the house there was a mound still laid out in hills and valleys and roadways. The sand was shuffled in a row of footprints distorted by dragging heels. The tracks led to the packed earth at the back of the house, where she could no longer distinguish them.

The spring: she felt sure he had gone down to the spring. He kept saying he wanted to go again, ever since she had sent him when Mama had had her spell. She should never have let him go alone. If he had fallen in the icy water, even so shallow as it was. . . .

"Stop it," she said aloud.

She would not let herself run. She walked evenly through the thick trees along the path to the spring. Woodsmoke clung to the bank of the gulley, giving an unearthly quality to the tangled grey wall of undergrowth. Oh, why hadn't she kept an eye on him? She never could seem to remember that he wasn't at a neighbor's or in the back lot playing; David was right, it wasn't fair to have the child out here where he must stay by himself all the time. He could never comprehend the isolation of the grove country. There was white clay in the path where it got steep; it stayed slippery-sticky in the winter humidity. She refused to think about Dickie's falling, but at the back of her mind there was a tiny inescapable image, a picture of Dickie, standing on the edge of the spring, slipping, grasping at a root, crying out in a wordless shrill soprano, sliding relentlessly into the frigid water. . . .

She shook her head, biting her tongue until it tasted salt. She must not think like that. She must concentrate on getting down the path without falling herself; the slope was steep enough that she had to brace her smooth-soled sneakers on one of the roots that jutted across the path before she could take another step down. She came to the last of the spiraling turns and forced herself to look at the spring. She held her breath.

He was not in sight.

She made herself walk to the edge of the creek. She was so afraid that she would find him that she could almost envision him. She looked into the clear water.

He was not in sight.

The water rippled silently, hurrying in the cold. She smelled it for the first time.

She took a breath. She breathed very deep against the jump of her heart. She yelled easily, "Dickie."

A tiny echo rang from the gulley bank above the spring. The wood was silent.

She turned and ran up the path. "Dickie," she yelled again, louder than before. Her legs felt strong, and she ran with an even pace back to the clearing, and then turned and ran through the grove, calling. She began running straight back, and then thought that perhaps he had gone to sleep or was hiding somewhere among the trees, and began to run from side to side, through and through the trees. It was hard to run in the shifting, rutted sand. She could not look up at the low crooked branches, and could only duck blindly, for she had to watch the ground carefully to avoid tripping on the fallen twigs and fruit. Her heart struck her ears so noisily that she could scarcely hear herself calling. She had to stop. Her body was shaking so that she could not control her fear; the weakness of her trembling legs increased her panic. Sweat trickled down her side and then was absorbed in her sweater. She had run nearly all the way down the back orchard, down to the cemetery. She must get hold of herself, she could never find him this way. Blood rushed through her head. She could see nothing. Her hair hung damply on her neck. She tumbled to the end of the grove. She felt a splatter of dampness on her forehead. She turned up her face to the drizzle that began the afternoon rain. A burst of wind left her shivering. She reached the cemetery; leaning on the gate, she opened it so she could sit on the curbing.

Then she saw Dickie.

He was asleep, lying beside Papa's grave in the smooth spot where Mama had fallen when she had her spell. He had been playing with the ivy on the headstone; a few of the tendrils still clung to his fingers. He had made a pillow from some of the moss fallen from the surrounding trees. He was sprawled out, lying on his back, his breathing thick in his throat.

Helen felt numb. She tiptoed over to him, afraid to make any noise. She bent close over him and kissed his dusty cheek. He did not stir. She slipped her arms beneath him and lifted him carefully. Slowly she stood, then walked back through the grove in the misty rain, leaving the gate swinging with grating protest against the puffing breeze. She breathed very softly, so as not to wake him. She stopped to rest; he seemed so heavy in sleep. There were bits of moss marring the silver of his hair; she shifted his weight

to her hip so she could remove it; it always looked to her as if it had ticks in it. She walked the rest of the way to the house, cradling her child. She climbed the stairs, stopping at each one, and crossed the porch. She caught the door with the toe of her sneaker, and went inside. Her mother looked up.

"You were a long time."

"He was asleep, Mama," Helen murmured. "He didn't hear me call."

"I hope you will punish him," Mrs. Baker said. "You certainly were never allowed to go anywhere without telling me."

Helen did not reply. She carried Dickie into the dusky parlor and laid him gently on the sofa. He stirred, and then settled back in sleep. Helen pulled the afghan snug around him. She backed away from him. Her heel stopped against a solid object. She stooped over it, squinting to see in the half-light. It was the cardboard box full of Dickie's blocks. She picked it up and folded the top over. She carried it into the kitchen.

"Are you just going to let him sleep?"

"Yes, Mama." Helen refused to meet her mother's eyes. She set the box on a chair.

"I remember when you ran away one day," her mother began.

Helen interrupted her. "Mama."

"Yes, Helen?"

"Why don't you lie down for a while? David will be here pretty soon, and you'll want to be rested."

"All right, if you like, Helen." Mrs. Baker put her crocheting in the window and used both hands to raise herself from the chair. She walked out of the room in silence.

Helen watched her mother leave, feeling her face set in determination. She opened a can of spinach and emptied it into a pot on the stove, and started to get out the steaks. Then she hesitated, looking at the box of blocks. She searched through the cluttered drawers in the sink cabinet until she found a piece of string. She tied the string around the box, and then set the box beside the door. She looked at it a moment. Then she picked up her mother's crocheting and put it in the knitting bag, placing the bag on top of the box.

"That's ready," she said.

She washed her hands, chose the biggest steak, and put it on the stove for David.



## Fall

A moment before the leaves began to fall  
they yellowed with the smile of sun and sought  
to free themselves, then turned a wondrous red  
and seemed to glow with pleasure at the thought  
of lying dead in restful piles of leaves.

Men gave a final faint and puzzled smile  
while trees burst into silent flame. There fell  
in drifting circles leaves that bore no dread  
of hell where only souls may fear to dwell  
but whirled awhile in wind above the earth.

As shadows watched the leaves and saw they all  
swirled first together and then settled down,  
the people then chased after them and talked  
in shallow voices as they walked around  
mostly in circles.

A moment before the leaves began to fall  
men gave a final faint and puzzled smile  
as shadows watched the leaves and saw they all  
died laughing.

## Winter

In all there is no point and purpose  
without cold elements of chances.  
For even as death doors to heaven  
So earth early dies of her own scars  
that thru the barren deadtree branches  
we might sooner see far stars.

*George Keithley*



# Day of the Funeral

By Shirley Davis

**M**URDER will out," is an old saying; and I for one was not surprised when the front pages of newspapers as far north as Pittsburgh carried the story of the scandal at South Providence. It seems that several prisoners there had been severely beaten and that the sheriff had been indicted. My older sister Meggie sent me the clipping in her letter with the simple comment, "You remember Hurley Cole." That was all she had to say on the subject, but I know that she was thinking about the day of the funeral. From the kitchen where I was sitting with Meggie's letter in my hand, I could see my Jeannie in her sandbox, listlessly spooning white sand into a jar. Anne was standing in the shade watching her sister. In her thoughtful moments, Anne's face is Meggie's all over again; and, looking at the hot sunlight in the yard and at Anne's face, I could remember with almost supernatural clarity the events of that day.

Meggie and I were sitting on the steps with our feet in the grass, waiting for Mother and Daddy to come out; but Meggie kept jumping up and walking around and around the backyard. She was furious about something. When she was ten and I was six, she was usually furious with me, so I never asked questions. On this morning I felt really cowardly. It was chilly; my canvas sandals were drenched with dew; and I was sleepy. I sat huddled on the steps, blinking my eyes, wondering what I had done. The sun was not well up. In the creek bottom, there were still wisps of white mist; and across the creek up on straw hill the straw looked red the way it does sometimes when it's very wet and the sun is still low.

Daddy came out and called Meggie, and he sat down on the steps between us. He looked at me to be sure I was awake. Then he said, "Did Megareth tell you that Mother and Daddy are going to Richmond?"

"I want to wear my new dress." I started to get up, but Megareth pursed her lips and raised her eyebrows.

"You are not going," she said heavily.

"I am too going." I looked at Daddy.

"You are not going. I am not going. We are going to the Coles." Her voice when she said *you* and *I* and *we* set the two of us apart. We were martyrs, orphans, children mistreated. When she mentioned the Coles, her voice dripped with disappointment.

"But I want to go to Richmond," I wailed.

"Listen," Daddy said, "You can't go with us to Richmond. Your mother's uncle died, and we're going to a funeral. We'll be back tonight. In the meantime, Mother and I thought you'd like to stay at the Coles. You like the Coles, don't you, honey?"

"Daddy, please, can't we stay at Joanne's or at Mrs. Woods'? There's nothing to do way over at the old Coles'. Please, Daddy." Meggie was being very sweet and childish now.

"No, Meggie, you can play with your sister and look out for her. You're a big girl. Lucy's never been away from us all day. I want you to promise to stay with her and not to tease her."

"That settles that," I said coolly to Meggie. It was her favorite expression that I had adopted. Since it was her own favorite retort, she just didn't speak to me until we were in the car. Then she turned on me in the back seat.

"That does settle that. You really fixed it didn't you? Now we have to stay with old Mrs. Cole. There's not one thing to do over there; and we've got to stay all day."

"I like it," I said stolidly.

"You like it now. But when you get bored you'll start to squall; and I have to look after you."

"I won't squall," I shouted.

"Well then, you'll go to sleep. That's worse."

I was outraged; but just then Mother and Daddy got into the car. Mother had been crying. I whispered and asked Meggie what a funeral was, and she whispered back that I wouldn't like it, that it was dead people, and flowers, and preachers. I thought it sounded plenty interesting; but we were jolting over the ruts in the Cole's drive.

The sun was bright now. The pussy willows that lined the drive threw long shadows across the yard,

and between them I could see down the long slope of straw hill to the creek and even to the roof of our house which was still in the shadow. Mother was thanking Mrs. Cole; and Mrs. Cole was telling Mother not to worry about us—that she had raised a boy of her own. Before I could realize it, Mother and Daddy had driven out of the yard. We followed Mrs. Cole to the house, and that was the beginning of the longest day I ever lived.

The Coles' house was actually in the town limits, but it was a farmhouse which had stood in isolation for years before the town had edged out to meet and envelop it. It was a low frame building in the shape of a drunken ell. It was ell-shaped because all farmhouses in that part of the country were; and it was a drunken ell because it had been added to often and ruthlessly. The short end of the ell boasted a low gable and a bay window, and from one end of the house to the other there was a wide porch with a lumpy, ornate banister, but no underpinning. When we lived in South Providence, the Coles gave it a fresh coat of white paint every year until the whole pile looked made of white bone, instead of wooden siding, sitting up there over the crest of straw hill.

Straw hill itself had been a cornfield; now I suppose it's all pine; but then, as I remember it, it was covered with tall waving broomstraw—yellow or red or brown, depending upon what time of year or day it was. Most of the time, only the upper half of the Cole house was visible from our home; but just before a thunder shower, the wind would sweep the straw almost flat to the ground and you could see the whole house and the pine woods that stood behind it on the other side. This morning, however, there was no wind and there were no clouds—just an extraordinarily bright sun, which promised a hot day.

Mrs. Cole took us to the house and made us eat a second breakfast. She was past middle age, a big, comfortable woman with two chins and iron gray hair, which she parted in the middle and pulled back in a figure eight. Her husband was a tall, thin man with white hair and hard black eyes. His back was quite straight although he was nearly seventy, but he walked with his narrow shoulders drawn upwards, as if he was determined not to stoop at all costs. He was retired now; but he had been on the town or county payroll in every capacity from building inspector to sheriff. Now he spent his time gardening and hunting with his son Hurley. I had heard of their boy

Hurley, but I had never seen him. Anyway, there was no one there this morning except Mr. and Mrs. Cole; and they left us completely to ourselves.

I somehow decided that my parents were bringing me a gift from Richmond, and two hours after they had driven away I went to the end of the drive to watch for them. Meggie came and stood beside me. "Lucy," she said, "what are you standing here for?" I gathered that I was doing something silly; so I didn't answer. "Oh no! Look, goofy, they haven't been gone two hours. If you plan to wait here, you'll be here a long time." I went back to the house with her; and somehow we got through the long, hot morning.

While we were eating lunch, Mr. Cole said abruptly, "Where's Hurley? He took his dogs to the woods early this morning. Had his gun too, but he said he was just going to train that new black dog. Sure hope he doesn't kill anything else out of season." He grew silent, and Mrs. Cole didn't answer him. I remember, because I had been thinking of Hurley Cole as a little boy.

Later that afternoon Mrs. Cole sent us out to play. "Honey, it's too hot to play in the yard, and you can't have any fun in here. Why don't you go out there where it's shady and play hide and seek or something?"

You don't play hide and seek with just two people," Meggie explained politely.

"Yes we can too," I said. "You're 'it'. Please, Meggie, play hide and seek with me." Meggie was usually very stubborn in these matters; but today for some reason she gave in to me. There wasn't anyplace to hide under the pines. We had to go far enough to find some underbrush, and, when we found a place, I ran to hide. I crawled under some bushes and lay flat to wait for Meggie. My breath came and went in little gasps. I always got excited playing "hide and seek." I was lying there with my head on the ground; and there was a steady thumping somewhere. I realized that it was my heart beating. I lay there all cool under that brush listening.

When I woke up, my first thought was that Mother and Daddy must be back. Then I remembered that I was hiding and that for once Meggie had not found me. While I was listening for her to call that she was giving up, it occurred to me that maybe she had given up long ago. She would be furious if she knew I had gone to sleep. That was the very reason she hated to play with me in the





first place. I was trying to think up some good excuses when I heard something.

By raising my head, I could see out from where I was hidden. Not five feet away there was a big, black dog. He was standing absolutely motionless, gazing right at me. I was not afraid, but I didn't know whether to stay where I was or to get out, so I just lay there gazing back; and then I heard a man's voice.

"Here, you black bastard! Heel!"

I was breathing hard again. I didn't know why. Something kept me glued where I was, but I was wishing I was back with Mrs. Cole and Meggie. The dog turned, baring his teeth; then he laid his ears back and moved away out of my sight. I thought they were leaving, but they didn't. The man said something I didn't understand, his voice loud and harsh; then there was a thud. The dog yelped. I could see him again. He was backing away. His ears were flat against his broad head and the hair stood up on his back. There was a rumbling sound deep inside of him; his flank was quivering.

"Growl at me will you, you devil. God damn you!" The man's voice was closer. I shrank back. "I'll teach you to growl at me." I couldn't see either of them now, and everything was quiet for a moment. I could hear my heart pounding although I was sitting bolt upright. Then there was another thud, louder this time, followed by a yelp and a snarl. I wanted to get up and run. I moved; but over beyond the clearing, I could see Meggie. She was just standing there under the trees in plain view. I had never seen that expression before. She was just standing there with her chin tucked down and her mouth open, staring out from under her brows. It was sort of dark there in the woods and smothery hot. The silences were long, punctuated by sharp blows. The dog wasn't snarling any more. The smashing, thudding noises were closer together, accompanied by little whimpering, whining noises. With each thud I could see Meggie quiver, but she stood right where she was.

The man's voice sounded funny and strangled when he spoke again. "No damned dog of mine is going to act up. Hey, you!" Meggie had turned suddenly and was running through the woods. The man started after her; but he was hampered by his rifle and by the thick underbrush. "Hey, kid, wait! I want to tell you something." But she was gone. I ran, too, as hard as I could all the way to the house. When I got there I found Meggie; she was sitting under the edge of the porch with her knees drawn

up and her head on her arms. I said her name, but she didn't answer me.

"What happened, Meggie?"

"The man had a gun. The dog tried to get away. The man hit it with his gun. He kept hitting it, and it started to get up, and it couldn't move its legs." She was very matter of fact, but she was not looking at me.

"Did the dog die?" I said.

And she started to cry in a funny kind of way. I mean she wasn't crying tears. It was more like being sick at your stomach. We sat under the porch a long time. I cried some too, without knowing exactly why. The ground was cool under us and it had a rainy smell. Finally she said, "Did you see?"

I nodded.

"Lucy, let's not tell anyone right now, at least not the Coles."

"Let's go home," I said.

"No, we have to wait." She took my hand, and we went up on the porch in the swing to wait. Mrs. Cole came out to call us to supper, but we couldn't eat. I heard her tell Mr. Cole that we were the strangest children she had ever seen — sitting there like two owls. Meggie heard her too, but she just squeezed my hand and rocked the swing a little. Then she squeezed my hand really hard. Coming

up the drive was a big man. He was wearing hunting boots and carrying a rifle. He came right up on the porch and smiled at us. If Meggie had not been sitting there, stiff and disapproving, I think I might have liked him. He went in the house, banging the screen behind him.

"Hey, Ma!" we heard him call. "What's the matter with your company. Cat got their tongues?"

Meggie got up, pulling me after her, and started for the steps. But Hurley Cole came out and sat down right in the middle of the steps to clean his gun. We were trapped, but we started edging behind him to the far end of the porch, practically clinging to one another. Suddenly he turned and looked at Meggie through narrowed lids.

"You kids scared of guns?"

"Yes," said Meggie.

"You ain't scared of me, are you?" He spoke softly, flashing his white teeth in a broad smile.

"No sir," lied Meggie.

"Yes you are, too. I won't hurt you." He laughed and turned the gun over and over in his hands. He broke it, looked into it, and then snapped it shut.





Then he raised it and sighted down the drive. The long barrel flashed in the slanting rays of the late sun. He wasn't paying us any attention, but we didn't dare move. We stood pressed against the bannister, looking down the hill toward our house in the fading light. It looked lonely and deserted.

The evening was a warm blanket. Everything was hazy. Straw hill stretched below us. It could have been one hundred miles across. A dry rattling vibration of insects from the hillside made the night seem even quieter. The straw was always moving, even when there was no breeze; and I got the feeling that it was all alive. Honeysuckle was growing somewhere. Its odor was cloyingly, rottenly sweet. I looked at Meggie. She was staring down at our house too. She stood between me and the steps; and every now and then she squeezed my arm gently.

Mr. Cole came out of the house and sat down beside Hurley on the steps. Something about his voice made me think of my Daddy. "Sorry about your dog, son. Good thing you buried him this afternoon, though. Hot, ain't it?" The air smelled as if he were smoking. "Strange kids," I heard him murmur. "Act scared or something all the time." They were still sitting there and we were still standing there when the beams from Daddy's headlights flashed across the porch.

Nothing else happened the day of the funeral, and the whole thing gradually receded into the past. When Hurley Cole was elected sheriff, I almost decided that I had dreamed all of it. Now that I think back though, I know that even if he never meant to hurt us, a lot of things died for us that day.



## THE PREACHER'S BACK

I sit behind him in the choir and watch  
While he is preaching, listen to his mouthless  
Voice, and watch his punctuating back.  
Now he rises and dances on his toes,  
Quite as expressive as his face, shifting  
From foot to foot, as if he were a fencer,  
Who thrusts his narrow, pointed thoughts with skill,  
Rapier-like, into the people's hearts.

*Ed Doughtie*

# Montaigne and the Art of Dying

By Alan Bradford

“HOW OFT when men are at the point of death have they been merry?” asks Romeo in his final speech as he prepares to take poison. This was a question that anyone might have asked himself facing death in the sixteenth century. As early as 1516 the paradox of a merry death was expressed by Sir Thomas More in *Utopia*. The Utopians, he states, die two kinds of death. In the first kind, a man dies “carefully and against his will.” His soul is thought to be “in despair and vexed in conscience,” as though he foresees already the punishment with which he will atone for his sins. The Utopians bury such a man sorrowfully, commending his soul to heaven. There is great sadness at his funeral, for they believe that God will not welcome the man who “runneth not to him gladly but is drawn by force.” But the second kind of death presents a much more pleasant picture. “Merrily and full of good hope,” a man departs, and his hearse is attended with singing and celebration, his body burned reverently. Although this man’s goodness and virtue are remembered, More tells us that “no part of his life is so oft or gladly talked of as his merry death.” This account is made even more interesting when we remember that the great English humanist who wrote it met his end in the second way described. More, after a life in public office, broke with Henry the Eighth over the king’s divorce and claim to power in the Church and was consequently executed for high treason in 1535. He is said to have gone to the scaffold “merrily and full of good hope,” like his creation, the Utopian.

More was not alone in the emphasis he placed on the importance of dying well. Death had become an art. It was on everyone’s mind in the sixteenth century.<sup>1</sup> Not only was the experience of death central in religion; it was also an important part of the classical striving which characterized the Renaissance mind. Born two years before the execution of More, the Frenchman Montaigne became, in many ways, a spokesman for the Renaissance mind and a

powerful influence over English writers of the period. He, too, stresses the idea of the good death, perhaps more than any other major figure of the time, and particularly in his essay, “That Men Are Not to Judge of Our Happiness Till after Death.” Montaigne’s argument here is that a man can be judged only by the way in which he dies; death is the only reality in a life in which we all wear masks. It is the only test of a man’s courage. As he says elsewhere, dying is our greatest task. For this our life and philosophy have prepared us. Although Montaigne’s opinion on the final moment of life as the most important coincided with that of the Catholic Church, his reasons differ from those of the Church and of More. The dying moment, for him, is the revelation of the Stoic virtues that a man may have cultivated. Montaigne is not concerned with heaven and hell, but rather the nobility of calmness in the last scene, the extreme situation in which man finds himself inevitably. The dead man’s reputation depends on how he died, not on how he lived.

This essay is full of classical allusions, most notably to Ovid and Lucretius, as are all of Montaigne’s works. He is a typical Renaissance thinker in that he bases his conclusions on the ancient examples. Although he refers to Latin authors here, he might well have obtained the same idea from the Greeks. There is Sophocles’ maxim, “Look upon that last day always,” and also his portrayal of Oedipus’ end, which, “if ever any was, was wonderful.” There is Socrates, too, perhaps the prototype of dying well, with his moving words in the *Apology*, “And now it is time to go, I to die, and you to live; but which of us goes to a better thing is unknown to all but God.” According to Plato’s report in the *Phaedo*, Socrates met death with that same calmness and insensibility which so much concerned Montaigne as he imagined his own death. These two examples from antiquity, it seems to me, embody his ideas perfectly.

Shakespeare, along with Montaigne and John Donne, was one of three of the most profound thinkers and writers of his time, all of whom were much

<sup>1</sup> Theodore Spenser, *Death and Elizabethan Tragedy*, p. 64.

preoccupied with death. Montaigne all his life and Shakespeare and Donne, in their most mature years, seemed to have it constantly in mind and were constantly analyzing it. All three, in their writings, considered seriously the problem of suicide. Hamlet's soliloquy is the most penetrating study of this. In Hamlet, Shakespeare created a character resembling Montaigne and Donne in that he was "consistently inconsistent" and experienced the same melancholy and powerful self-questionings. Elizabethan tragedy, with its famous death speeches, represents the culmination of the sixteenth-century death obsession. Shakespeare, aware of Montaigne's habit of "observing how the end was borne" in order to judge a person's whole life, has Hamlet, in admonishing Horatio, seek to redeem his "wounded name" in his great dying words. And, as Montaigne would have said, "The rest is silence." Othello and many other Shakespearean heroes justify their erring lives by "bearing the end well."

At the opposite pole in the Elizabethan drama is Marlovian tragedy. Indeed, the final scene of *Doctor Faustus* might be called the negation of More's picture of the merry death and Montaigne's of the calm and insensible end. Judged by the latter's method, Faustus' life would not be approved. Faustus is More's sorrowful Utopian with his soul "in despair and vexed in conscience." The immense terror of the scene heightens the whole tragedy of Faustus. The terror is in the complete despair of a man who cannot run to his God, a man who is plagued by thoughts and fears of hell and devils. Faustus' mask is off, as Montaigne would say. His comedy is over and the reality of death is unbearable for him. The tragedy is more intense than most tragedies of its day because it presents a picture directly opposite to the religious ideal of death that was so vitally important to the Renaissance man. At the end, Faustus is terrified not only by the devils but by the God that he had rejected: "My God, my god, look not so fierce on me!"

To return to Montaigne's essay of death, with its principles so strikingly illustrated in the drama, there is one passage with interesting parallels in England. It is the one about "the master-day," the day that must be the "test of the fruit of all my studies." One of the outstanding English writers to adopt this idea was Edmund Spenser, who gives it poetical expression in *The Faerie Queene*, Book I, Canto X:

All is but lost, that living we bestow,  
If not well ended at our dying day.  
O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;  
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

It is particularly enlightening to compare this with the sentiment of John Donne, a representative of the seventeenth century, who comments in his last sermon, "Death's Duel," "The tree lies as it falls; it is true; but yet it is not the last stroke that fells the tree; nor the last word, nor the last gasp that qualifies the soul . . . Our critical day is not the very day of our death, but the whole course of our life." This is a direct contradiction of Montaigne's concept of the master-day by one who was always as mindful of "that last bitter throw" as he had been. But Donne does not deny the utmost importance of dying well; he simply denies that a man's life may be judged entirely by his death and knows that God will not judge it so. For Donne has added the concept of immortality. For him the end is the beginning, not the finality as it is for Montaigne, who writes in "Of Training" that Nature has conditioned us for death by giving us sleep to show us "the eternal state she reserves for us." This sleep will be forever; it is not Donne's "one short sleep past."

Again in *The Faerie Queene*, by way of example Spenser presents us in Book I, Canto IX, a picture of a knight who has been tempted by personified Despair to stab himself. Despair almost coaxes the Redcrosse knight to do otherwise, with soothing words.

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,  
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly  
please.

The knight escapes this kind of death, in which "sin, and hell, and death, doe most dismay The feeble soule." It would be a parallel to the end of Faustus and of More's sad Utopian. The only fitting death for Spenser's Redcrosse knight must be the merry death, the calm and sensible one.

There are two more ideas in the Montaigne essay with English equivalents. Speaking of Etienne de la Boetie, Montaigne says, "I saw death cut the thread of a marvelously advancing progress, in the flower of its growth, with an end so lofty that, in my opinion, his ambitious and courageous design contained nothing so high as was their interruption." This is apparently the ideal death for Montaigne, the death at the right time. In Shakespeare's words, "Ripeness is all." Montaigne dreaded old age; to die old would not be to die as well as one might. In the essay "Of Repentence," he wrote, "Old age fixes more wrinkles in our minds than it does on our faces; and souls are never, or very rarely, seen that in growing old do not smell sour and musty. Man moves as a whole towards his growth and his decay." Though



he could feel age gaining on him, "I am content that the world may know whence I shall have fallen." The prototype of this romantic ideal of dying young in the English Renaissance was Sir Philip Sidney. The story of his life as a courtier and his heroic death in battle is well known. The famous incident of his giving water to another wounded soldier is also too well known to repeat. His was a death which crowned his life and filled all the requirements of dying well so fully that he earned among his contemporaries and future generations the reputation of having been a perfect man. Nothing could have done more to win him this esteem than that noble death in the service of England, about which Raleigh wrote

Thy rising day saw never woeful night,  
But pass'd with praise from off this worldly stage.

Sir Walter Raleigh himself illustrates my final point from Montaigne. In the essay on death Montaigne says that true felicity ought to be attributed only to the man who has played the last and hardest act of his comedy. "In this last scene between death and ourselves there is no more counterfeiting." The act is over. The imagery of the stage leads one inevitably to Raleigh's remarkably similar lines in "What Is Our Life?" Life is described as a "short comedy." Again the last scene is between death and ourselves:

Thus playing post we to our latest rest,  
And then we die, in earnest, not in jest.

The mask is removed. This poem reflects the whole color of Raleigh's life. The great adventurer and explorer, having been condemned to death on a false charge, remained ironically merry to the end, writing how he should "want a head to dine next noon." Upon feeling the edge of the fatal axe, he is said to have joked to the executioner, "This is a sharp medicine, but it is a sound cure for all diseases."<sup>2</sup> Like Sir Thomas More, Raleigh ran gladly to his God. Montaigne would have praised his life in seeing such a death.

Aside from our knowledge of the Freudian death instinct, this obsession of Montaigne and his contemporaries must seem strange to modern readers. We know that death cannot be beautiful and that the dying man at the last moment has no control over his reactions. But in defense of Montaigne and the

sixteenth century, it must be said that man's preoccupation with death and his intense desire to die well are not morbid and do not show a romantic longing for death. An unnatural death to us is something that exists only in Hungary. Our lives are comfortable; we enjoy living and are not interested in death. But in sixteenth century Europe things were different. Machiavelli had preached his doctrine of ruthless efficiency, and heads were tumbling off. The whims of monarchs cost More and Raleigh their lives. With the exception of Montaigne, Donne, and Shakespeare, all the writers that I have selected for this paper met unnatural deaths. All, with the probable exception of Spenser, died violently. It is thought by some that Spenser starved. His estate at Kilcolman was burned in the Irish rebellion, and he died the next year at forty-seven. Sidney, of course, was killed in action, and Marlowe, perhaps the only one who cannot be said to have met death merrily or calmly, was killed in a tavern brawl over an insignificant bill. Again, Montaigne would have passed judgment accordingly, as the tree falls.

As for Montaigne himself, his position with the religious wars raging around him was something like that of Spenser in the Irish uprising. The wars reached his estate, where he had gone to cultivate the inner self in Stoic isolation. As the deaths of these writers show, death was in the climate. It was and still is an essential part of existence, though we do not recognize it as such. The reason for Montaigne's emphasis on death is perfectly clear: he believed in death. This is not morbid, for an affirmation of death does not mean the denial of life. He knew that "Nature . . . shaped us to die as well as to live." It was as though he knew death intimately, for he lived with it. It was a part of his daily life. He had found it in himself. While the universe was being explored, Montaigne explored the microcosm. His only Eldorado was to know himself. Whether or not he ever found it, he still shared the spirit of adventure with the explorers of his time. What he did discover was that life is a preparation for death and that for the Stoic it is a battle against the terrors of death which can be won. What he had in common with the other writers in this paper was that all were friends of Death.

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<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 204.



# Strange Victory

By John S. Lowe

AS A FRESHMAN at Harvard, Peter Tyler felt one weakness more than any other: his shyness. He didn't know exactly where it came from, or why it was there, but he felt that wherever he went, his shyness hung over him like an albatross. He remembered the nightmare of the Wellesley mixer, when a thousand freshmen had invaded the Wellesley campus, and the surge of the others had carried him along with it, he alone of all the others timid and afraid. The dormitories were lit up like Christmas trees, and the punch bowls shone, and the undergraduates were all decked in striped ties and flannel suits, while the girls stood waiting, their faces smiling, and their voices piping with expectancy. He remembered his confusion while he danced, and how he had spilled punch on his suit. And he remembered how he finally left, and walked out of the dormitory, out on to the grass, and out till the trees came one after another to hide him. He had waited there in the darkness while the music played on in the distance, and the intermittent laughter of the smiling faces echoed out to him, till couple after couple walked out toward him and then stopped to kiss. He had watched and waited till finally he walked back to the bus and sat alone till the others were ready to go back. He had decided then and there that whatever else he did that year, he would fight against his weakness, and that he would master it.

One afternoon, hearing the conversation of a girl in his dormitory, he walked toward the voices, and though his hands grew cold and his stomach rumbled, he walked into the room like a fullback running into the opposing line. The girl sat by the window, her eyes looking up almost startled as he walked in, while Phil got up to make the introduction.

"Ann, this is Peter Tyler. Ann Johnson."

"How do you do," he said.

"Ann's from Radcliffe," Phil said. "I noticed her because her sneakers were whiter than those of the others, and her book bag was newer."

"Oh Phil," Ann said, and she looked down, and her face started to blush.

They talked, and he sat almost silently watching her, moving about in his chair anxious to leave. Ann smiled at him several times, warm encouraging smiles, and she seemed not to mind his shyness, and she seemed to overlook his confusion. She shook his hand when she left.

"I hope I see you again, Peter," she said.

Two nights later he called her on the phone, his hand fumbling with the dial, his heart thumping like the metal clock in his room. They went to the library to study together, and afterwards, walked back to Radcliffe together, speaking occasionally, and sometimes merely watching the people walking by, and the cars, and the stores. They studied together again the following night. Before his third date he resolved he would kiss her.

After supper, as he thought of seeing Ann again, he sat in the library only half aware of what he was reading. The words raced by, while he looked at his watch, waiting for the time when he would go out to meet her. It finally came time. Nine o'clock.

He closed the book he was reading, walked down the stairs out of the library, out through the yard down the thin street with its red neon lights to Cronin's. Looking neither to the right nor to the left, he plowed through to the bar, ordered a martini. Watching the bartender, he looked into the mirror behind the bar to see if he was ready. Not yet, he thought. Not yet. The arm of the bartender shook, and the mixer shot up and down like a piston. The bartender put the glass on the bar, poured white velvety liquid into it, spilling some over the brim. His fingers electric on the cold glass, he looked at the white liquid and saw Ann, smiling to him and then looking away. Yes, he thought. It was time. He looked at the empty glass and then straightened his tie. This time he would kiss her. He was ready.

They were walking by the Charles, and its calm mocked him. The river lay peaceful and quiet, and he thought that he would fail. He would not do it.

"A penny for your thoughts," Ann said.



"I'm not thinking anything," he said. She smiled sweetly, and he wanted to slap her face for being nice to him.

"You're awfully quiet tonight," she said.

"I like it that way," he said.

He did not notice his voice now. It was there and important, that thing inside struggling to get out, and his voice was not in the way. But he was in the way, his goddamned fear, and she, she was in the way, for she was nice to him.

"I sometimes wonder if people like me to be so quiet," she said. "Sometimes I think people don't like it."

"I like it," he said.

She smiled and he looked away, looked at the black river that was no consolation. He hated her now. Stupid fool, he thought. He wanted to strike at her in some way for she was nice to him and he felt he was a coward.

"Are you going to church tomorrow?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

He smiled sardonically, feeling her out, sensing a weakness, and driving to it hard and relentless.

"What church do you go to?" he asked.

"St. Michael's," she said meekly, looking at him sideways.

"Is that Catholic?" he asked softly and assuredly, stalking his prey.

"Yes," she said.

He had her now, had found her weak spot and driven it home. He smiled bitterly as if to show her she was inferior, a member of an inferior race, and smiling pretended to her that he felt prejudiced. He felt better now, for he felt he had found an opening in her calm sweet composure.

"I always have to laugh about people going to church," he said.

That was it. That was his opening.

"It's funny," he said. "Millions of people go to church, and I've never met a single Christian."

She did not answer, and he spoke again, speaking out some demon inside him.

"Nobody practices what he preaches," he said.

"That isn't right," she said.

"It's people," he said. "They're just that way. They want to crucify somebody all the time. And then they feel sorry about it afterwards so they go to church so they feel better, so they can start all over again. If they feel sorry enough, the guy becomes a saint, or a prophet, or something."

"I think it's awful," she said, her voice louder and quivering. He was hitting her now where it hurt.

"People are that way," he said.

"I think it's awful. I pray and go to church every Sunday and think about things all the time and I try to lead a good life. And then you come along and say it's all wrong. I'm wasting my time. There isn't any God to pray to so I'm wasting my time."

"You're not wrong," he said. "It's the people that don't live up to things. You're all right."

He felt better now. The tightness inside was gone, and he felt he no longer had to kiss her. He had mastered her in another way. He looked at her face which looked sad and drawn, and he felt sorry for being unkind.

"I'm sorry I said what I did before," he said. "I didn't mean it."

"That's all right," she said warmly. She smiled at him, a full warm encouraging smile. And looking out, he saw the wind puff at the water, sending little spouts up into the air, little spouts that fanned themselves away into a drizzle. They walked back up toward the campus silently, and he felt no need to talk, for he felt he was master.

"We're all going to a party this week," she said. "A girl on our floor is getting married."

She talked apologetically, looking at him furtively out of the corner of her eyes.

"Are you?" he said.

"It seems all the girls on my floor are getting married. I'm the only one left," she said. Then she blushed and looked away.

Inside he laughed deeply. What a fool, he thought to himself. What a fool for thinking he really liked her.

"Really?" he said.

"I wish I knew what to do after college," she said.

"What do you want to do?"

"I don't know. I guess there's nothing left for me but to teach school."

She looked at him shyly again, again blushing and looking away. He felt good, for more than before, he felt she was in his power. He no longer felt the need to kiss her. It was all the same to him one way or another. Say whatever you like, he thought, for this is the last time we'll see each other. Talk of marriage and romance and parties in your dorm, for this is the last time you'll tell them to me. They were at her dorm now, standing alone by the hedges surrounding the stairway. She waited at the bottom of the steps, waited with him, looking at him to convey her meaning, looking at him shyly and full of meaning, while he looked at the hedges and the grey dirty sidewalk and the dark brown houses across



the street. So he waited with her, smiling inside, for he knew he would not do it, and it made no real difference now, for he felt he had beaten her. A large tree standing alone by the side of the building cast its long shadow across her face, so he did not see her. Instead he looked down the street for cars to drive up, waited while the stillness of the night ticked beside him and he felt her regular breathing and the coldness of her fingers as their hands happened to touch. The motor of a car approaching down the street cut the silence and stopped the pulsating beat of their breathing, and she, straining to see the faces inside, brushed against his arm. The car purred to a stop, but the faces remaining in the car stayed to watch him.

A girl's head popped out of an upstairs window. "Is that you, Ann?" called the head through the trees.

"Yes," Ann said meekly. "I'll be up in a minute."

The window slammed shut.

"That's the girl who's getting married," she said. "Well," he said. "It's getting late. And I want to get some work done."

Looking intently at her face, hoping to see disappointment, he saw only the dark greyness of the shadow in which she stood. The car door by the side of the road clicked open, squeaked shut. Two people walked toward them, walked up two steps, then stopped to look at each other. Looking, their faces stopped, then moved closely together until they were kissing. And although the shadow of the tree partly obscured their features, he looked enviously at the boy. He looked enviously for the girl, who, though she stood partly in darkness, looked to him beautiful and sleek. And all he had was Ann.

And then while he looked at the boy and girl, he thought of walking up the stairs calmly, walking up with Ann and at the top turning her around to kiss her and thinking he felt he could do it all the more since there was an audience, an audience to watch them walking. He would never see Ann again, he knew that. So what did it matter? For an instant a spark of terror murmured to him, but before it had time to catch him, his hand was pulling Ann's arm, and together they walked up the steely stairs, walked up and up and up till the two white pillars by the side of the door stopped them and the overhead light shone down on them and there was nothing for him to do but turn her around to face him. Again a tremor gently whispered to him, but again he plunged forward without thinking, moving his face closer and closer to hers until at last their lips touched and then touched harder, his eyes closed for a minute, then

opening, separating his mouth from hers he heard the noise that made him blush. Looking quickly down at the two standing on the stairs and seeing them look up at them he wanted to flee.

"It's getting late," he said. "You'll be late if you don't go in now."

"I don't care," she whispered. Her face calm, her eyes closed, her neck leaning back, she stood facing him waiting. "I don't care if I never go in." Her voice was soft, calling to him through the night.

"I'm freezing," he said. "Look." He shivered a little for her.

Opening her eyes, she tilted her neck forward, her dazed expression leaving her, as she faced him.

"You are cold, aren't you?" she said.

Again he leaned down, his lips touching hers harder this time, again felt he wanted to run. She looked at him ecstatically, resting her face against his cheek, touched his face with the back of her hand. He was cold and he felt a little sick.

"Good night," she whispered.

She was standing in the doorway, her face lit up by the bright light overhead, smiling, then with her fingers on her lips throwing him a kiss, standing, looked to him for some message.

He was not going to see her again, he knew that. And looking at her, his eyes opened wide and indifferent, saw her without emotion, his face only half alive with the sparks from the light.

"Good night," he said, his voice mechanical and indifferent.

Her arm opening the large white door still wider, she waved to him, then disappeared and the door swung shut. And walking down the stairs, he did not look at the two standing by the stairway railing.

Walking back through the quiet streets, past the sprinkled lights on the hotel marquees, past the drug stores and on to the dark solitude of the Yard, he asked himself why he felt so strange. It wasn't the girl, for she meant nothing to him. But he felt strange, felt vaguely the sense of failure and past regret. It was over and he had felt nothing. Had felt nothing at all. And for some reason he wanted to run through the streets and answer the taunts of the Townies, shout back to their insults and fight them in the street. And he wanted to go to Cronin's to let the beers go down him one after another till he remembered nothing. But instead he went to his room and turned on the radio while he undressed, and turning out the light, listened to the rustle of the large trees outside his window before falling asleep.



## Aspiration

I dreamed of going off to fields afar,  
To teach the truths that I have learned from Thee.  
Obsessed, my soul cried, "Sail across the sea  
To slip from gates of ignorance the bar."  
I would now I could turn my bending spar  
To quiet shores and rest in peace alee.  
Would that from duty I could now feel free,  
Loosed from the call of the eternal Star!

O Christ—forgive the weakness I possess.  
Forgive my yearning for the earthly lore.  
Help me to think of comfort less and less  
And think of serving Thee still more and more.  
If Thou for me could suffer direst death,  
Can I but give to Thee my every breath?

*Polly Vance Akin*



# REVIEWS:

**T. S. Eliot's Poetry and Plays, A Study in Source and Meaning,** Grover Smith, Jr., University of Chicago Press, 1956. \$6.00.

The most important contribution made by Dr. Smith's book is the extensive scholarship which has been done with the sources and references of Eliot's work. Many of the sources are recognized and discussed for the first time, particularly in the *Quartets*, for example, where the importance of Shelley is illustrated to a much greater extent than before. With a discussion of these new sources and a deeper and very inclusive reading of the already recognized ones, Dr. Smith is able to broaden his interpretation of the poems. However, in doing this, he expands his objective study of the poems until it fills the framework Eliot has set up and leaves little room for a subjective meaning. True, as Dr. Smith points out, "Eliot's strange private vision still faces inward to the isolated self." Nevertheless the personal dispute within Eliot has facets which are similar if not congruent with our own debates and questionings. Because of this, there is a tremendous subjective quality to Eliot's work which lies in the fact that we can see his disillusionment and hope as well as an identification of ourselves with the weak, the bungling, and the inadequate of his work. This is not to say that Eliot has no message of his own, but rather, in dealing with what Dr. Smith calls the "death and rebirth theme," he not only communicates his own ideas, but lights the way to individual thought as well. Despite the fact that the analyses here leave Eliot less flexible than before, the scholarship offers a chance to find and extract an individual shade of mean-

ing from each source, and even if the interpretations are too encircling, they are sound and better supported factually than any work about Eliot up to now. Many of them, especially those dealing with the *Quartets* and the plays, are more than incidentally different and new.

Analytically, the book's greatest strength lies not only in its strong factual base, but in the fact that while it treats Eliot period by period, Dr. Smith has sought a continuity in the poems, from an overall point of view as well as within each period. This is fortunately not carried to any extreme so that any separate interpretation is sacrificed to prove a general point. He points out that the end of the Waste Land period marks the end of Eliot's emotional tension in that area and no attempt is made to carry anything over except to show how the central theme of the *Quartets* is the "union of the flux of time with the stillness of eternity (stemming from Eliot's earlier meditations or the disparity between the real and the ideal)," while the four aspects of Tiresias provide the individual themes for each of the *Quartets*. By showing a continuity in Eliot's work, Dr. Smith is able to show his emotional development as well.

While the interpretations cover more ground than most earlier works about Eliot and much of its appeal to the general reader will lie in that fact, very few who are not eruditely inclined will care to wander through the verbal image sometimes set up in the discussions of the sources. Unfortunately there seems to be no way to avoid this without immolating the fine scholarship.

As a result of the scholarship, the continuity which shows Eliot's emo-

tional development, and the expanded interpretations (which are sound in spite of the fact that they ignore any subjective meaning), Dr. Smith is able to show a new approach to Eliot and his vision.

John Phillips

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**The Form of Loss.** Edgar Bowers, The New Poetry Series, 1956. \$2.00

Although Edgar Bowers taught English at Duke University, he isn't (at least as a poet) very likely to acquire a cult of worshippers on this campus anything like Dylan Thomas had a few years back. Students who don't read much poetry would probably drop Mr. Bowers' book (if you can imagine their picking it up in the first place) as soon as they bumped into his abstract language. Even those who fancy themselves judges of poetry might be apt to criticize the regularity of Bowers' verse form as monotonous and to mistake his lack of "color" for lack of poetic conviction. It must be admitted that the poems in *The Form of Loss* will seem a bit drab if you place them in the tradition of Edith Sitwell's exotic rhythms and the racy hieroglyphics of e. e. cummings. But even if these criticisms are true, maybe they aren't serious ones and maybe *The Form of Loss* is really the form of gain in poetry. The answer to this depends on whether you consider a polished iambic as being an advance over free verse and jazz rhythms and whether you believe that a sober comment on experience is an advance over an emotional evocation of experience through image. (This is not to say that there is only one way to write poetry, but it does show a shift in the modern idea as to what a poem should be.)

I do not know to what precise school of poetry, if any, Mr. Bowers belongs, but if we put him under the vague heading Poets of the Mid-Twentieth Century we can see that he does successfully exemplify the philosophy of the new poets. Bowers belongs to this "school" in that he denies the tenets of Symbolism, especially that of non-communication. No longer is poetry the palpable and mute globed fruit that Archibald MacLeish talked about, but rather it is a clear statement about life. Bowers, like Roetkke, feels that the poet must scorn obscurity. For instance, in "Late Winter Night" the poet describes his thoughts at the deathbed of a friend. There is nothing sensational about the scene: he is grieving quietly and reading a book. But Bowers doesn't stop with just giving us a scene, he draws the moral that though life is a "brief dark age, Who dares to take his living at no cost?"

The fact that the poet is talking about experience rather than giving a picture of it explains the use of abstract language in the poems. It is sometimes colorless and even tedious to the casual reader who picks up a book of poems for a few hours pleasure. An example of Mr. Bowers' use of the language can be seen in the first verse of "Oedipus at Colonus."

Subdued essential ripened through  
excess,

Firm in erratic shade and dense  
with trial

Of who and what it is, the intellect  
Measures archaic, fugitive defect,  
The blind cost and compulsion,  
meaningless.

This quotation is also a fair example of the regularity of the verse form in these poems.

One of the most interesting themes in Mr. Bowers' poetry is that of religion in connection with the Christmas season, where he speaks of Christ as "a seasonal man of snow." The value of Christmas in the poem "On Conversations with my Grandmother" seems to be a re-inforcement of

our faith in God through love which the "riches of the season" calls up and through the reminder of Christ's pain that we get from "his frosted breath upon the reason." This is one of Bowers' most forceful and vivid poems. He is still speaking in controlled abstractions but he dresses them up in holiday attire, as in "when holy season would press its cold mass on the hollied pane." In "Snow Man," one of the poems where Bowers describes Christ as a man of snow, he does not stop by giving us a picture of this snowman Christ whose "lack of something makes him prey to thaw," but he goes on to dream of the time when there will be a snowman

Standing always in formulative  
cold

In what must be perfect meridian. This is a good indication of the philosophy of Mr. Bowers and it is shared by other poets of the mid-century. It is an affirmative poem, but the affirmation is not an "easy" one. Bowers states the problem and admits that its solution is still in the stage of a dream image, but he does imply that there is a solution. The rather incongruous use of the snowman as a symbol for Christ fits in with the idea of the poets after Auden that any topic is a proper subject for a poem if it can be made meaningful.

"The Stoic: for Laura von Courten" like "The Snowman" gives an image and then draws a moral conclusion. This is a war poem. The scene is an air-raid, which causes the poet's imagination to expand to scenes of grandeur. The conclusion is that the mind, although time corrodes it with constant hurt, must become passionless, must become "no meaning and no place." This may seem a drab philosophy to some and cause them to lament the lack of impetuosity that they associate with the poetic impulse. But to the reader who admires a polished poem, an honest poem devoid of sensationalism, a poem which "says something" *The Form of Loss* will be of value.



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**Dictionary of Classical Antiquities;**  
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added to its already impressive list  
of paper-backs this extensive dic-  
tionary on antiquity. The work is  
an adaptation of Dr. Seyffert's fa-  
mous volume, *Lexikon der klassi-  
schen Alterthumskunde*. . . . Aside  
from his interest in the classical  
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Latin scholar, serves as one of the  
editors of the *Berliner Philologische  
Wochenschrift*, a philological peri-  
odical.

From cover to decorated cover,  
this little book is bursting with the  
kind of information that is alluded  
to today in almost all written works.  
It is amazing to discover how much  
material is actually covered here.  
Aside from the general departments  
of Mythology, Religion, Literature

and Art, there is included discussion  
of the constitutional and social an-  
tiquities of Greece and Rome. Also  
to be found are articles on the lives  
of some of the famous men of an-  
cient times, the stories of the gods  
and goddesses of these men, architec-  
ture, painting, music, rhetoric, ships  
and theatres.

A copious introduction explains  
the various devices used in the defi-  
nitions such as the Roman spelling  
of Greek words. This edition was  
first published in 1891 when interest  
in the classics was more enthusiastic  
than it is today and it is obvious  
that this volume was a work of love  
by Dr. Seyffert, first, and by the  
Messrs. Nettleship and Sandys more  
recently.

It is very easy to find the sources  
because the antique words which  
have more than one name in mod-  
ern parlance, e.g. the household  
gods, are listed under that name and

also under Lares and Penates. In  
such cases as the hydria only a brief  
and conventional definition is given,  
however, this is footnoted to refer to  
a more detailed explanation in an-  
other connection.

In discussing the lives of men or  
cities where an ordinary dictionary  
treatment would not suffice, a small  
essay gives a lucid account of the  
subject. As an example, the life of  
Heracles is given a six-page treat-  
ment with illustrations. The intro-  
duction explains that the editing of  
these articles was taken care of by  
the writer who had had the most  
learning and experience with that  
subject. This method of literary  
compromise has a successful fruition  
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Many of our dictionaries today seem to specialize in obscure cross-references and mysterious signs and numerals. This confusion is happily absent from this work and the explanations are clear with concise etymological sources.

With so many of our modern poets turning to the classical age for their stories, similes and even characters, it is imperative that the twentieth century reader know something about these things to gain any understanding of the new verse. This book, written when the classics were a part of every school-boy's knowledge, is invaluable for almost all reading today.

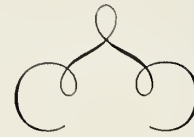
Sally McIntosh



## VICTORY

I mourned for what occurred the  
day before,  
That everything did not turn out  
aright.  
I sighed because I did not finish  
more,  
As morning slowly, softly turned to  
night.  
I pondered all the wrongs I did and  
said  
And worried whether tactless errors  
hurt.  
I grieved that I, unfaithful, was  
afraid,  
That, to a friend, in anger, I was  
curt.  
Then, drawing all my blunders  
closely by,  
I dried each tear and packed them  
out of view.  
Unstepped upon, unnoticed, now  
they lie,  
Unless I draw too close to them  
anew.  
What's done is done and cannot be  
undone.  
The victory lies when it is not  
respun!

Polly Vance Akin

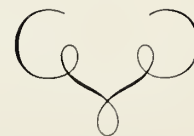


## *the archive*

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# the archive

A Literary Periodical Published by the Students of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

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# Duke University Dining Halls



- Woman's College Dining Halls
- Southgate Dining Hall
- The Oak Room
- Old Trinity Room
- Cafeterias A-B-D
- Breakfast Bar
- The New Grille
- Graduate Center Cafeteria and Coffee Lounge

## EDITORIAL

Purity of art is interesting. That work of art is pure which, because of its lack of technical flaws, arouses no extraneous, unnecessary emotions in the heartmind of its audience. That used to be purity of art. But another fine idea came along. Purity of art is that art which arouses no emotion whatsoever—for what has emotion to do with art? The cycle turned again: art must have some relationship with life with a small “l,” so art with a small “a” (art, in other words, in the lower case) must necessarily be somewhat impure, but there’s no use making it all diffuse and vague.

Turns out that purity of art is not only impossible, and we mean any kind of purity—including that last compromising reservation—but undesirable as well. Who knows what towers have fallen when Leonard Bernstein announced on tee-vee that Bach’s *St. Matthew Passion* is a super-drama, and that that artist whom we had always admired for purity and consistency of emotion or peaceful underplaying of emotion was Romantic (Art in the upper case) to his extreme core?

Perhaps we have been missing something in Shelly after all. Enoch Rodriguez Stamey II believes that many modern poets are afraid of emotion; Eliot believes that they are ashamed of it. We have no dispute with either of these two great Geniuses (Genius in the upper case), but we’ll suggest for the fun of it that modern artists don’t need emotion. They get along pretty well without it, if you forget twenty centuries of bad poetry. What emotions does one experience when reading the *Odyssey* anyway? Frankly, we are not at all frightened by Polyphemes, nor do we shed tears over poor Penelope’s plight,

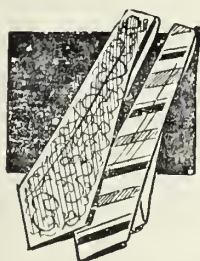
and we do not rise rejoicing when Telemachus and Odysseus are reunited. Our rather uncertain familiarity with the book lets us experience only one genuine feeling while reading it: that of an expected act accomplished as it should be, the same emotion one is supposed to feel (according to the critics—critics in the lower case) when hearing a Beethoven symphony.

Is there something to be said for communication? What does Homer communicate to us? To be honest, he communicates nothing to us. In the first place, why should he? You can derive all the symbolic meaning in the world from Homer, but it is essentially the narrative which is important and worthwhile. At least it was to his audience, and one hopes that one still has reason to read the *Odyssey* without throwing the freudian (freudian in the lower case) kitchen sink at it. There is no *Ulysses* without Homer’s counterpart, and we suspect that the greatest emotional satisfaction derived from Joyce’s book is the same as the one derived from Homer’s: an emotion something akin to participation in a ritual. Reading *Finnegans Wake* through would give one a sense of accomplishment because it requires so much effort to read it. The book may be incomprehensible, but it’s solid, it exists, it’s there, and anyone interested in modern literature at all must have the book lurking somewhere on the edge of his conscience until he does read it. *Finnegans Wake* is the solid horizon of the contemporary consciousness, the absolute end. Only God (in the upper case) knows how many years it would require completely to understand the book, if such a thing is possible.

Which leads us back, ouroboros-like (and Finnegans-like), to our starting point, purity of art. If you want pure art, nothing is purer than *Finnegans Wake*; why not read it? The fact that it is almost



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incomprehensible does not lessen its value; it only makes one think that there is something to be said for noncommunication. And again: since *Wake* is the end of it all, why bother with anything else? The book is organized in such a way that one is required to read it until the end of time . . . or until one dies, which is just as satisfying.

\* \* \*

This is the last editorial we shall write for *Archive*. We are probably required by college tradition to write a swan-song. Frankly, we think the idea vulgar and stupid.  
A. R. N.



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for  
dinner  
tonight.



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*Portrait Sketch of Robert Benson*

*Mary Jane Noble*

# End of The Rock

by George Keithley

Up and down the coast lay rocks, huge and a glistening grey, piled high to form the wind-ing bank. From this bank and running sev-eral miles inland rolled stone-speckled fields, still brown in the early spring.

Scrubbed white houses and sheds sat as if dropped occasionally in comfortable folds of the fields. Most of the houses, like our own, faced the sea, backs turned to the soil we had worked until we had to turn to fishing. Behind these houses brush weeds grew green in the late spring and clogged the land, strewn with glacial rock, until late fall. When the spring thaws came, green weeds shot up again among the brown, and the tangled brush thickened.

"Know what we'll do tomorrow?" Jack, our father, asked.

So far as I could tell, none of us knew what we'd do. My older brother, Jerry, and I, side by side at the dining room table, looked up from our food to our father. Sarah our younger sister, stopped chewing across from us. Mother, we called her that or Bess, meanwhile looked from the foot of the table and awaited the pronouncement.

"Tomorrow," Jack continued after a swallow, "I'm gonna get out and burn those fields!"

Bess broke the cup. None of us said a word but scampered for rags to clean the table and mop up the coffee spreading over wood and running to the floor. Sitting down again at the supper table we looked at the fish. We had it often, ever since we had to leave the old fields, too rocky for farming. Jack would bring fish when he came in off the water, and the small frame house would smell of it during the weeks before he went back out to sea.

Then we'd drive the truck into Newton and bring meat back from the city. The gravy was the best part. That was one thing you didn't get with fish, the brown lamb gravy on potatoes, warm and thick in the mouth. We only had meat while we waited for Jack to return with more fish for ourselves and for the markets in Newton. He had just returned so now we had fish.

Mother ate hardly anything. She just drank coffee. While Jack was out fishing she had no appetite and yet never seemed thinner, the years of hard work and waiting having left only muscle on her bones. But her face grew downward lined until I would some-times feel tired watching her weary expression. This waiting, I guess, was hard on Bess.

She had changed the sheets. They were clean and crisp on the skin, the blankets heavy and warm. Ly-ing in bed, later in the evening, I listened to the splashing out beyond the bank, the insects, mostly crickets in the brush behind our house, and then again in front the waves beating against rocks grown somewhat used to it all.

The next morning Jack rose before us. Dressing in the cold bedroom and feeling chilled boards on our bare feet, we looked to the doorway in surprise. Jack stood, a hand on each of the white side beams of the opening as if steadying himself for what he felt he must finally do. Streaks of steel grey ran at random through the black of his wirelike beard, barely dis-tinguishable from his flesh in dim light of early morning. Well above the whiskers his eyes were tired and silver on a face which, in such moments, betrayed him, showed the strain of his weak heart which had been bothering him more often lately. Perhaps, we were vaguely aware, this was the reason that he no longer seemed the strong man he used to be.

Our father Jack and his family before him had been farmers. But when weeds and the rocks won out he grudgingly had to turn to fishing. What we didn't either eat or freeze we took, as we'd done before with the small crops, to the markets in Newton. For these past seven years the sea had been good to us.

Our whole family would clean and repair the boat, calking or replacing weak boards while Jack adjusted the plumbing. When the dried and repaired nets had been placed on board ship he would start the engines and churn onto the choppy waters. We stood on the rocks and waved goodbye, Bess calling for him to be careful. Smiling and confident, our father and his



small crew called back until out of hearing range, waved until out of sight, and then turned toward a timeless sea.

For a week or two they would stay on the water. When the freezing compartments were full of fish so that the boat's belly hung low in the cold waters of the northern Atlantic, she returned to home. Once again Mother and Jerry and Sarah and I would gather on the rocks to welcome the men home again and to help bring in the haul. Lately Jerry, older and larger than I was, had been going along on the boat to learn from Jack.

Only last summer he and Jack had returned with their biggest catch. It took us two hours to load the freezers and fill our truck for the morning trip into Newton. But that night, after supper, we celebrated.

Jack was still a big man, though not as large as I remembered him when I was even younger and when he farmed. His hair was no longer a curly black, nor did his eyes sparkle or wink so brightly, now only knowingly. Still he showed some of the physical energy with which he had always wrung out our living. Twisting a cork from a bottle of burgundy he poured glasses of the red wine for himself and for Bess. Sarah and Jerry and I drank apple juice and ate our cakes while Jack buzzed through the well-lighted room. Kissing Bess he turned and rubbed our heads, then finally settled his rambling frame into an easy chair.

By the time he'd finished the burgundy Jack seemed sad, an almost wistful expression on his face. Then he was sitting, more slouched in his big chair and, as candles burned down, in shadows. He no longer talked of fishing, as if he were done with that now. That was eight months ago, and Jack's expression rarely changed from that night, his heart now weakening and his energy nearly sapped.

A not infrequent shiver now started from cold planks beneath my feet. It ran like electricity up the backs of my legs until I had to shake it off. My sister Sarah and I could never see how Jack could kiss Mother in the morning. The walls were cold even now in early spring, and the March day's first fire would only make them smell musty. Jerry, however, told us that we were both still a little too young to understand this.

After clearing dark phlegm from his throat Jack repeated what he'd said the night past at the supper table.

"Now don't you kids say anything to your Mother," and he gave us a knowing wink. "But I'm gonna get

out there and burn the brush off those fields." Then almost whispering, "So don't make any noise to wake her up. Bess'd have a fit if she believed I'd do it. But maybe we can grow something this year."

Looking at the floor he thought about what he'd said. "A fellow gets awfully tired of pulling in fish nets all the time. Jerry, you're about big enough to handle it," he told my brother, "but I'd like just one more try at that soil. I'll burn that brush off, and maybe after we clear out the stones, maybe the earth will be rested."

Our father's eyes brightened as his tired face became animated. He was going out the back door and into the morning when he finished saying, "This year," and now he was smiling, "we might grow some potatoes." As he went out I scampered behind him and tagged along to watch the simple ceremony.

Jack fumbled with a box of matches in his denim pocket to be sure they were still there. Picking up dry scraps of old paper, he walked swiftly to the edge of the brush. Once again he would perform the long abandoned ritual which had, years ago when the children, even Jerry, were so small, prepared the land for the planting.

Even when we'd tried to farm each summer, the tangled weeds formed a brush that was, each spring, so thick as to make the ground unworkable. So it became a choice of whether to turn over the earth chocked with weeds or burn off the brush and risk burning the top soil too. We chose to cleanse the fields with fire.

In very early spring we had burned the fields so that we could plant crops to grow through the summer and which we would harvest during the fall. Only crops never grew, only rocks, so there was no harvest in the fall before snow would come to bury our fields in the winter and would not melt until the very early spring when we might once again burn the fields; so that it eventually seemed that we did this only because we liked the smell of the smoke.

We children were then too young to go with him through the over-turned soil to smell the fresh newness of the age old earth. Crawling on all fours over dirt, he would pick up stones, drop them in bushel baskets, and throw them over the sea bank. But each time he returned to the field there seemed to be as many of them as before, and after awhile the stones even looked alike. And maybe they were the same.

He'd been able to spend more time with Bess, too, when he farmed. Coming home in the evening, Jack would walk with long proud strides down to the



back of the house. We kids would cling to his pants legs as he half carried us indoors to the kitchen where Bess waited. She was brighter then and almost pretty. He patted her and kissed her.

"Now, Jack," she would tease, "you wash up before you do that."

Then she would laugh and kiss him back and then smile at us.

Going to the steel, white basin he would wash the work of the day from his hands and hairy forearms, splash the cold, soapy water on his face and into his ears.

That was always in the springtime. When some, though never enough, rocks had been cleared away, when the land was singed, turned over, and planted, then after rain small green shoots began to appear, tender green points rising above the earth still black and wet. These were the days I remembered Jack as having been most happy. Later, as summer wore on, the hard ground and stiff weeds would come back, resist, and with some few minor concessions, defeat him. Then although we still waited to greet him, he would be quiet coming down the back hill.

Jack and I now had skirted half the edge of our brush land. I was conscious of a pleasant peace and was only aware of the smile carried on his lips, wrinkling little lines around corners of his eyes. His right hand still fumbled with the matchbox in his pocket. Dry paper tucked under his arm, his left hand ran over his stomach and chest in a half-hearted attempt to find the source of the slight pain of which he seemed only partially aware. He looked pleased at feeling the firmness of the muscles of his stomach.

The smell sifting into my damp nostrils from the fields was a dead one, not as bad as fish but not as good as the vegetables that, Jack had said, might still be gotten out of the earth. Sitting down to ease the pain flickering in his chest from too much walking, he still smiled, as if remembering only the few small crops of beans or potatoes that had sometimes survived the rockbedded soil and the choking brush weeds.

Since I'd tagged along to watch the burning, I grew impatient after my father lay down on the ground to rest.

"I think I'll go back now," I told him.

He lay silent, then looked, as if through me, and nodded his head.

"Unless you're gonna start the fire right away." I said cautiously.

Acting as if he hadn't heard me, Jack still lay

silent, stretched out on the weed fringe and with one hand rubbing his plaid woolen shirt front.

Disappointed, I walked back to our house, leaving my father to daydream about how the fire would bristle, hot flames bursting and cutting upward in yellow shoots through the darkening air! Yellow and red tangled over the growing black. And breeding sweat, the heat would come on, bursting!

That was the way we found him, late in the evening, lying down with matches in his pocket. Dry paper was under his head where he'd put it, his left hand in a tight grip on his chest, and face smiling, probably over the thought of great flames roaring, red and yellow, over the fields, cleansing them of the tangled weeds. Later I sometimes wondered, had he burned them, what he would have done about the rocks. Jerry and I carried him, and he was heavy, past the brush where the crickets were chirping and on up to the house.

At noon on the following day, grey daylight through the front windows fell silently, running lightly over the parlor floor. This same dim brightness lay on the small patterned upholstery over two worn chairs and our faded couch. With the light, a visible dust settled on varnished end tables in the brown and purple room and on the clean, white sheet over Jack. Two black-suited men broke into the parlor and stirred through the room. Several minutes later they carried my father past me, in the doorway, and out in back of our house where I followed them.



Jack was lying down flat on his back. Above and behind his head was hanging a black curtain which was drawn up and parted in the center. Down from the middle of the curtain hung a black cord with its tassel dangling over Jack's head.

Outside of the car, over the back lawn between the house and the brush, rushed a still cool wind through which there darted sparrows and a mocking bird of the early spring. After watching them for a moment I turned back to my father. His face was no longer moist enough to look like plaster, nor had it any color other than enough to look only like yesterday's newspapers, black and white, wrinkled, deflated and discarded, as we had seen them in dim corners of the city's windblown streets, through which we'd ridden when we were children, when we had a father.

A large shiny car began to move down the unpaved road toward town. The tassel hanging from curtains in the back window of the hearse weaved in the air above our father's face as early lilies had done



in the parlor that morning. I turned to Sarah, my sister, standing behind me and watching Jack's body in silent reverence.

"What will we do now?" I asked.

"It's up to Jerry. He's oldest."

That was all she'd answered, yet I remember that it satisfied me. Her quiet, steady voice calmed me in one sentence. I decided to set my mind to concentrating, watching, to see what we'd really do. Then I too would know and would not be afraid should this ever happen again.

Within an hour she and I climbed into the open back of our truck. With Jerry driving and Bess alongside him in the cab, we headed over the long, brown road to Newton, the hearse having left well before us.

Often before, when this was farm country, I had ridden along in the back of our truck, Jerry riding in the cab with Jack because he'd have to take Jack's place when he was gone.

Once each week we'd taken what little food we could grow from the fresh, clean coast country across this thin road into markets in the cindered city. We did and still would ride in with our heads high, Jerry rubbing his chin to feel for whiskers, and whether we farmed or fished could make no difference, so long as we took our living from the bad soil or good sea and not out of other people as did men in office rooms behind their soot-covered window sills.

We followed the jostling road out of the fields and down to the edge of sprawling Newton where waited many old, grey houses, their boards speckled with chips of fading paint. The city, from these limits inward, rose and clung like a dust-covered fungus on this plain of cement-paved soil. Once again I found it as a dirty field whereon too many people had lived for too long without taking a bath.

Turning left on Erwin Street we drove directly to the cemetery several blocks within the limits of the honking town. It was the kind of day Jack would have liked. The rain was good for the soil.

In mid-afternoon it was now raining harder and in bigger drops. Thunder claps broke and did not

sound like sporadic applause for the effort. Sometimes big drops fell where the little drops had fallen first and beat the little drops into the ground, even as late-arriving townspeople with new, crinkly bill money had pushed earlier settlers out to the rocky sea banks to starve before bringing them back to town, to drive them into the ground, to bury them.

"With the people in the city," Jack had told me, "that's the kind of thing you've got to watch."

The preacher finished praying. Then the back of a spade smoothed the dirt and pressed down sod. Remembering what Sarah had told me, I watched Jerry standing beside me. He was serious, and he was wearing his suit. Taking my hand in his, which was bigger and stronger, he pressed and then released it.

Sarah brought the flowers from the back of the truck. She laid them on fresh damp soil where they looked so pretty. We could also smell them mixed with the salt in the sea breeze whenever we crawled over the smooth, wet surface of huge rocks ribbing the coast and waiting for the sea to come in again.

Often it would raise a terrible storm, and even lying in bed, after storing the fish, we could hear waves smashing slippery rocks. But when we ran in the morning through high grass, wet and sharp against our ankles, when Jerry went out with the small crew to fish and Sarah and I ran out on the edge of the bank, they were still there. I would stand admiring the massive and glistening rocks and almost wish that I were one, because they last forever.

When the truck pulled up to our house the rain had stopped. We followed Jerry, listening to the rush of the wind and the birds returned, through fresh, clean air and across wet grass to the front porch.

Sarah and I walked around to the back of the house to clean and mend the fish nets for tomorrow.

"When we go into town again next week," said Sarah, "I'll bring him some more flowers."

For a long time then, for very many nights, out of respect I suppose, beyond the bank the broad water lay, black, the sea calm.





# One Reason Why Today Mattered

(To my niece on her baptism)

Ps.90. 'With His pinions He shieldeth thee;  
under His wings thou art secure;  
His truth guardeth thee like a shield.'

You are not of God's blood but are instead  
the first fleshborn from a family of love,  
which may be the reason why today mattered  
and water was splattered upon your head.

Wondernot if after searching, thirsting,  
reaching hill's summit you find life bursting  
in quiet days, strong arms, a warm rain's haze  
down cobbled town; or perhaps up a love's  
high branches where mute birds will sail unheard,  
unlost above an old, familiar sea.

For history's love causing the greatest violence  
was His for you, climaxed in a silence,  
remembered uncrying, nailed as the skin  
of a silent, still fierce Tiger dying  
sin (to live) in His good fury on a tree,  
where vinegar, blood, and then tearwater

left their drippings on dry and windold sand.  
Still it all would have happened the same as planned  
even had Mary's child been a daughter.  
Clean John for centuries waded down thru  
one teeming river to wash me and you  
of blindness that we might see one Great Jew

who then blessed saints, but now sons and daughters,  
that living His grace, you walk earth's waters;  
and Who began the Christians, hanged to a tree  
to die on an odd hill in a far land above  
and out of which flew a time-glistening dove  
over an old and unlistening sea.

*George Keithley*



# A Study of KING LEAR and DEATH OF A SALESMAN As Aristotelian Tragedy

by Lee Simmons

THE PRINCIPLES of tragedy set forth in Aristotle's *Poetics* are based on the author's knowledge and observation of classic Greek drama. These theories, therefore, must be considered as subject to outside influence, and dependent on the works of dramatists such as Sophocles, Euripides, and Aeschylus. Using *Oedipus Rex*, by Sophocles, as an example, this paper will briefly discuss Aristotelian principles and the classic tragedy as a necessary preliminary before judging two English-language plays by the same theoretical standards.

*King Lear* has been definitely accepted as one of the greatest English tragedies; *Death of a Salesman* is acknowledged as serious modern drama, but its tragic implications have been subject to debate. This paper will contend that neither play is a perfect Aristotelian tragedy, that neither is free from serious defects if the classic theories are strictly adhered to. However, if the principles are interpreted liberally, as most logically they should be, both plays may be regarded as great tragedy. The general, fundamental principles of Aristotle are as applicable today, and were as applicable in Shakespeare's time, as ever before. Because the *Poetics* is a result of observation, however, it is a descriptive as well as theoretical work; we must decide what to accept as mere description of one type of literature during one period, and what may be accepted as universal and unchanging principles. In doing this, we may make some allowance for philosophical, ethical, and scientific change.

*Oedipus Rex* is a logical choice of a representative Greek tragedy. In the *Poetics*, Aristotle constantly points to existing tragedies as bases for his statements. This play, Sophocles' masterpiece, is one of the works to which he most often refers; we may regard it as an example of a nearly perfect Aristotelian tragedy.

Aristotle's primary principle is that tragedy is "an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude." To this he adds the concepts of katharsis, "pity and fear effecting the proper purgation of these elements", of the tragic flaw in the

hero of the play, and, of less importance, the unities of time and action. He lists corollaries, including the six elements of a tragedy, ranking them in importance, and the three techniques which may properly invoke the sense of pity and fear necessary. He establishes the doctrine that "probable improbabilities" are preferable to "improbable probabilities".

These concepts are all quite evident in *Oedipus Rex*. The action takes place in "a single revolution of the sun," and in the same place, before the palace in Thebes. It is unquestionably serious. The action is complete, having a beginning, a middle and an end which fall logically into place. Nothing could be added to the essential action by beginning at an earlier time and nothing could be added by following either Creon or Oedipus at the end, for additional action would be superfluous to the unity of this plot. Events follow logically, and there are no *improbable* improbabilities within the action itself. Surprise is used, as it should be, but surprise and coincidence always have an "air of design".

Oedipus' misfortune arouses pity because it is unmerited (despite the tragic flaw). The emotion of fear is excited because he is a "man like ourselves", despite his high place, his emotions are human and universally meaningful. Pity and fear are inherent in the "inner structure of the piece" and are made stronger because Sophocles makes use of incidents which "occur between those who are near or dear to one another."

The question of the tragic flaw is more difficult than any other in *Oedipus Rex* because it must be admitted that, to some degree, it is a tragedy of Fate. And yet Oedipus dominates the play as its hero; his fall from high to low place is dependent, in the final analysis, on "error or frailty". Even these weaknesses are powerful ones in Oedipus—his rash temper, his stubbornness, the very intensity of his emotions, whether sudden hate for Laius when he kills him, or love for Jocasta and their children, leads to his down-



fall. Oedipus accepts his responsibility and does not blame an impersonal Fate for his misfortunes.

Aristotle himself uses the play as the best example for so many concepts, such as those of Reversal of Intention and Recognition, that detailed examination, for our purposes, is unnecessary. *Oedipus Rex* is most certainly one of the finest representatives of classical tragedy, as defined by Aristotelian principles.

The plays by Shakespeare and Miller to be discussed are technically inferior to Sophocles' play, judged by the same standards. It can be argued that both *King Lear* and *Death of a Salesman*, in the ways in which they do conform to classic principles, reach as high, or even higher peaks of intensity as does *Oedipus*. Certainly, both invoke a sense of pity and fear. Logically, we may discuss technical superiority of one play over another in reaching these emotions, but we cannot dissect the final outcome, the final effect of these technical procedures. Utilitarian concepts of pleasure and pain are involved in this; individual prejudice has made *King Lear* and *Salesman* greater favorites than the stylized *Oedipus*. The principles we must use in this discussion, however, are not dependent on individual whim; hence, we shall attempt no judgement concerning ultimate effect, but confine ourselves to evaluation of cause and technique.

An examination of the two plays shows that, in many respects, both conform satisfactorily to the principles in the *Poetics*. Both are imitations of actions that are serious and complete. Plot is the "soul of the tragedy" to Aristotle, character being of secondary importance in the six elements he outlined. Whether *Lear* and *Salesman* place more emphasis on character (as they certainly do) than Aristotle would have liked is not extremely important. Neither confuse "unity of character" with "unity of plot", and this is his main point. The memory, or hallucination, scenes in *Salesman* do not interrupt, but add to this unity, and *Lear* follows a natural plot line, not a character.

The third part of a tragedy, though, concerns probability of actions more than anything else: "the faculty of saying what is possible and pertinent in given circumstances." I can find no cause for negative criticism on this count in either of the plays. The fourth part, Diction, presents a small problem because Aristotle limits tragic diction to poetry. However, the "maker" should, as an imitator of action, be a "maker of plots rather than of verses." The "essence" of diction is "the same both in verse and prose." Miller's poetic prose is indicative of his age, an unpoetic age, and his use of prose cannot discount *Salesman* as a tragedy. He is still an Aristotelian "poet", a "maker." Song and Spectacle are lightly dismissed

by Aristotle, although the plays he studied always had elements of both in them. The last three of the six elements are probably elements of observation and not definite theoretical principles.

Tragedy is also imitation of "events terrible and pitiful", and Aristotle lists three devices which are the best technical aids to achieve this imitation: Reversal of Intention, Recognition, and the Tragic Incident. Both plays contain all three. *Lear*, with its heavy use of disguise, contains many recognition scenes, and all three daughters are involved in Reversal of Intention scenes. The Recognition scene between Biff and Willie involving the prostitute in the hotel room is an example of the powerful effect of such a device. Tragic Incident abounds in Shakespeare's play; the mad Lear on the heath is an overwhelming means of katharsis. Tragic incident in *Salesman* is more psychological than physical, but may be accepted nevertheless.

The question of "certain magnitude" presents some difficulty in regard to *King Lear*. It is perhaps Shakespeare's most powerful play, but it has been criticized as being too large, too vast, to be effectively produced. The sub-plots in *Lear* would have been rejected as extraneous by Aristotle. The Gloucester plot, to a modern audience, enhances and complements the Lear story, but it is not necessary to the action, and, in an Aristotelian sense, disturbs the unity of the plot. *Death of a Salesman* does fulfill these principles, and nothing interferes with the essential action.

The "rules" of the unities are, quite obviously, broken by Shakespeare. *Lear* flagrantly violates the unity of time, disregards completely that of place (although this unity is not specifically alluded to in the *Poetics* it is a part of every classical tragedy), and as shown above, violates the unity of plot. Again, *Salesman* is free from Aristotelian defect. The memory, hallucination or "flashback" scenes are justified by modern psychology, for they actually are taking place in the present, although they have happened in the past.

The problem of the tragic flaw seems to be the only important point at which Miller's play fails to realize tragic proportions. Without question, *Lear* is a great tragic hero, perhaps the greatest ever created, and thus the play is accepted as great tragedy. Katharsis must also be taken into consideration here, for proper katharsis depends on tragic characters, and not merely pitiful ones. *Lear*, a great man who falls because of vanity and pride, invokes katharsis to an almost intolerable degree. Shakespeare, it would seem, failed only to observe the relatively unimpor-

tant Aristotlian corollaries; by adhering to the fundamental concepts, *King Lear* must be accepted as great tragedy.

Willie Loman could never have been accepted as a tragic hero before this century. Perhaps even now he does not possess the characteristics necessary. Yet the question of whether or not we may accept Willie Loman as a tragic hero in any sense is a most interesting problem.

In discussing this, some historical explanation is necessary, although we must limit ourselves to a very brief outline. In Shakespeare's time, as in Aristotle's, individuality was a class privilege, extended to very few. To attain status as an individual, a man had to be a great ruler or of very high birth; the lower classes were regarded solely as a collective mass. The education of these masses and the individuality which arose out of several movements dating from the time of Luther, but most prominent in the nineteenth century, have resulted in a change of social status for the tragic hero. The concepts of equality and democracy, in effect, deposed all rulers and substituted a "common" man leading his equals by their consent.

In our time, however, we have seen another definite change in the status of the individual in fiction. The corporate philosophies of fascism and communism, the Roman Catholic revival, and the ever-growing importance of sociology and psychology have rendered individual actions more and more meaningless to contemporary writers unless judged as a part of society itself. The tragedy of situation has thus

become important, and the tragedy of Willie Loman is the finest case in point.

Willie can be judged solely as an individual, but as such he is pathetic, not tragic. If, however, he is judged as a universal man, a representative of his culture, he attains an importance which can be defined as tragic. Katharsis becomes ultra-personal if one identifies, not only oneself, but one's entire society with a character. The tragic flaw is not Willie's exactly, for he is too limited a man to achieve the greatness necessary to include a tragic flaw. The flaw is inherent in the society which Willie represents, and we may accept him as a great representative.

Willie's flaw (his society's flaw) is an acceptance of the wrong Gods—success, money, popularity in their meanest sense. Willie is not merely pathetic. He engages in a passionate struggle and dies in order to sustain his belief in his ideals of success. He commits suicide after recognizing his responsibility for Biff's failure, and, by dying to save his son, dies a father.

Willie and Lear die, not as salesman or king, but as fathers. Both tragedies are thus heightened by using conflict between father and children. Willie Loman is, in a sense, a modern Lear. Paradoxically, the conflicting philosophies of corporate and democratic states, together with the total acceptance of science, have led to a modern literary rejection of a truly great individual. The rejection may be unfortunate, but it is also very real, and on these grounds *Death of a Salesman* must be accepted as a tragedy.



## A Time After Beauty

Cold, slender silver  
Star-crystals make  
The night circle a snowflake.  
Ice-sharp stars, pierce me,  
Sew me into the final pattern  
With spider-threads about me,  
That I may see the still center,  
Pivot of the whirling sky,  
The white lily of light I  
Have felt flicker in my soul.  
God, why, this trickle-down of time,  
Did you frame her face with sublime  
Hair like night around a burning candle?  
In a desert country, long ago,  
While tree-leaves slick as jewels  
Twinkled in the static air, so  
Enchanting the sands to stillness,  
Did not the final beauty climb  
A trembling sky, a star?

*Jim Applewhite*

## From Three Japanese Prints

### I

His lantern flickers in the rain,  
An orange fleck upon the bridge.  
Only his cape of straw  
Keeps it from going out.

### II

The water spilled, her pail ran dry  
Under the fragrant peach-tree blooms.  
Her pail is empty now;  
The peach-tree drinks and lives.

### III

Before the painted bird on fire  
He watches other men go by.  
Brilliant robes he wears;  
The painted bird still stands.

*Ed Doughtie*



# Roots and All

by Mary Louise Cofer

ABBY was lying across the bed with the window open beside her and her feet up in the air. She decided that her legs were like sapling sticks with a knot in the middle. From the porch below, her brother's voice peaked in breaks more often than normally over words because he was annoyed.

"I can't go tonight, Mom, if we don't find Henry a date."

Abby turned over on her stomach and felt with pleasure that the slight swellings of her breasts hurt. Her breasts she had liked and loathed without consistency since they had begun: sometimes she would fling her hateful bra across the room with all the energy she put into hockey practice, only to have it float spitefully over a lamp or settle into an opened drawer; and at other times she would stand profile before the mirror, inflating her chest until her ribs protruded farther than her breasts, and in the firm curve of them, proud that they did not flop like some of her girl friends'. She laid her head on the window sill and looked down on the top of her mother's dark hair.

"There are plenty of nice girls in this town." Abby knew that the black line between her mother's eyes was welled into her face now, and that her brother would have to give in or they would eat dinner in an iron silence. She meshed her nose into the screen until she could see her brother's crewcut that was a loud peroxidized carrot. He was a straight wire to the ground, and he lounged on one foot, arms twisted into a square over his chest.

"But none of the girls are good-looking at all, and Henry's used to dating real dolls."

"When you're too old to date nice girls anymore, Willy, you'd better let your father and me know, and we'll take you out of the Academy and put you to work."

Abby watched Willy intently, expecting him to say something appropriately bitter; but he stood rigidly and looked at their mother as she picked up her shears and walked out toward the hedge. Then he kicked the side of his foot and whispered, "Damn!" with beautiful vehemence.

Abby giggled and scratched a pimple on her chin. She waited for Willy to move, but he leaned into the straight slim line of the porch post, watching their mother moving up and down the rows of spirea. The snips of shears cut the silence into irregular pieces.

"I don't call you a very good host, leaving Henry by himself."

Willy pressed his lips hard over his teeth, a look Abby had noticed he had been using often since he came home this time.

Mrs. Carter turned and chopped a whole shrub to the ground.

"I read the other day that it makes them bloom better," she said but Willy was looking down at his feet.

"We've called up three girls already, Mom. I don't want to ask a *loser*!"

"What about that nice little Hopkins girl?"

"Oh, Mom!" he squeaked and sneered. "She's ugly as sin!"

"Well, she's a very nice little girl, and if you ever went to church to hear the sermon you'd know how ugly sin is . . . and your behavior at the moment." And Abby knew that their mother had decided.

Willy mumbled something and went inside, slamming the screen door.

Abby leaned into the screen long enough to see her mother scoop up an armful of spirea and start toward the side of the house; then she rolled over on her sharp hipbones and sat up in bed. She could see herself in the mirror and decided that her face was two long lines sharply connected at a chin with black dots between them.

People always said that she did not look like either her father or her mother, and she had suffered the childish fear of being adopted, although Mrs. Carter had always smiled, "She looks like my mother's side of the family, the Perkinses. They're very tall and thin." Abby had never known any of them, and all she could remember of her grandmother was a prunish wrinkled woman, bent and huge, in black, and with a cane and tiny red-rimmed pig eyes. She would have liked people to remark that she looked like Willy,

and she nursed the secret notion that she should have been a boy. She had had her hair cut as short as the barber would dare to cut it, and when Mr. Carter had said how boyish she looked, she was embarrassed but pleased. She had slept that night on her stomach, hoping she would flatten out her breasts. Henry's coming had made her feel suddenly different. She had wanted to make her hair curl, and she was considering lipstick when she heard Willy coming up the stairs. The door to his room slammed.

There was a long silence of cigarette smoke and finally she heard the sliding falsetto of boys' voices. She hopped off the bed and slipped into the hall to listen to them.

"Aw, Mom's such a creep, Hen."

Then they whispered and laughed in hard breaths that she could not understand, and she went back into her own room.

A half hour's combing didn't improve the appearance of her hair, nor did spray net, and stray strands stood up in the wrong places. She had a dark look on her face as she went into the dining room. Henry and Willy were directly behind her, and she watched her feet, not looking up, and wishing suddenly that they were smaller.

"What does your father do, Henry?" asked Mr. Carter who was big-boned and thin except for the round of fat that rolled his middle.

"Contractor," Henry said, unfolding his napkin with an artistic swoop.

Mr. Carter didn't attempt further conversation and he asked a blurred blessing that Henry and Willy did not bother to close their eyes for, Abby noticed, and they ate.

Her mother ate, which surprised Abby. Because when her mother had any doubt about getting her way she did not eat.

Finally Willy said that he guessed that he and Henry would go for a ride since they didn't have anything else to do.

Mrs. Carter looked up with the dark well quivering between her eyes. "Then I take it you are not going to the party?"

"No," said Willy while Henry smiled and Abby nearly toppled her glass of milk into the plate.

Mrs. Carter sat gracelessly straight and Abby watched Henry's blond fleck of hair that fell across his face. It moved with a slight twitch as he breathed.

"May we have the car, Dad?" said Willy in a voice that was squeezing out a shrill confidence in himself.

Mr. Carter looked at him, wound his tongue about in a bite of pie and said sure, he wasn't using it, and took another bite. Abby pulled her fork absently through her pie and decided that she wasn't hungry.

Finally Mrs. Carter said in sharp, distinct tones, "And I think you should ask your sister to go along."

"That kid!" Willy squeaked with his fork aimed at Abby. She sat up straighter and looked at Henry. The skin above his nose was folded into a crease, but his full lips looked relaxed. She flushed. "I'd like to go," she said. Her mother smiled and Willy threw down his fork.

"Aw, Mom, *damn!*" His face was red, which made his eyes stand out like black holes, and there were tears in them.

"Willy, you may leave the table."

He threw down his napkin, and Abby looked at Henry, who was white and watching Willy.

"And no one's using the car tonight!"

Willy had left the room.

"We don't like to scold the children before their friends," explained Mrs. Carter still sitting too obviously straight," but we do not have curse words in our house."

Henry smiled again, but Abby thought that the corners of his mouth twitched. She did not look at him again until her father cleared his throat, which meant that he was finishing, and pushed back his chair and got up.

"I suppose Willy's on the back step, Henry," Mrs. Carter said. "That's his pouting place."

"Thanks."

"That boy hasn't got any manners. He didn't even say he enjoyed the meal," Abby heard her mother whisper to the back of Mr. Carter.

Abby went into the kitchen to help with the dishes, and afterwards, she went out on the back step. She could hear the boys' voices from the dark corner of the yard sliding over the night sounds, wanting to go out to them but afraid of what Willy would say. She listened to the crickets for a while, twisting her fingers around an edge of her dress; and she finally decided she would go out to them.

"Well, look who's here," said Willy in mocking tones that slid like a snake.

"I'm sorry, Willy," Abby said, but he wasn't. In the half-light she could see Henry's broad nose and his mouth. He was frowning.

"You did it just out of spite," Willy snapped.

"No, I didn't."

"Stop whining; you sound like a brat."

"O.K." Her hands were too big; she crossed them. Then she uncrossed them. The boys were silent.

"You could get the car if you told Mom you were going to the party and then you could go anywhere," she said at last, her heart pounding.





"She wouldn't give it to us now. She'd do anything to spite me."

Henry slapped Willy across the shoulder. "Hell, Willy, I'll bet your mother'd give it to you. I know these old ladies. My aunt's the same way. Old hussy'd do anything to get her way."

"Hell, she would, Willy!" Abby said. The boys laughed at her and she flushed and wished she hadn't said anything.

"That's the spirit, kid," Henry said, looking hard at her, perhaps for the first time.

"Anything once!" Willy announced and started up toward the house. He and Henry were talking and laughing; and Abby trotted behind them straining to hear. Sometimes she was ashamed of her faithful dogness.

Mr. Carter was in a tented nap under the newspaper, riding it up and down on his stomach and puffs of breath. Mrs. Carter, greyish under the light of the lamp and reading, looked up at the odd little envoy, tilting her eyebrows only slightly outward. Abby leaned against a chair.

"Mom, we've decided to go to the party after all." Willy's warped voice lacked the necessary force, Abby thought.

"Oh?" Mrs. Carter closed the book. This meant there were terms.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Who's going with Henry?"

"Oh, he'll find somebody there."

"And you're going with . . . ?"

"Sue."

"That's nice, Willy. But I think Abby had best go along. Henry would feel strange without a date."

Abby felt as though she was mushrooming into the very center of the room. The shots of breath under her father's newspaper stopped and he pulled his head out. Henry looked at her, made a what's-the-use motion to Willy with his shoulders, and Willy mastered his Look again.

"Look, Mom, *you* said . . ."

"Willy, it was you who said you couldn't go unless you got Henry a date. There'll be a lots of girls Abby's age at the party; and I think it's a nice opportunity for Abby. If you would only think of someone besides yourself occasionally you would agree with me."

Abby wanted to say that she didn't want to go really. But she knew that she did, a fierce little voice cranking inside her said, and it repeated and repeated until she knew consciously that she did. And then it was all over. She was going.

"So what do you want to prove, Stick," Willy's

voice pushed out at her as they were going up the stairs, "that you're a big bad woman now?"

"What could I do?"

"O Lord, Abby. What could you . . . Lord!" He slapped his head and his untracked voice slid on. "Look, couldn't you just say you don't want to?"

"Well, I won't stick to you after we get to the party. I promise." She watched Henry for a crook of the mouth or a signal wink. He chewed his bottom lip.

"How dumb can you get; what you say, Henry? Abby, look, Square," his face was the same violent carrot as his hair now. "We haven't got the slightest s-l-i-g-h-t-e-s-t intentions of going to that party! Good lord, do I have to spell it out for you!"

Abby was not exactly sure of the implications. "Hell, no!" she said, and Henry patted her back again.

"Look, W., we don't have to worry about *this* gal. Let's take her out and show her some fun. O.K., Kid? Isn't right a sister of yours should be so uneducated." Henry winked at Willy and curled his arm around Abby's waist.

While she was dressing, she could hear their doored voices leaking out, but the words were muddy and greyed by laughs that were deep and some girlish giggles.

She tried to use makeup to cover the bumps, and when that didn't work, she stuck plasters of adhesive tape over the worst ones. She slipped into the brown dress that matched her hair and curved low over her collar bones leaving their ridges half exposed. Her bosom was hardly evident. It would look much better if it were larger she decided and stuffed a pair of socks into her bra. From the front she looked a little lumpy, but, profile, the round was good. She pressed her hands hard over her breasts to see if Henry would be able to tell they weren't real when they danced, and after adding, a kleenex to each side, decided that he wouldn't.

When they drove off, Mrs. Carter said to drive safely and have fun, but Abby was smelling the sugar water smell of Henry's lotion. It made her stomach feel rubbery. She was a little scared.

They stopped to pick up Sue, and Willy left them alone while he went in for her. For the first time Abby was fully conscious of her date, her first with an *older* boy. She felt her body pulling stiffly together, winding tightly into a small panic. *What were they going to talk about?* She tried pretending that she had forgotten that Henry was sitting beside her and she looked straight ahead of her, thinking of a poem



she had memorized . . . *flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck thee out of the crannies . . .*

"Abby," Henry laid his arm on the back of the seat just close enough for her to be aware of it there behind her neck. It made her prickly all over.

"I . . . I was just thinking a poem. Do . . . do you remember the one about a crannied wall . . . about a flower?" Henry pushed his body next to her and slowly pressed his mouth over hers. At first she was shocked with disbelief: it was happening! He pressed harder, and she tried to concentrate on the kiss, but nothing happened to her. She had thought it would be different. She even opened her eyes and looked at him. His were closed. She pressed hers together. Still nothing happened inside her. It was not at all to her as it would have been, she thought, from what the other girls said. There should have been tingling in her mouth, and warmth, and pulling themselves closer. She was too aware of the prickling ridges of Henry's whiskers above his lips and his teeth cutting her only enough to notice, and she could hear him breathing loudly. Then he let her go, and looked at her closely.

"First time you've ever been kissed?"

"No." She was smoothing her dress over her crinolines.

"Well," he said wiping his mouth carelessly on the back of his hand. "Here they come. We'd better knock off . . . for a while." He squeezed her hand.

"O.K., Hen, you pilot." Willy laughed and helped Sue into the back seat. Abby smelled her perfume, a heavy blossomy smell that crawled around the car, and she was not sure that she liked it. She turned and watched Sue slide daintily through the door, pulling her dress down around her smooth shoulders. Abby had heard Willy say that she was stacked.

"This your little sister, Willy?" Sue's voice was high and lilting.

"Yeah. Sue, Abby. Vice-versa."

"Nice to know you," Abby said.

"Can the manners, Sis, and turn around. We're busy back here."

Abby saw them sideways pull close together and turned toward the windshield again. *I pluck thee out of the crannies . . . I hold thee here root and all, in my . . .* she always wanted to say "in my little hanuies."

"I won't bite, kid." Henry patted the space beside him. "Come on over. I can't drive with *two* hands!"

She didn't want to get too close, close enough to be forward; and she could barely feel that he was near her when she slipped over. He sank his arm lightly on her shoulder, making her jump, high it seemed to her, but wasn't. Then it occurred to her that her shoulders were bony and that he would dis-

like their sharpness. He didn't speak to her again for a long time. The street lights were like long dashes of light, one after the other, when she could look quickly at the blurs of his profile out of the side of her eye, until they disappeared into the long streak of darkness on the highway, and they pulled off down a dirt road far out. She had been listening half-way and then intently to the slight sounds of movement in the backseat, occasional turns, long breaths, and longed to turn around.

When the motor stopped as Henry turned the key and a terrible quiet closed in under the trees in the dark road, she panicked again. She couldn't even think of a poem this time. Henry turned. Her heart was beating too loud, filling the whole car with its sound, she thought.

"Move over, cutie. Wheel gets in my way of manoeuvring."

She slid back across the seat and leaned her forehead against the window where a coolness was.

"Hey, hey, don't give me that," Henry said low and rolling, tenderly. He caught her shoulders. "Are you scared of me?" He pressed her mouth again, hard, pushing himself against her and her against the door. She wanted to cry out that it hurt, the door handle hurting her, and the prickles over his lip, and his teeth. She moved free of him.

"What's the matter?"

"You were pushing me against the handle."

He straightened up, laughed, as though something had made him nervous. "Sorry."

"Quiet!" Willy called from the backseat. "Why don't you kids take a walk. It'll do them good, ummm, Sue?"

She yawned and leaned against him sleepily. Abby noticed how relaxed she was and at ease. "They should," Sue said and pushed her face into Willy's shoulder.

"Come on, Abby." Henry reached across her, pulled down the door handle to let her out.

"Out *here*?"

"Can it, Sis. You still scared of the dark?" Willy sneered.

She got out, Henry following, and the door closed.

She was tight inside herself and she felt embarrassed. Henry took her hand.

"I love to walk in the woods, don't you? I mean they're so nice . . ." Already she knew it had not been the right thing to say. If she could only think of some of the things she had heard girls say to boys! Did he notice the dampness of her palms?

"We don't have too much time at school for stuff like that. I mean, you know, I play soccer." He had let her hand drop as if she no longer interested him

and she wished she knew how to make him want to hold it again. She left it to swing loosely at her side, waiting for him to take it.

"Oh, I like sports too," she was a little eager. "I'm first string junior hockey team. We're unbeaten so far." She wished he would ask her who was captain because she was too modest to volunteer the information that it was she herself, but she wanted him to know.

"That's nice. Cigarette?" His unconcern made her more conscious than ever of her desire to please him.

"I don't smoke." He burst a match against its cover and leaned into his cupped hand to light a cigarette. He drew in the smoke slowly, flipped the ashes, and blew out the smoke.

They walked on, and Henry was looking around him, not speaking, making the red dot of the cigarette glow, as if it was the most important thing in the world for him to do at that moment. She was afraid of the silence, that he would think she was nothing. Finally he suggested that they sit down under a tree.

She leaned against the bark of the tree. He ground his cigarette under foot and sat down beside her. Somehow it seemed right that she should apologize.

"I . . . I'm sorry about tonight."

He looked at her, then leaned into her mouth again, holding her tightly. She squeezed her eyes shut, but she was frightened.

"For god's sake, Abby, relax! You feel like a board. Kissing you is just like that . . . kissing a board, I mean. Now relax."

She tried, but her heart was pounding and she felt like a stiff coil. She couldn't relax. The kiss was too long; but when she thought of that she tried hard to let herself go.

"That's better," he said softly and kissed her ear. He pulled her closer to him. She wanted to go back to the car, but she tried to return the kiss. What if she were frigid! That's what some of the girls called anyone who didn't get anything out of a kiss. What if she didn't have any sex. What if she could never kiss a boy and feel anything! She really tried to kiss him back this time. He leaned against her neck and kissed her there, over and over. At first she liked his kissing her on the neck; but when he did it over and over again, it was something like nausea to her. She tried to respond.

"Abby you're cute," he mumbled and leaned against her breast.

A flash of realization like a shock, an uncontrolled shudder from deep inside, made her see the darkness of the night and the forest and pulled her away. It was something apart from herself that said strained

and scared in spasms of tears *I want to go home! Take me home!*

Henry didn't speak all the way home; and Willy and Sue were silent. They didn't even move around in the backseat. Abby tried to stop sniffing but her nose was running and she wished this whole night were over or had never begun. She did not know what Willy thought of her, or Sue; but she knew immediately that Henry was disgusted, that she had disappointed him, that she was just a grammarschool kid after all.

Too much later the street lights made their dashes again, only shorter this time because Henry was driving faster. Willy had handed her a handkerchief not speaking and a little gruffly. She blew her nose because it gave her something to do and because she couldn't top the sniffs. Not yet she realized the full impact of what had happened. It made her want to vomit everytime she remembered; so she tried not to think of it. But she could not forget the feeling of loose cut strings; dangled, unconnected. She wished she was at home, lying in her own bed, hearing the clock rhythms of her father's snores, her eyes closed, thinking poetry and other things. She could not think anything. And she dared not look at Henry again. She leaned her face into the window. They dropped off Sue, who didn't say goodbye to her, and Willy asked if she would mind walking to the door alone. When they got home, she knew that she couldn't avoid her mother. She ran ahead of the boys. Willy had not spoken yet.

Mrs. Carter opened the door for her.

"I got sick; so we had to leave the party early, Mom." She tried not to cry harder, but at last she was home. She ran up the steps as the boys came in.

"Sorry about Abby," Henry said with a smile that cracked his frightened expression.

"What did you eat at the party, Willy? I'd better run up and see about her. Did something upset her?"

Abby closed her door on the voices at the stairs and plunged into the bed to sob. When her mother came Abby said that she would be fine now. And finally her mother left.

Later she heard the door to Willy's room close.

She had gotten in bed now and had pulled her long body down between the sheets . . . alone with herself. The smoothness, coolness of the sheets seemed so pure. She did not feel nauseated now, only tired. She was blowing her nose when Willy came into her room quietly as he never did. She saw him near her bed, embarrassed, twisting his fingers. He stood there for a moment, then turned, and Abby heard the door handle switch lightly into place again.

## Jazz Flight

Die Then  
low-flying bird  
And strip your feathers out to  
    Plume the wings of Eagle's rise.  
I shall climb high before  
    Icarian cancer blight my wing.

I shall grow princely-proud and arrogant,  
Beat bloody wings against the floor of heaven,  
Pound out my soul in pelvis pulse  
    on ticker tape across the sky,  
Assault the dome of stars—  
Rape angels in their flight—  
Whirl the celestial spheres—  
Disrupt empyrean harmonies—  
Then. . .

Burst in multicolored circles  
    'round the sun,  
And falling—  
    Splatter  
        Blood  
        Upon  
        The  
        Throne  
        Of  
        Heaven

*Tyson Underwood*



# REVIEWS:

**The Snow Country;** by Yasunari Kawabata. Translated by E. G. Seidensticker. Alfred A. Knopf, 1956, \$1.25.

With the publication of this novel by one of Japan's most outstanding contemporary novelists, American readers are provided with a rare opportunity to sample modern literature of the Far East. For many years Western novels have been exported to Japanese devotees in great quantities, but literary exchange has been almost non-existent. Now under the auspices of UNESCO, Knopf is gambling in an attempt to make the benefits of current literature reciprocal. This particular novel is certainly worthy of its vanguard position.

As the title indicates, the novel's locale is Japan's snow country on the west coast of the mainland. Because of its latitude (roughly corresponding to that of the area between Cape Hatteras and New York) and a range of mountains that bisect the island interrupting the flow of Siberian air currents, this area is one of the snowiest in the world. Conceiving such a section in a country usually thought of in terms of its cherry blossoms and tropical climate is a unique experience for most of us, yet it is only in this particular setting that an emotional experience, such as the one recounted could have taken place. Noted for its incredibly beautiful landscape and numerous hot spring resorts that dot the countryside, this region is a veritable paradise. To these hot spring resorts come such men as the hero, Shimamura, to receive the ministrations not only of nature and the waters but also of the country geishas. These women, as opposed to their city counterparts, are possessed with a healthy sensual approach to life that is de-

finitely in keeping with their surroundings and with the attitude of their patrons.

The characterization of the novel is masterful. Komako, the heroine, is revealed not as a prostitute but as a romantic sensualist who finally wants nothing more tangible out of life than to be allowed to go "pleasantly to seed in the mountains". From the beginning she is obviously removed from all means of positive self-edification and therefore contents herself with various habits and occupations that are in actuality nothing more than "wasted effort". Her reading, her music, her diary, her excessive neatness are all indications of a spiritual and mental over-ripeness that can lead only to degeneration.

Shimamura is particularly fascinating in that he illustrates an oriental approach to the universal problem of reality vs. appearance. As to many Jamesian characters, reality to Shimamura is a state perceived by the mind rather than by the senses. He has, for example, devoted years of study to the occidental ballet because in contemplation of this subject he is able to indulge his imagination completely without the danger of disappointment that comes with actual contact. There is a similar parallel in his feeling for Komako. As the author states, Shimamura's interest in occidental dance is "an unrivaled armchair reverie, a lyric from some paradise" because of its complete dissociation with the realms of his experience. Similarly his love affair with Komako is a lyric in an earthly paradise. The inherent dissociation of Shimamura's interest in such an experience, however, completely dooms love from the beginning.

The entire feeling of the book is

one of fragile delicacy. There is a terseness of both dialogue and description that relies a great deal on a sensitive perception of innuendo for its impact. One feels a detachment that recalls the tone of many early Japanese prints. This book is well worth reading and rereading both for its thesis of the effect of the dissociation of passion and for the beauty with which it is presented. After absorbing such a work the differences between the Eastern and Western approach to life seem basically insignificant. The essentials of life such as the concept of reality, the search for love, the importance of natural beauty are universal considerations. A comparison of the means of expressing these common concepts is perhaps the only valid basis for differentiation between the Western and Eastern temperament. Such a comparison reveals a certain fastidious delicacy, probably the product of a highly refined sensibility, as a definite characteristic of the Japanese mind. An obvious conclusion therefore seems to point toward the need of many Western authors to learn from the Far Eastern writers. Such an influence might perhaps raise much of our modern fiction above its present level of simple zoological narrative.

*Sylvia Mathis*

---

**The Fall,** Albert Camus, translation by Justin O'Brien, Alfred A. Knopf, 1957. \$3.00.

Albert Camus in his latest book, *The Fall*, seeks once again to explore the nature of the modern man's moral conscience. This existentialist attempt, while at times perplexing, is well worth our attention, though in effect it is not so successful as *The Stranger* was in the clarity of the dilemma.

*The Fall* is a monologue dealing with a Paris lawyer, Jean-Baptiste Clamence, who left his old life behind and set up house in a bar in Amsterdam. He ironically relates to his silent listener his past, in which all of his actions were motivated by self-love and vanity. This vanity was negatively satisfied by a kind of public piousness and philanthropy involving a defense of widows and orphans, helping beggars across the street, giving alms (he exulted in this, purposely walking on streets that were littered with beggars). It was a red letter day when he gave up his taxi to someone during a bus strike. He was eventually brought up short in the realization that no man is innocent or can extend judgements from a complacent viewpoint. Aware of his sin, he went to Amsterdam where he became a judge-penitent. In this new role, he indulged in constant public self-purgation of his guilt which would enable him to judge others.

Becoming a penitent-judge, he in a sense then replaces God, for he claims that the Last Judgement takes place every day. In carrying the plight of man to its logical extremes, Camus reaches the absurd. This absurd implies a contradiction, for here Camus believes in a damnation while he is unable to accept salvation. Assuming that every man is implicated in the crimes of others and that "God's sole usefulness would be to guarantee innocence," who then are the innocent and where is the necessity for God? Man needs a God to be damned although he cannot accept his grace and benevolence. As the title would seem to imply, the fall here is a fall in the refusal of grace. Jean-Baptiste Clamence's sin and the realization of it symbolize original sin. With the burden of this sin on his shoulders, he rejects forgiveness. The plight of modern man's God is like that of the doves, "They wait up there all year round. They wheel above the earth, look down, and

would like to come down." *The Fall* then depicts man in a neutral state between Heaven and Hell. God is destroyed by modern man when he puts Him on the judge's bench. Camus seems to give us little hope that man can come out of his limbo. He says, "it's too late now. It will always be too late. Fortunately."

Mr. Camus leaves us a man carried to the absurd conclusion somewhat in the position of Sisyphus of constantly rolling the stone up the mountain but accepting his fate. In his pre-occupation with the stone, Sisyphus found contentment in the struggle and no need of the gods. This is why Camus says it is too late for man to repent. In an equation of Camus' man and the mythological figure, we discover that Mr. Camus seems to consider the absurd man reducible to the animal level of self-satisfied existence. We should not lose sight of the fact that Jean-Baptiste is the man of today projected into the future on the merits of his present progress. The gimmick is in the fact that this absurd man is not necessarily the man of the future. Camus is not a nihilist in that he doesn't destroy the concept of God, but keeps a damning God castrated by the world of men.

While the ideas are provocative, I think that this work suffers as a whole by the form that the author uses. It seems more of an essay than a novel, for unlike Sartre, his contemporary and former ideological compatriot, Camus is not successful with the sustained dialogue. The story with all its apparent simplicity at times becomes as involved as the labyrinth of canals which Clamence follows in Amsterdam. In spite of these difficulties, Camus remains one of the more perceptive judges of the modern conscience, and by his very compulsion to analyze this man, he inadvertently leaves us with the hope that perhaps all is not in vain.

Grace Alston

*Angel of Our Thirst*, by Herman Salinger. Decker Press, 1950.

Herman Salinger's slim volume *Angel of Our Thirst*, contains poems which have appeared in *Poetry*, *Wake*, *Badge of Honor*, and *The Washington Post*. Salinger, professor of German at Duke, received his Ph.D. at Yale, served in the European theater during World War I and has taught, before coming to Duke, at Grinnell College in Iowa. *Angel of Our Thirst*, published in 1950, contains poems which reflect his interest in the German poet Rilke and Goethe, and his experiences in the Army of Occupation in Germany.

The poems themselves are an interesting combination of traditional form and experimental content. Salinger uses predominately the rather rigid quatrain with a rhyme scheme as regular as a, b, c, b or a, b, a, b. Within this standard rhyme scheme, however, he does not confine himself to the Popean coup-

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let, end-stopped rhyme or quatrain. The sentence structure of most of his poems is smooth, often long, and perhaps influenced by Goethe's extended style, the pattern of which, as analyzed by Eduard Sievers, is exemplified by the opening lines of Salinger's "Mariana Beata Mea"

Sweet as the violins' insupportable sweetness,  
sustained too long,  
and is strikingly similar to the lines of Goethe's "Prometheus"  
Bedecke deinen Himmel, Zeus,  
Mit Wolkendunst.

The influence of the experimentalists of the first half of the twentieth century, although not found in the formal rhyme scheme and structure of Salinger's poetry, is evident in his choice of subjects starkly modern in the reality of an idiot boy in the snake house of the Forest Park zoo, or the devastated Germany of 1945. Of all experimental aims, Salinger uses that of the attempt

to impart an experience to the reader most successfully. His lines from "Black Rose"

Watch well the rose. Then close  
your eye.

Within the visioning sight her  
mark

is printed, yet her colors die  
and she blossoms black in the  
lidded dark.

create clearly and impressively the  
desired image. Other images such  
as

let lightning wave its signal-flags  
and swing

on hidden hinges in the backward  
sky.

are noteworthy, however, of how  
much of the success of Salinger's  
poems is limited by the subject mat-  
ter itself.

The poet, as portrayed by his work,  
is an intellectual, an observer, rather  
than a poet of emotion such as Dy-  
lan Thomas or of didactic philoso-  
phy such as T. S. Eliot. The in-  
tegrity of his poetic experience is

retained for the most part only in  
those poems which deal with visual,  
not emotional experience. His love  
poems of the war suffer by a regres-  
sion of stylistic content to the tra-  
ditional poets of the nineteenth  
century.

I cast thought's javelin. It goes  
where you, invisible to sight,  
await. My soul leans out and  
knows:  
my love will hold you warm  
tonight.

clearly illustrates the reflective ten-  
dency of an earlier period, rather  
than the dynamic twentieth century  
trend evident in "Idiot Boy in the  
Snake House"

How hushed, behind glass jungles,  
wind  
what shapes, so slowly, scale on  
scale?

Not strangers to his jumbled mind.  
Eyes glassier than they; his pale  
face heavy with the load of birth  
that brought him wailing and  
confused

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to sights unwanted and unused  
among the wiser ones of earth.  
Behind the walls he feels them  
slide:

his terrors seen in sweaty dreams.  
His mouth writhes and he weeps  
dry-eyed

and like an ape he coughs and  
screams.

which creates, instead of describing,  
an emotion.

Comparing Salinger to the experimentalists of his century, it is most encouraging to note that he retains the communicative clarity for which Yeats, himself a combination of the traditional and the experimental, strove and which was relegated to a position of minor significance by the followers of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound. His poems provide experience not merely for the artist himself but also for the reader, and while at times they fail in integrity because of his stylistic regression, they are, on the whole, commendable for their realistic presentation of experience and the clarity with which that experience is transmitted by the artist.

*Bun Springston*



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# *the archive*

*A Literary Periodical Published by the Students of  
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*Cover and cuts by Robert M. Broderson*

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## EDITORIAL

We feel that the *Archive* should be substantially more popular but at the same time we suspect that, in the foreseeable future, it cannot be. There are at least two general reasons for this state of affairs. The *Archive* is primarily a vehicle for serious literary endeavor, and the general reasons for its lack of broad appeal are rooted in, and branch out of, this central fact. First, and most distressing, in our present age we find that serious literature of whatever quality of excellence lacks broad appeal. Second, some of the material which appears in the *Archive* with the intention of achieving literary worth does not completely succeed. College writing is necessarily work done by the young writer before he reaches his artistic maturity. Moreover, it seems that in a group as relatively small as the student body of Duke University, it would be only by chance and at intervals that a person of large literary ability would appear.

As a matter of fact, the number of persons of extraordinary ability who have appeared here seems greater than that allowed by chance. And the major justification for the existence of the *Archive* in its traditional form derives from this fact. While serious literature in the present age is not popular with the majority of people, there remain some interested persons; oftentimes literature is extremely important to these persons. They may "see something in it." They may believe that great literature has something to say, not only to them, but to everyone else, too, if everyone else would listen, and if the artist could speak simply enough and still be able to speak his meaning. These persons may feel that they should keep literature alive, because it is necessary to them, and sooner or later more people may desire it. They may feel that in

keeping their own souls alive they are keeping alive the soul of the world. (By which criterion do we judge the greatness of a past civilization—according to the wealth it amassed, which is now dust and rubble, of no value, or according to the art it produced, which is now carefully protected and highly valued?) They may be confusing literature and religion; but in our present age this may be an understandable confusion. The things I have said about literature apply equally to the other arts.

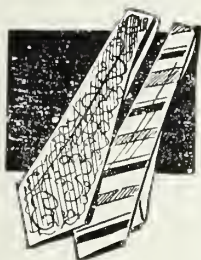
At any rate there always seem to be some few of these interested persons at Duke, by chance or otherwise. Therefore the *Archive* sometimes receives contributions which bear the marks of vision and labor; such contributions make clear the purpose of the magazine and justify its existence far better than can any editorial. Each contribution of this order also adds to the tradition of the *Archive* of Duke University; this tradition is long and commendable. Our University, being young, has no superfluity of such traditions. Buildings can be built, but the ivy grows at its own pace.

Although there is, then, a large gulf between the interests of much of the student body and the people who are interested in art, we nevertheless hope that the two groups can be drawn somewhat closer. We feel no compulsion to keep the *Archive* all of a kind—sober, aesthetic, literary. To reject humor, essays of general interest, and pictures of smiling, bosomed young ladies, is to reject a part (and some would say a large part) of living. Moreover, it is to enclose the magazine in a dangerously suffocating atmosphere. Shakespeare was not above writing ribald scenes. (Of course we can never print anything off-color; Shakespeare could not have gotten by Duke censorship.)

In short, we do not believe that whatever appears within *Archive* covers must necessarily be serious, literary, about Life, and probably



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sad. When worthy contributions of this type appear, they will announce themselves beyond the ability of any format to add or detract. We hope that in the future we will have some humorous articles to print.

We are very proud of the material in this issue. We are fortunate in that we are able to present a cover, a drawing, and cuts by Mr. Robert Broderson, instructor of painting, as well as drawings by Mary Jane Noble and L. L. Smith. "Aram," by David Hay, won last year's Anne Flexner Memorial Award, and we feel that it is a fine story. Barbara Barksdale, with a delicately told story of a remembrance of childhood, Terrence George, with an ingeniously plotted war story, and Alan Bradford, with a humorous and life-like sketch, complete our selection of fiction. Ed Doughtie's poems stoutly uphold the art of poetry in a prose-dominated issue. George Hudson contributes a literary essay on John Donne which should be of general interest.

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*Men on Horseback*

*Robert M. Broderson*



# ARAM

by David Hay

. . . ran, harum-scarum, down the Theban lane, and downy up and further on, resurrecting Cain; and proud of himself and exuberantly so (having slain his dragon), presenting himself not noticing down from the hill that swept itself back to the upper left tier of the stage.

And in the morning of our life we found ourselves sitting on benches, watching a play. Do you remember? While shades of the day's afternoon settled themselves on the backdrop.

He did not actually run, but rather came down-stage at the good pace of the travelling wanderer — though he ran in his imagination which we could see dancing over the rills of the background like a Lokish will-of-the-wisp. But himself was a strong man, a hero without armor, and conscious of his heroism and that his sword hung in his head.

As he paused now to rest in the foreground, Aram leaned on his staff and sighted along the road that he was going along, and all was clear and untrammelled for the first time in a long time. Then pricking his ears, he was able to hear more than could be heard, and away down the road the band was playing soon and the maidens singing dances in the street.

And he made unto himself pictures of the witnesses arriving in the city, of their hurried talk with the wild-eyed watchman who let them in and then ran to help them bear the rumorously rushing of their words criss-crossing through the city; and of the citizens, jubilating crashing in upon their lethargy, and their cowardly relief bulging out municipal walls. A dumb show of fantasy citizens came out to depict Aram's fancies, and they made a lusty throng of silent exultation. And when they saw him, they gathered round him in a trice, pinching to see if he were real and then demanding all the wheres and whys and hows of his adventure, and he answered back all plainly cool (if only to heighten their heat)

A foully flamboyant and fudging old fowl sat down with a burp gun and (dropping her jowl) promised and threatened to riddle our Aram to ridiculously riddle him thoroughly and true. And after the question he told them the answer and

the downshot, and they found a used crown and capped him with it and married him on the spot to Gwendolyn (their fair queen) whom he had already met and fallen in love with. There was a moment of complete stop while he stood with his bride and all were scraping before them; and then Gwendolyn took back her hand, an elder slipped back the crown, and the whole phantasmagoria faded into the back and away. So that Aram became alone in his thoughts, again.

And he remembered that he had entered the adventure by purest accident. A stranger to the city, he had gone to the market-place and heard of the coming of the beast, and he had wondered and felt weird tingles of destiny plucking at his soul as he listened. At first the townsmen had conjured up ideas of her as the proverbial Lady from Babylon and laughed a good deal — and then they established that she was an inquisitive highwayman of sorts; and a terrified daughter of the town had seen her at a distance without being caught (and had seen a conglomerate monster). Champions who would set out to conquer her waxed fewer by the day, largely because all the previous Lotharios had failed to destroy her without leaving behind any clue as to the nature of her demand.

And being moved himself firstly by a flaring competitive exhilaration, he asked a lot of questions till the town fathers noticed his rudeness and sneered at his provincially bad manners and sardonically asked if he wouldn't like to set forth on the extermination campaign himself? And, having come to the big city to accomplish his fortune, he could scarcely turn his back on the invitation; not only because success would guarantee the most wondrous of fortunes but also because anyone who wishes to climb up in the world of men must keep his honor shield bright (so that everyone may see his own reflection in it) and allow no scorn or insult more than a glancing blow.

So he went out of the city to destroy its ravager, not knowing where to find it or how to destroy it, for the townsmen had not troubled to give him any



usual weapons, saying that only his head could save him now (and that he'd have a hard time saving his head). And Aram went forth in pride, being moved by desire to excel and so set himself off from all men. And also because the Thebans were damned and required a savior so that he went out to show himself superior by doing good to them that looked down hard noses at him, and even feeling a bit sorry for himself. He had everything to gain with little to lose since he really did not like himself so very much, was rather tired of his life, and even at worst stood to be a private hero albeit preposterous in public.

So he went out of the city to destroy. And his own tumult subsiding as he separated himself from municipal quakes, he decided to wander about the backroads for a bit. To keep out of the way of the monster for a bit, to mull over in his mind the question of the hideous question whose difficulty had sufficed to separate the limbs of all the previous contestants, of all who had heard it pronounced. Was it then a death sentence? No, for the Gods would not have set a stake into the world on which a man, at least in theory, could not avoid impalement (he hoped). And he wandered in the wilderness for more than a month, nominally wondering what the riddle might be. But, to be truthful, his brain rather quickly fatigued by the whole problem; and he wandered for a time with no purpose in hand but to wander, and avoid an encounter. Finally, become conscious of himself again, he became sick of the matter and wanted to leave. And return to Thebes was out of the question, not because he would have to face jeering (he was less sensitive now) but simply because there was nothing there that interested him any more. He grew curious about what was on the other side of the world and, bored with the backroads; set out on the main highway out of Boeotia. And whom should he meet, more than well-fed and exceedingly cheery, on the top of a hill by the border?

And he thought it inconceivable that such monstrosity could be natural in the universe, and preoccupied with the idea he asked her how she came by her ugliness. So she gave him a hard luck story about a God who had chased her amid shrieks for mercy and salvation, and her father (being another God) who had changed her into what she was so that no one would love her and she would only love her father, so that she was become something of a misanthrope. She told him all this in a halting voice of slow honey that stuck in his ears to clog unsym-

pathetic cogs in his thinking machine. Till he saw for the first time the great oddity of it all that a virgin should ravish a countryside's men and it seemed that the Thebans must have committed a fearsome sin against chastity, so that he was not so sure that he wanted to be their salvation.

And then when she thought she had seduced him, she asked him her question, and he told her the answer; and she dragged her carcass over to the cliff and pushed it off.

Aram, what is it that has four legs and two legs and three legs, and is weakest when it has the most? Aram was even more relaxed than she thought and absently answered, scarcely hearing the question. And she played her part to the hilt, which in her case meant dropping to be dead. The simple fact being that in his peripatetic musings on what riddle she might propose he had long since decided what the answer had to be.

If, he had reasoned (in an academic tone), the question was framed by the Gods to be put to all men, then any man must have the answer; and since it was so difficult it must be obvious. In any case,

what can a man ever answer except of himself? No man can step out of humanity (to destroy or to save it) and mold something more than is human. And all that we know of the world is spun out of ourselves, and we endlessly hope to catch reality and clamber its surfaces as we trot round our webworks.

Now, having attained to the answer, all he had to keep busy his hours was the most grating puzzle in his universe: what riddle to define man? what words to constrain the word-forger? A man takes a new role with each situationing moment; his roles are the forms of his life and without any substance of manhood behind or beneath them. So the marvel is not what he is but in what he may become, and he will become anything in which he may believe. (At this time Aram thought there were no limits to belief.) And how does one then classify chameleons, or gather mortals into eternity?

He did not think it strange that one might have an answer without the question, any more than to have a piece of jigsaw puzzle without the other pieces. And the problem then becomes one of finding the appropriate puzzle; and, if the piece one holds in the hand is sufficiently fine, it may be a great problem. Also, one must face the possibility that there is no puzzle which it fits. The puzzle may have once existed but have been since discarded. Or



there never was the puzzle, and the piece in hand is quite without relations, a property of nothingness. And it *would* be strange if, after all, there were some grand dilemma standing over yet like all of those in time.

And it was fact that there had been some who said that there was really no question which the monster asked, that there was only an insatiable maw. But then there were also some who insisted there was really no monster (period). It was rather widely noted, though, that holders of this latter view found enough to do within the city walls or were not seen from them again.

But himself purgatoried by the doubts, he had buried resolution, his ambition, and even thirst for justification; to jerkily wander with simple quest for distraction and forgetfulness. But obsession to know was the ground of his being and finally announced its command, and he gave up to it and went out, without hunting for he really knew she did not fail in her attentions to any man.

And her question was absurd. It was to have been the test that all his life had been a training for, the confirmation of all the fairish tales he had so slightly-assiduously studied as a child — which he might have laid aside in growing up except that all the adults he saw were worshipfully chasing after the self-same fabled objects, were playing all his childish games. He was not so much concerned that he be successful as that there be something counting as success, not so afraid he might be a loser as that there might not be a race to win, a reward to earn. And her query was so simple that an old child might have countered it, that the answer might as easily have come from the head as the heart. For the monster yet might have crowed the last laugh, seeing him as a babe and not posing maturity's question (which she had asked of all the others). Or there might never have been such a question, and then he would have saved others without capability to rescue himself.

But his mind was too tired to stretch any further or even sustain this attunement; but had to unbend, relax and allow him some bread and a lying down for the night. And, on the way to sleep, Aram found he envisioned the headlines of morning ('HOMETOWN BOY MAKES GOOD' and 'LITTLE LAME PRINCE ROUTS BEAST'), and, while he was going through the papers that were going through his head, the chorus came forward to lydiially intone

a hymn of thanks to the God (**Heiliger Dankgesang eines Genesenen**). But Aram was too young to understand, and pretended to be bored and turned over and went to sleep.

And he dreamed that he dreamed that he dreamed that he dreamed and he dreamed that he was a butterfly and then that he was a faun and then a dream that he had often dreamed imperfectly before: In the days of his youth, Aram had striven (with a kind father's encouragement) to be as excellent an athlete as he could make of himself. But he discovered that he had weak feet for running and, on closer inspection, that his heels — strangely — bore scars like bad pockmarks. And none would reply to his questioning, so he was left to his own conjectures: which were that he had been somehow guilty in childhood, that he had injured his feet through some wrong play or that they had been injured for him to make a punishment. And being ashamed to run before other youths, he had trained himself alone on a private road. And he had imagined a pacer running ahead; and often while

running he even thought he caught glimpses of someone in fact moving on before him, after whom he should follow. And he dreamed of his yearning to see the pacer's face and that he could not; but not because his feet were swollen misshapenly; rather because he had turned to them in the first place and into himself and had lowered his eyes from the pacer. And it was as though he had been in heaven and had one day kicked a hole in the floor to see what lay below it, and had fallen out; and in his waking hours he composed lines ending sadly,



Now

Falling silently and evermore

He often dreams he sinks with airy currents drowning him,  
This bringing into view

The blue-white skies

The vernal realm

The avenues of trees —

And Him Who moves beyond.

He awoke with a start and sat up, and, though he soon realized he was still down and in slumber, he was in too much of a hurry to stop and wake himself up. His foot ached as it had not for a long age, and he had to pull himself up using his staff in the unstarred dark of the morning, which clung to the earth



like a shroud. He leaned for a moment to pick up some strength and sniffed at the stenchy dew glistening on the grass, forgetting for a moment that he was dreaming and so couldn't smell it.

He knew without feeling that it was cold, and he sensed that it was ineluctably cold and that he could not feel the world because there was really nothing to be felt. He tried to dress himself by pulling coverings over his body, but his clothing seemed only illusion which rotted from wool into cotton into nothingness at his touch, so that he had nothing to hide his numb nakedness. All he had believed in, all that he had stood towards, all the things that had made him feel unalone in the marketplace, were rotting in front of his nose; and he had only (if he dared) to stretch out his hand in the darkness to feel at the festering and dissolution. All had been defense, the inherited propensity for mirage or self-binding, the demonstrating of Deity for the support of incumbrancy (himself included, one of these), tirades on brotherhood for the milking of the brothers, demagoguery on freedom the more subtly to cleanse out the brains without the brainless manlings dying, immorality stretching out to immortality while the other hand (well-cognizant of the first) reaches in and picks the watch. And it was not that he was sorry for Deity or the unincumbrant, or for boys with cheeks of tan and brains of whitewash, or for violated brothers or the unwatched bourgeois. His concern for these was lost as one loses politeness at a rap of one's head, and he was sick with hypocrisy and his motleyed weakness, and he would have retched if he had had the stomach for it. But he was empty and his world was empty, and there was not even silent mockery. There was soundlessness, darkness, and cold, these three; and he knew that he was dreaming, but he feared that he was dreaming of reality. It was not that he was conscious of these things, but he was conscious that he could be conscious of them, that they sat in a semi-circle at the back of his brain and were able to stand out at the summons of a moment.

His senses were not telling him very much, but at least and at last they were scraping at reality, and he had enough sense to be afraid and to know he had to flee though without any idea of the why or the whither. He was only engulfed with foreboding and a methodical desperation so that he hobbled onto the road and away from Thebes so fast that the self he left sleeping was quickly out of sight and almost out of mind. And he saw himself go (through his

eyelids) and knew his desperation and lack of destination but said nothing because he did not know what to say.

Meanwhile himself on the road had an arduous but (as he glanced back on it) nearly an effortless (blunted) journey, and he pressed on in his haste on the staff and the good foot and noted the crevices of dawn cracking grey in the east. And now (by the dull light) he inertly made out an ocean which he had already heard for some time slurping the side of his road as he walked it, as he climbed up a hill and looked vainly for something to crouch at its top. Then, coming to the summit (and easily forgetting it), he on a sudden looked for a city to be familiar on his left, but none could be seen in the gloom. Although, turning to the right again, he saw a low obstruction to the dawn, the oblong shape of some Corinthian house he should have known but not anticipated, mounted like a lighthouse on a cliff.

Aram approached and came to it, although the distance over the somber grasses seemed more than he had covered since beginning. By the time he reached the structure, the world was much lighter, a dry wind was blowing in from the sea, and he even thought he heard a bird calling in the distances. Stone grey-ness was forbidding and there was an air of desolation that whispered about the building, but he thought there might be something worth seeing inside and, finding a doorway without a door, stepped in. And was caught off guard by black darkness. So that he tripped and fell in the doorway with dull pain so intense that he feared he had crushed the bones of his knees. Then, staggering at last to his feet, holding to the walls because his staff had been snapped, his dreads burst on him with an instant awareness of another's presence in the vault and, forcing his eyes, showed him the form of a form with a gossamer shroud reclining in death on a bier he could stretch out and touch with his hand. And he knew who it was and shuddered to wonder if he were right (it could as well be a bride, a lioness, or a mother), and remembered the commandment Thou shalt not Uncover as he cowered forth to break it. Then the face began to smile through the veil and request him, and he raised the part of the staff that was still in his hand to crush down on the laughing, and his ears saw the sea crashing in and upon him and, even over this, the agony shrieks of a sphinx.

And Aram awoke. With teeth clenched to keep them from chattering and hair matted sweatily on temples, and a necessity for spending several minutes to recall where he was and the place towards which he went. He felt no desire to get up; or, once having gotten up, to continue to Thebes. But he discovered



that it is possible to do things without desire, and he made himself ready to go.

As he clambered up on his mare of the morning, he noticed that his steeds of the previous night shied away from his touch and soon disappeared altogether (with the mists), and with all of his straining he could not remember their faces. But he knew that at least one had carried him to terror; he had learned — darkly — that there was horror in his world as real and natural as himself. And he sensed that also he had made scarcely a starting with the Fury-bird of the high places: that her harsh riddle was only now resolved to be the father of others, which he would have to meet and answer and have to meet unwonted suffering that he might even understand.

He raised his eyes to ponder the road he was to follow, and he strained them in vain for its attraction. He considered of Thebes the city, of plaudits and the Queen, and none nor their sum had enticement sufficient to pull him thence; yet pulled he was and irresistably, as by some power standing beyond (which would drag him to these things only, finally, to pull

him through). And he turned for a moment to look back on his heroics, and was struck again by weakness; for he sought a guiding purpose of his own in what he had done, and the search was fruitless. Suddenly it came to him that he had never even decided what he was going to do as king; and, laughing, cursing at his stupidity, he stood up to go.

He was tired of his eternal morbidity and debates, and hungry and in haste to get on. He set out, nonetheless, at a walk, with deliberating feet and a staff, and not even his imagination at a run. And he knew that a bright sun in the morning does not mean that the world is all clear and good, that it means only that a bright sun is in the morning. But he was satisfied for the hour with this and in fact even happy, because it is not everyone's good fortune to take the walk of his morning in sunlight.

And, as the son stumbled out almost on three legs, having run in on two and writhed on all four, we, also in the theatre, arose from our seats to stumble out

and after him.

## Nocturne

Quiet.

Quiet.

Quiet.

Listen: the sounds of silence:

A river slipping largo,  
Softly singing itself.

The garrulous wind droning  
In patient pine-top ears.

A cowbell tolling twilight.  
A drowsy cricket snoring.

A grandmother clock clicking  
Her knitting needles in age's  
Lengthy, sleepless nights.

Your sleepy warming sigh,  
A feather in my ear  
In the dark.

Quiet.

*Ed Doughtie*



# Breakfast

by Alan Bradford

"We like it here so much," said Mrs. Pagoda, speaking, as usual, for herself and her companion Mrs. Dropkin. "Everyone is so nice."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Dropkin, a tiny woman with a thin, sweet smile, and timid eyes. Her companion was vigorous and bold-looking, her gaunt features overspread with a thick coating of powder and her auburn hair trimmed short around her neck in the latest girlish fashion. When she laughed, as she often did, her laughter, beginning with a full, deep burst subsided gradually to a repeated glottal click, which sounded in her throat like a metronome at high speed or a mad woodpecker perched on some hollow trunk.

"And it's so much fun the way they let you do everything you want to. I mean after being in the city working so hard every day, being told to do this and that—I mean not that I don't like my job, because I do. I work for very nice people. But you do know what I mean, don't you? I mean it's the same way with you when you get out of school in the summer, isn't it? Not that you don't like school because I know you do, a nice young man like you, but don't you like being at a resort like this—I mean the relaxed atmosphere, even though you do work here, I mean the people are so nice and all."

"Yes," said Sam, the waiter, with a frozen smile, "they certainly are." Carefully, he extricated her empty prune-juice glass and inserted in its place a bowl of cereal, avoiding her gesturing hands.

"I mean you know how you go to some places and they don't have anything for you to do there and you just sit around all day putting on weight—and the people aren't even nice. I mean it's so much nicer here, with the art lessons every morning. By the way, Stanley—" and Sam self-consciously pretended not to notice that she had forgotten his name again—"did you see my latest masterpiece? It's on the first row on the left."

He told her that he had seen it and thought it very good. All he could remember was seeing twelve

remarkably identical bowls of fruit hanging in the lobby, drawn with painfully exact realism in the particular manner of the morning's lesson. He had watched the "art lessons," taught by a handsome young instructor with a gift for flattering middle-aged ladies. The teacher roved among his pupils, bestowing compliments, here and there painting in lights and shadows, and on weekends modestly accepting tips for his labors.

"Mine's the first one on the left," she went on. "The most prominent place. Oh, and it's so nice today we're going to paint the lake. Isn't that nice?"

Sam looked out the window where the lawn sloped down to the water's edge. The lake shone with a still and absolute blue, its surface steady, undisturbed. The high pines and cedars, taller in Maine than anywhere else, lining the shore, made right angles with their reflections. Far across the lake, the White Mountains of New Hampshire were a visible shadow on the sky, proof that it was indeed a fine, clear day. His eyes moved back up the green slope, past the brilliant red and yellow plastic lawn chairs, some of them already occupied, and stopped on the sun terrace, just outside the dining room. Pools of water from yesterday's rain still stood, but the houseman had begun to sweep them away and had unfolded bright chairs and placed them around the porch. The front of the building, of gaudy yellow stucco, with red tile roofing, rose in three railed tiers, giving the appearance of a showboat, Sam thought. On either side of the building, square towers projected like shoulders, and Sam felt for a moment that the hotel, like its occupants, was shaking off sleep, to thrust once more its ridiculous towers into the bright air. The coarse but shrill laughter of the chambermaids could be heard, their feet trooping up the fire escape. Outside, the final bell rang for breakfast. Sam had become unconscious of Mrs. Pagoda's continued chatter.

"But did you notice, Sidney, the way it was done? It's sort of modernistic you might say. And do you know that he told me it reminds him very much of the work of Cézanne, the great painter. What did you think of it, Stanley?"



"Oh," he replied, his eyes and mind returning, called back more by sensitivity to the name than anything else. "Oh, yes, I think so definitely."

"Think what?"

"Uh — that it's — uh — modern — oh — and very good, too," he added, gathering his scattered thoughts.

"Oh, Sam," said Mrs. Dropkin thinly, with her sweet little smile. "I'll have my coffee and toast now, please."

"Yes, ma'am, certainly," he said, turning his back, glad of the opportunity to escape.

"But hurry back, Stewart," called Mrs. Pagoda after him. "We have so much to talk about."

He walked the length of the dining room to the kitchen, feeling a little sick. People were always eating, it seemed. He almost hated himself for tolerating Mrs. Pagoda. "What a summer job," he thought. What bothered him most was the professional coldness creeping into his whole personality. He could feel it, and knew that it was like the proud false stateliness of the Bear Lake Inn with its architectural shabbiness defying all laws but that of the resort hotel. The law that enabled it to exist was unquestioned by all who came there. "The ideal spot for a vacation. Informality is the keynote," it boasted. And it is only the peculiar logic of the resort hotel that equates shabbiness and cheapness with "informality." Few guests ever saw the shack behind the hotel where the employees lived. He felt like telling Mrs. Pagoda that she was living in a post-card world, that the manager of the hotel, behind his smile, was a bastard. And that the reason for the informal atmosphere was that he was too cheap to improve the appearance of his hotel. Furthermore, he pictured himself saying to her, "I am nice to you only because I see you as a dollar sign, not as a person." But one accepts the law and the logic after all. As the hotel and its management defy good taste, so its employees must defy ethical conventions. Sam had watched the professional waiters work. He had seen one of them spit in the water glass of a customer he did not like, then smile warmly, pull out the lady's chair for her when she came in. And he had watched the smile turn to a sneer as the waiter turned his back. And in the end the customer, too, would accept the law and the logic. The water tasted the same.

He went through the swinging door into the kitchen. Behind a wall of steam, their dark faces bathed

in sweat and grease, the cooks worked in furious heat. Flames leaped high above the range. The waiters bellowed their orders. The heat made everyone angry.

"Ordering one steak, well done."

"We ain't got steak for breakfast."

"But it's for a special customer."

"Well, tell the special customer to go to hell, O.K.? Tell 'em I said so."

Sam wiped his forehead with a side towel. Many smells hung in the heavy air, the appetizing odors of breakfast mixed with the nauseous stink from the fat, overflowing garbage cans. Why does food smell so much worse after people have handled it, thought Sam. He let the coffee drain slowly from the urn into his pot.

A little dishwasher with an armful of glasses scuttled across the doorway, almost colliding with a busboy with a heavily loaded tray. Once Sam had seen a busboy collide with the headwaiter. They had argued, hit each other, then rolled on the floor screaming obscenities at one another. The headwaiter had torn at the busboy's hair; the other had pounded and scratched frantically. A few minutes later it was over. The headwaiter had brushed off his coat and trousers. Assuming a dignified pose, he had gone back to the dining room and smiled obsequiously at old ladies. Mrs. Pagoda said he was a very nice man.

Sam put his tray down on a stand, cleared away the dishes from the table, and then served the two ladies. They were discussing scrabble; Mrs. Pagoda was scrabble champion of the Bear Lake Inn.

"Do you play scrabble, Steve?" she asked.

"No, ma'am, not much."

"Oh, but you should, it's amazing the things you can learn from playing scrabble. Did you know there is such a word as 'batik'? B-A-T-I-K? It's amazing the things you learn. Oooh, look at those sweet rolls. Now, Stanley, you shouldn't have brought those," she giggled as she began to take a bite. "You know how fattening they are."

"Yes, ma'am," said Sam, looking out at the lake and wanting to go swimming, "but you might as well live it up. You're on vacation."

Mrs. Pagoda laughed, at first rich, rolling laughter, then low and clicking in her throat like some silly woodpecker down in the trees around the lake.

# Cover Every Track

by Barbara Barksdale

I WAS late. I should never have even gone into the antique shop except that a hand-drawn map in the window matched the half of one I had owned for years, and the chance of fitting the two together was worth a minute's delay. I was impatient. The shopkeeper, a gentle woman, refused to hurry her full-figured customer into deciding which of the ornate china vases she would buy. Either would have suited her. I fingered a rosy little clock, glancing at the dubious matron in open irritation. Then, looking back down at the counter, I picked up a dark carved hour glass and, flipping it over, I watched the sand spill steadily through its narrow neck. I held it in both hands, staring at the white sand, suddenly feeling a vague sensation and being certain of having had the same sensation before, but long ago. Yet, it was not the same, not quite the same. I had once cupped my own two hands together like this and let dry white sand slip through. In a tiny stream—steady, but as tiny as I could without stopping it. Then, there had been no glass, only the sand in my own hands. And they were smaller then, the hands of a child. It had probably happened hundreds of times during the summers, one after another, when we went to the island.

Mother always drove us down herself. But I remember her composing a sober face to listen to father's annual vexation over what people would think of two women, alone, driving with three children in an automobile all the way to the coast, even though he knew that when he finished she would stoutly say, "Oh, pooh, Father," and plunge on to some new subject with gay banter. Aunt Kate's being along was some consolation, though. She was ten years older than mother, "my sensible sister, Katherine," Mother always called her, shaking her head and laughing. "Your spinster sister, Katherine," Father countered with a scowl. On the way down, the twins would tickle each other in the back seat until they both got mad and Mother would admonish over her shoulder that Gardener should be a little gentleman and not pester his sister so, although Cissie always had him weak from her pokes in the ribs be-

fore Gard could even collect his defense. After a few more miles they began to fret again. They couldn't remember what the island was like, even how our house looked. Since I was three years older, and could see every part of it when I closed my eyes, I began to remind them of the things that filled the long summer days. How they had waded and played near the water all day. Whenever we went out, I usually played with them for a while, but Cissie and Gard always ended by flinging handfuls of wet sand at each other, and I would run back to sit against the dunes where the sand was dry. Scooping some of it into my hands, I made the opening smaller and smaller, then held my hands up into the wind and watched it blow the stream apart and away. The wind is one of the things I remember first about summers on the island. It blew so much of the time that I remember feeling uneasy whenever it died down for a while, being almost afraid to breathe hard until it was up again. After the wind, I remember the sound that was always there, no matter where on the island you went. Coming from the mainland, through the waterway on the ferry, you hardly heard the sound. You could see the water in the marshes, lying so far out on one side that it finally blurred together with the sky. But the water in the marshes came in and went out again quietly. All the way to the island and all along down the inland side, the water met the shore with a gentle slap, slap. But, as we rounded the end and started up the winding road that followed the line of the long beach, I could hear the sound clearly. The waves breaking, then washing far in before they were pulled back out again. And it was this sound—long and low—never ending because another wave came to begin it again before it could die—that I can hear this minute. We drove almost halfway along the island before we turned off the black road into the drive that led to our own house. It dipped low, then cut up and over a rise that was sandy and covered with the tall dry marsh grass. As we drove towards the rise, I always leaned out the window to hear the grass whispering in the wind just for a moment because I knew that once over the rise and



onto the broader bank where our house was, all that I heard would be filled with the sound that came from the beach. And, every year, as we topped the rise and caught sight of our house, backed against a dune that sloped far down to the water, it seemed to me that the sound was heavier and longer than before. At night sometimes, when we had just come, I lay waiting for sleep where it was so dark, waiting for the sound to stop and the stillness to come and bring me sleep. And, in my child's mind, I believed I could shut it out. From the rushing in and running out again, I tried to hide in the softness of my pillow, but far within, in the dimness that stretched inside me, I heard the same sound—the rushing in and running out again. And even in my child's mind, I remember thinking it would always be so, that I could never shut out the sound of the sea.

In the mornings, when the sand was smooth and the water dazzled calmly far out in the sun, we looked for shells and tried to catch the tiny animals darting in the clear pools before they burrowed into the sand leaving a bubbly hole behind them. Then, when the water began to come in, we jumped high over each wave as it broke—faster and higher, laughing when we missed until the waves were too high, and we ran to to roll over and over in the hot dry sand, then lay still with the sun on us until the feeling ran out of us and we could have been a part of the sand on which we lay—all under the scorching white ball that held its place high above us while we slept. Then, up the dune racing through the high waving grass to the house to eat. Maybe watermelon for dessert and we would run to the upstairs porch and lean out over the railing to see who could spit the seeds farther. By then the wind would be up and we would go back to the water and try to find the swells just before they broke, churning up the sand and little stones. The sky might fill with black, boiling clouds and the water break harder. Looking out, we would catch sight of a lightning flash as it shot from one swollen cloud into another, then we would see the storm—far out across the dark water and feel the wind bringing it to us. Watching until the drops fell on us, we turned in and saw that the wind had gotten to the tall grass whipping through it so that it bent crazily from one direction to the other. Then we ran towards the house and in—slamming the door behind us. But, even inside, the smell of the sea was there, and the salt clung to our cheeks and in our tangled hair. Above the sound of the rain, I

could still hear the crashing of the waves on the beach where we had been, and the door fought within its hinges to be opened to the sea again.

How many summers passed that way, I have long ago lost count, but I can still remember the summer he was there and the day he came to our door out of the storm. It had begun to storm every afternoon, and this meant that before long all the houses dotting the sandy white ribbon that outlined the edge of the island would be left alone to the battering winds of September. After one more day, we, too, would cover the furniture, and our house would be closed up and drab like the merry-go-round in the mainland carnival when it rolled out of town. Cissie and Gard scrapped noisily in the kitchen making lemonade and, in the living room where I sat with Mother and Aunt Kate, the sound of their high voices could be heard above the wind, blustering in and around the corners of the house. Mother had moved over by a window where she always sat when it stormed, and her face had the look of wonder that made Aunt Kate always declare that she sometimes looked younger than Cissie. I sat in Cissie's wicker rocker near Aunt Kate's bigger one and watched her embroider. I never tired of watching her hands. They were deft, but, more than being simply clever, whenever they moved, they looked completely under her control. I looked away from her slender fingers down at my own. They were short, but if I tried and trained them, someday, they might be like hers. And in my lap, deep in the folds of my skirt, I began to work them touching the ends together like Cissie and Gard when they sang about the spider going up the garden wall. I heard the knocking first, coming into the room from out of the driving rain. Then Mother heard



it too. Turning her head towards the door, she laughed that it was "hardly the weather for guests." But, Aunt Kate, without looking up, assured her that it was the wind, whipping under that loose shutter they should have replaced a month ago. But Mother sat twisted around listening, and when the rapping was too insistent to be our shutter, she rose to answer it. She had slipped back the latch and was cracking door open to see when the wind pushed it past her finger tips and threw it banging back against the wall while a wave of rain blew inside. At the sound, Aunt Kate looked up, and we all saw him framed in the doorway for a second before he stepped in past Mother to catch the door and close it again.

"Sorry to enter so abruptly, ma'am, but you were



getting a bit damp." He smiled so broadly at Mother that she almost laughed back, "Speak for yourself, young man. What can I do for you besides hang you up to dry?"

But Mother was wrong. He was not a young man, maybe fifteen years older than she was. His short curly hair had been separated in front by the rain water into bouncy sprigs. There was a white spike on either side, but the rest was a golden red that I have never seen again. At one look, I saw that he had been given the very face to match his hair. It was broad, with just enough freckles scattered across to make it jaunty even when he didn't smile. His eyes matched the big cloudy blue marble that I kept in my treasure box, instead of playing with it, so that it would never chip. He was talking to Mother and Aunt Kate, standing in the puddle that was spreading from his feet into a dark circle on the mat rug. And, even when he moved to the chair to sit down, the spot stayed for a long time before it lightened again. Mother must have told him my name because he nodded down at me, and when he did, new little trickles ran down his face around his smile. Mother wondered where he was staying. "Not far down the shore." His r's tripped and caught on his tongue like stumbling, eager feet. He laughed. It was sudden and short. Then he said that it was his first summer in this part of the country and he ought never to have left his work but being the man that he was, he would leave anything if there was the blue sea nearby and the blowing wind had a bit of brine in it. By then, even Gard and Cissie had heard his deep voice. They shyly eyed him as he talked from behind the kitchen door jamb until he abruptly nodded his head towards them and laughed, "Boo." We heard them both giggling and running back from the door before Mother led one forth in either hand to be introduced. "So there are really four girls here and only one man. Fancy that." And he shot a look at Aunt Kate. Until then, she had listened to his talk, her head bent over the delicate cloth she was embroidering with a rich blue thread that followed her flashing silver needle in and out. But, at this, she looked up, a smile flickering across her face until she met his eyes. Then hers lowered again suddenly. He turned back to Mother and the twins at her feet and went on talking in steamy cheerfulness. The room was close now, and it seemed quieter since the rain was moving inland. The room should have been gray and dim in the

quiet, but Aunt Kate reached towards the lamp beside her and turned it higher. The circle of light widened in the room. It glowed on her gold thimble and played in his hair that grew burnished as it dried. I listened to him rumbling easily, hearing my mother speak sometimes too, and in her voice was the laughter that made it rich and full-toned whenever she spoke. But my eyes were on Aunt Kate's hands, softened in the mellow light but never ceasing to smooth and hold the cloth firmly as the needle worked in and out again and again. A chair scraped and I looked up to see that he was rising, pushing back the big chair in which he had talked so long. He opened the door to leave and long bright patches of sunlight spilled across the floor. The lamplight was only a pale, faint yellow blur in the room now. The reappearing sun had drowned away its richness. He turned and thanked Mother while Gard and Cissie tagged behind her to the sunny doorway. I heard him promise to teach both of them tricks in the sand tomorrow if they would come out "bright and early."



This time the r's fairly somersaulted out. "And you too, little daisy-child," he craned his neck far around the door to boom at me. "And a good evening, Miss Katherine." He softened his voice, but it was so clear that the words seemed to hold together in the empty, airy room long after he left.

That night, lying in bed, even in the darkness all around me, I fancied I could still hear his voice and, staring harder and harder, I tried to see his face again, but it would never quite show clearly — becoming fainter and fainter. The washing of the waves was slower all the time, until I finally fell asleep and dreamed of waking up and turning into a giant daisy that ran and danced along the sand at the water's edge in the bright sunlight until a dark shadow spread out around me and I looked up to see huge hands coming down upon me. Aunt Katherine's hands — darkening everything until they began to pick off my petals one by one and I tried to cry out, to tell her that it was really me but her hands held me fast so that I couldn't move until every beautiful petal lay withering in the hot sand.

I opened my eyes the next morning when my room first filled with the early light. The house was still and I could feel the quietness just as I did its coolness. I closed my eyes again and let go of the sensations that merge sleep into waking. But a thought bounded into my brain and opened my eyes wide.

Today was our last day. I listened and began to hear my sound again. I looked out and saw the tide lying politely far out from the beach while curling little breakers came discreetly in a ways, then retreated. And, on our last day, he had promised to show us tricks in the sand. I dressed, was downstairs and out looking down on the beach before I really woke up. The day was fair and would be very hot. I could tell from the white look everything had already. I walked half down the dune, then stopped, feeling suddenly that I was the only person on the earth, that every living thing had gone while I slept and now the sun looked down mocking me, that of all, I should have been the one person who had been left. But the thought was startled away before I could hold fast to it. I had glanced down where the slope fanned out to flatness and I saw him standing looking out at the water. He stood very still, both hands spread flat against his hips, thumbs tucked under his belt in back. I watched him like that for a long time, wishing I could see his face, wondering how his voice would sound now. A solitary pelican swooped down after a fish and back into the sky again. His eyes followed the precise and graceful bird. Suddenly he tore one hand from his belt and ran it through his hair. When I saw him do this, I turned and ran through the sand into the grass and up to the house before he caught sight of me. I let myself back in, feeling a rush of coolness against my face in the dim hall. Up in my room, I sat before the window on a little stool as I had the afternoon before with my hands folded, tightly-pressed between my knees. I could see him. Sometimes he walked a few steps down the beach, then stopped to look down at his bare feet or out at the sandbar that looked like a glaring mirage under the sun up here. Once he turned his face towards our house. I knew that he must see me at the window because I felt his eyes on me although I never moved.

The twins awoke, and the stillness was sent rudely away when they saw that he was waiting for them. Clamoring to be fed and outside, they talked of nothing else but the promised tricks until they scampered out into the sunlight. I started to clear away the dishes, then set down the tottering stack I held with a clatter and ran out the door behind them. "You sleepy-heads were very nearly too late for my tricks," he called up to them, "but since you've brought your sweet sister with you, come ahead." They laughed and ran faster, but by the time they reached the water's edge where he stood, he was walking on his hands away from them, his big feet waving in the air and his pants cuffs flapping gaily. The tricks he knew were wonderful. We tried to do

as he told and follow him, but we were laughing so that we sat down in the sand and watched him covort alone. Finally, he ran to pull us up and a look of mock-seriousness clouded his face. "And, now, children, I am going to teach you the cleverest trick of all. With it, you may go anyplace in this whole world, but no one can ever follow or find you if you know how to walk away and cover your tracks." At this, he moved backwards one step in the sand, then lifted his foot and deftly wiped out the print he had just made. Another step away from us, he swept smooth the trace again. We could never have proved that he had just been beside us. "Now, you must follow me. Turn and begin." We obediently turned our backs to him and started stepping away. I brushed the sand lightly with my toes to leave no marks. The wind was blowing against my back, whipping my hair against my cheek and into my eyes. I tried to push it away and kept walking. The wind bringing his voice towards us was playing tricks, and his words reverberated all around. "Cover your tracks, children. Cover every track." I felt a prickle coming up my back and running to my neck. We were far down the beach when he shouted, "Now, halt." Looking up I saw our house, small and very drab against the whiteness that separated it from us. In front of our house the whiteness was long and sloping. Coming towards us, it merged into undulating lines, waving one above the other like frosting being poured on top of a cake. In some places the smooth curves broke into irregular mounds, topped with rusty grass. Small coves fitted between these and the deeper ones were shadowed. Only here and there did a piece of driftwood or refuse soil the whiteness that stretched before me like the splendid cape the princess wore in a story I loved to read to the twins.

I heard him shout a long and echoing "Hello," and turned my smarting eyes away from the sand to see that he stood with the water splashing about his ankles, shielding his eyes with one hand while the other waved in broad sweeps above his head. My eyes followed his out to a bobbing white cap. Someone was drifting along. I decided it must be Mother because our neighbors had already left and Aunt Kate would hardly, well, Aunt Kate rarely even went out to look at the water, much less go in it. She had caught a run down the beach that was sweeping her on by, but when he kept waving, she began to come in. She swam until she reached the breakers, then caught one to bring her in. She turned to look for another when a great swell lifted and carried her so far in before it broke that when it ran out again, she was floundering in a few inches of water. He went towards her, made a deep bow like a comical courtier,



and began gallantly to help her up. When she threw back her head and jerked off the cap, I saw that it was not Mother, but Aunt Kate who had come in at his call. He was speaking with a rueful smile, tilting his head towards her and offering her his arm. She slipped hers through, then, looking down at herself dripping with watery sand, she began to laugh — flustered and gay. And, as they walked away in the direction we had just come, I began to think it had not been my Aunt Kate whom I saw at all. I picked up a dirty green bottle from the sand and tossed it out as hard as I could, then moved toward a shaded cove and sat down in the hint of coolness there. But the day was almost half spent, and the heat hovered all around to remind me of its passing.

We waited lunch on Aunt Kate until the twins' clamorous entreats became too shrill to be ignored. We began to eat. Their sounds subsided. Mother neglected her plate, staring thoughtfully through the twins. Once she turned to me about to speak, then changed her mind and lowered her eyes in silence again. We were just finishing when thunder rumbled sharply overhead. The afternoon storm was beginning early. It swept in suddenly from the sea and broke over the island like an egg someone had cracked too fast. Usually when a downpour came up so suddenly like this, it was gone soon. The twins went upstairs to amuse themselves until it passed. Mother moved to her place by the window. Her usual awe at the storm was clouded with perplexity that strained into foreboding as the storm raged. There she sat all afternoon. Occasionally she turned to see if I still sat curled up in Aunt Kate's rocker. She said scarcely a word, but once she turned around suddenly and said, "Maybe he's returning our hospitality," with a laugh — thin and nervous — that fell quickly, as though she had tried to draw back the words. The wind pressed sheets of water against the panes with renewed gusts. I could not remember such a long squall. Maybe a genie had been in the bottle this morning and I had set him free to move above the clouds blowing rain down upon us as long as he liked with his bulging eyes and puffy cheeks and ears that were pointed and long. Wherever she was with him, she would be safe. He was stronger than any harm. The genie blew on — laughing at the fun he had whisked away from us like a rainbow-hued bubble we had seen but never reached.

When the afternoon was spent, it began to grow still. I opened the door and went out to see the sun set. The sand was packed hard, breaking into lumps where I walked. The sun dropped behind our house

and the long shadows began to spread together until darkness covered the beach like the tide. Water and sand had blended, and what they had become was all black. The whiteness was gone and tomorrow when it came again, we would be gone. A breeze fanned my hair against my face. There were voices in the breeze — Aunt Kate's mingled with his in its gentleness. I turned and saw their figures, blurred, but darker than the twilight around them. I would watch, but my head swam suddenly and I turned away, trying to get back to the house, out of the darkness that made me stumble in haste. I tried to look ahead, but all in front of my eyes was the thing I knew I had just seen. He had been kissing Aunt Kate. I was almost to the house when I heard a sudden rush of footsteps behind me and I turned just as Gard caught me round the waist. I struggled free of his grasp and, just as he ran away, reached down, scooped up great handfuls of the wet sand and flung them hard after the horrid boy.

The next morning, when Mother woke me up to help her, it was dark. She would finish packing while Aunt Kate fixed breakfast. Then we would wake up Cissie and Gard long enough to settle them in the car and start driving while it was still cool. We worked quietly in the lightening rooms, then ate in silence. There was little left to do. Mother sent me upstairs to rouse the twins and, when I came down again, I could hear her explaining something to Aunt Kate in the assumptive tone she loved to use.

"Why, I wouldn't think of leaving without saying good-bye. He'll be here soon anyway. We're not in that much of a hurry, Kate. I'd feel awful if we just sped away now."

Aunt Kate started to say something that Mother interrupted with an exasperated, "Now, Kate." But Aunt Katherine's voice broke in clear and firm this time, "There'll be no need to wait. I'm certain that he won't come."

I went back up to the twins and, in a few moments, Mother followed to take them downstairs. Only some small things left to pack now and then we waited in the car for Mother to make her final check inside before she locked the door and gave it one last jerk for assurance. There were two things I always remembered to do as we left the island. I looked back once to tell our house good-bye, if, perhaps, I should never see it again. And I leaned my head out the car to hear the marsh grass rustling in the morning breeze that stirred in the low place just before the car pulled up and onto the black road that wound towards the mainland.





*Portrait*

*L. L. Smith*

# To Know God

by George C. Hudson, Jr.

"There is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land."<sup>1</sup>

In the land of Israel, in the days of King Jeroboam, The Lord spoke to a man, Hosea: "Go, take unto thee a wife of whoredoms . . . for the land hath committed great whoredom, departing from the Lord."<sup>2</sup> So Hosea, the prophet, took a harlot, Gomer, for his wife; and, thus, the book of Hosea becomes an analogy likening the relationship of Hosea to his adulterous wife to the relationship of the people of Israel to their God. As the editors of the King James version concisely expressed preceding Chapter three of Hosea, "The prophet symbolizes Israel's desolation before restoration."<sup>3</sup> So, Gomer, in turn, symbolizes Israel.

It seems that those who sat so long and laboriously to set down the words of the Bible were trying to say that there is something in "knowing God" very like something in "knowing a woman." So, we find correspondingly that the Hebrew word meaning to know or to understand is the same word that means to know through sexual intercourse. "Go yet, love a woman beloved of her friend, yet an adulteress, according to the love of the Lord toward the children of Israel who took to other gods, and love flagons of wine . . . and I said to her, Thou shalt abide for me many days; thou shalt not play the harlot, and thou shalt not be for another man: so will I also be for thee."<sup>4</sup>

If one notes the date of the King James version, he will find that this contribution was made by its editors in 1611. It is not strange to suppose then that the work of these translators who quite obviously, from their notes,<sup>5</sup> perceived Hosea's analogy would be well known in their time. A number of John Donne's early sonnets and love poems were written during the time that the final work on the King

James version was being done, and one may find in his poetry echoes of a chain of thought similar to those of Hosea.

A human being, according to the classically accepted concept, seems to be made up of two segments, his body and his soul. His body is quite observable and tangible externally; and, with a scalpel, one might even observe its inner-workings. Along with this, there is a realm of experience by the individual that he seems to be able to relate to others: I feel this, I see that, I hurt. Although one cannot experience this individual's experiences, the facts are knowable and capable of being catalogued. But, on the other hand, there is that division of the body normally referred to as "the Soul." Since "Soul" is by no means a neutral word, as it imparts to the skeptic one feeling and to the orthodox Christian another, some other reference word is useful. It may be called the "I" of "me," or it may be referred to as in Schopenhauer's system — changing the subject pronoun, "I," to simply "subject" and the object pronoun, "me," to "object." Thus, the subject is that which is knowing but never known, and the object is that which is known but never knowing.<sup>6</sup>

Most assuredly, I cannot express the subject part of my being through either the printed or spoken word. I cannot tell someone else about it in the way that I am able to tell them of the object side of my being. Consider then, love — not love in the modern sense; for the modern American succeeds in either vulgarizing love, for example note the modern connotations of the word "sex" and the arrival of a new word, "sexy" — or, he completely romanticizes love. Consider that love normally listed on the side of spiritual experiences. Love is something that one human can declare verbally for another; but, try as he may, he cannot express it verbally except to say that it exists or to describe its symptoms or, so to speak, the outward manifestations of an inward love. So, the human desiring expression of his inner feeling may sit and sigh all day in the words of Hamlet:

<sup>1</sup>Hosea, 4:1, King James Version.

<sup>2</sup>Hosea, 1:2. Modern critics do not feel that God actually spoke to Hosea, but that Hosea, looking back upon his life, saw in it these things. The point, then, is not whether God spoke to Hosea but merely the fact that the biblical recorders use this peculiar analogy.

<sup>3</sup>Note before Hosea #3, King James.

<sup>4</sup>Hosea, 3:1-4.

<sup>5</sup>See note #3.

<sup>6</sup>cf. Schopenhauer, *The World As Idea*. Book 1, section 2.



"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt"<sup>7</sup> — a recourse that is not very profitable; or, he may decide as Donne that our bodies "nor are drosse to us, but allay."<sup>8</sup> Here then, perhaps, is the key to the similarity of knowing God and knowing woman. The love of a man for a woman seems to have its culmination of expression in the act of sexual intercourse; and, in idealistic terms, they know the essence of their love which is on the "subject" level through the actions of the body, which to them is "object." The expression thus becomes impossible without the body: "Else a great prince in prison lies."<sup>9</sup> The actor is thus known through his actions. Accordingly, we consider God as something very like the "I" in "me" or as a "subject." The thoughts and questions which occur to us in relation to God are like those that occur to us about the essence of our being, our "I." Therefore, if God is in this realm of "subject" we may know him only through his actions.<sup>10</sup> "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

Perhaps if we can understand this analogy, we may understand that quality in Donne which is pointed out to the student as a strange admixture of the sacred and the profane.<sup>11</sup> Donne does not draw a sharp line between his amages concerning sex and religion simply because he thinks in terms of the biblical analogy. A line such as "O stay, three lives in one flea spare" which seems to point toward the Trinity, or "Our marriage bed and marriage temple is" may not be so great an anomaly as it at first appears.

The John Donne who, in his youth, penned the seduction poems; and the Donne who was later the composer of equally beautiful sermons seem, at times, to be resolved with difficulty into one man. Yet, here is an analogy that is common to both periods of the man's life and shows the continuity of his thought. Nevertheless, one may, for purposes of organization, consider the two bodies of work separately.

Turning to Donne's Songs and Sonnets we may find that Donne felt that sexual and ideal love are not two separate entities but are the same. He feels then that the proper and only expression of spiritual love comes through the mediation of the body:

"But since my soule, whose child love is,  
Takes limmes of flesh, and else could nothinge doe,  
More subtile than the parent is,  
Love must not be, but take a body too,  
And therefore what thou wert, and who,  
I bid love aske, and now  
That it assume thy body, I allow,  
And fixe it selfe in thy lip, eye, and brow."<sup>12</sup>

He gives us this fact using the word "know" in its biblical sinse in "The Blossome":

"A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,  
Is to a woman, but a kinde of ghoste;  
How shall she know my heart . . ."<sup>13</sup>

Yet, Donne has a passion for equal mixtures both between the two lovers (whatever dies was not mixt equally)<sup>14</sup> and in the proportion of mental or spiritual love and sexual love. We find him declaring that neither can suffice alone:

"That loving wretch that sweares,  
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,  
Which he in her Angelique finds,  
Would sweare as justly, that he heares,  
In that dayes rude hoarse ministralsey, the  
spheares."<sup>15</sup>

On the other hand, he says in "A Valediction Forbidding Mourning":

"Dull sublunary lover's love  
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit  
Absence, because it doth remove  
Those things which elemented it."

Donne feels the existence of love of the ideal or "subject" level, and he also feels its ineffable nature: "By a love so much refined that we ourselves know not what it is,"<sup>16</sup> or again, "Yet know not what we loved or why."<sup>17</sup>

Perhaps, the most clear expression of Donne's view of the communication of the "subject" level of being through the "object" comes in his poem "The Ecstasy" in which he discussed both the spiritual and sensual aspects of love and demonstrates their relationship. He first satisfies the reader that the emotions he is dealing with are not simply "sex" by a long elaboration which he concludes in his dialectic manner: "Wee see by this, it was not sexe." The love, which is of the subject level "interanimates two soules," but the souls lack expression because they forbear their bodies.<sup>18</sup> Here



<sup>7</sup>"Hamlet" Act I, Scene 2.

<sup>8</sup>"The Extasie"

<sup>9</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>10</sup>It is true that knowing God's works or acts is not knowing God; but it is only through his acts that one may know Him.

<sup>11</sup>*cf.* Basil Willey, *Seventeenth Century Background*. Chapter V, Sec. 1.

<sup>12</sup>"Aire and Angels"

<sup>13</sup>Also see *Paradoxes and Problems*, Sec. V.

<sup>14</sup>"The Good Morrow"

<sup>15</sup>"Love's Alchymie" also *cf.* "Love's Growth" 11-14.

<sup>16</sup>"Valediction Forbidding Mourning"

<sup>17</sup>"The Relique"

<sup>18</sup>*cf.* Lines 48-50 "The Extasie"



Donne draws the distinction between the subject and object portions of being previously noted:

"Our bodies why doe wee forbear?"

They are ours, though they are not wee, Wee are  
The intelligences, they the sphæres."

Then Donne fulfills the concept of knowing the actor through his actions, or the instrument of sense:

"We owe them thanks, because they thus,  
Did us, to us, at first convey,  
Yeelded their force, sense, to us,  
Nor are drosse to us, but allay.

\* \* \*

Soe Soule into the soule may flow,  
Though it to body first repair.

The key in Donne's mind to the necessity of expressing the soul through the body seems to lie in "That subtile knot, which makes us man . . ." which is the initial or fundamental union of the body and soul into one being. Therefore, if the soul cannot express itself, the body is a prison: "Else a great Prince in prison lies." The remainder of the poem is a reamplification and clarification of the basic ideas.

From this, one may see that Donne conforms to our first premise of knowing the actor through his actions on the human level and that he is aware of the communication of subject to subject through knowledge of the body.

The great link between Donne's realization of knowing God and knowing woman does not come in a direct symbolization as it does in Hosea, but it seems to find expression in Donne's constant intermingling of images of the sacred and the profane or his use of sexual metaphors in reference to religion or conversely religious metaphors in reference to sex. He uses these metaphors so often and so consistently that they seem, at length, to be quite proper and ordinary expressions of his feelings. They seem to lose the quality of being unusual; although, they do contain the tension of "heterogeneous ideas linked together by violence" that Samuel Johnson notes.

In "The Canonization" the two lovers are "canoniz'd for love"; that is, they become saints because of the merit of their great love for one another. They are praised not only in sonnets and verse but in hymns. In this particular poem, as in a number of the love poems, Donne does not separate the body and the soul but vaults over the necessity of expressing the soul through the body. He seems to say, then, that once the explanation of the use of the body or sex

in the relationship is made clear, one may then combine the two segments into the entity of ideal love.

Throughout the love poems, Donne uses words such as miracle<sup>19</sup> and mystery,<sup>20</sup> that in the seventeenth century normally have only religious connotations, to refer to love.

We have seen that he realizes primarily the need for expression of the soul through the body, and then that he uses sexual and religious metaphors interchangeably. Donne may fulfill our analogy by using sexual terms in relation to the knowledge of God and God's will in his religious work.

Upon examination, the nineteen Holy Sonnets prove to contain many implied examples of this analogy. The language of the poems is not reserved or calmly argumentative as it is in the seduction poems. It is impassioned and urgent. There is a definite sense of immediacy expressed by repeating words such as "now." In keeping, the metaphors are notably violent. Donne feels that man's will must be forcefully taken by God in order to save his soul.

"Why doth the devill then usurpe on mee?

Why doth he steale, nay ravish that's thy  
right?"<sup>21</sup>

or again he says:

"Since she whom I lov'd hath payed  
her last debt

To nature and to hers, and my good  
is dead

And her soul early into heaven is  
Ravish'd"<sup>22</sup>



Twice the sonnets seem to accept the traditional interpretation of the "Song of Solomon" as the Church's being the bride of Christ. Sonnet XVIII dwells on this idea as does Sonnet XIV which ends characteristically:

"Divorce me, untie, or break that knot againe,  
Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I  
Except you enthrall mee, never shall be free,  
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish mee."

In another of his Divine Poems, "A Hymn To Christ—At the author's last going into Germany" he speaks of "the amorousnesse of an harmonious Soule," and, in reference to knowing Christ, he says:

"Seale then this bill of my Divorce to all,  
On whom those fainter beames of love did fall  
Marry those loves, which in youth scattered bee  
On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee."

<sup>19</sup>"The Relique"

<sup>20</sup>"The Canonization"

<sup>21</sup>"Holy Sonnett ii"

<sup>22</sup>"Holy Sonnet xvii"

The phrase "thou art jealous Lord" points toward the concept of Christ as a jealous lover and a woer of man's soul.

In the mind of John Donne the comparison was drawn; and in the writings of John Donne, it is expressed. Man faces problems on this earth, and one of his greatest problems is his relationship with his God. Since man does not have divine wisdom, he must cast about for analogies and comparisons to express and comprehend his needs. So, man must have an earthly correlation for an experience that is, otherwise, ineffable. John Donne seems to have satisfied his need for analogy. He satisfied it in the same way as those who set down Isaiah, or the Song of Solomon, or Hosea, the forgiving. They found in something primary, something necessary and essential—the existence of sex, of man and woman—a concept that they could relate to something else which to them was primary—the existence of God. On earth man is

fettered, his expression limited. The prophets did not feel that he should always be chained, lacking expression. Donne looked forward beyond his prison-place.

"That soule, which being borne free, is made a slave to this body . . . (But then) on her Resurrection, her measure is enlarged, and filled at once; There she reads without spelling, and knowes without thinking, and concludes without arguing; she is at the end of her race without running; In her triumph, without fighting; In her Heaven, without sayling: A free man without any prentiship; at full yeares without any wardship; and a Doctor, without any proceeding: She knowes truly and easily, and immediately, and entirely, and everlastingly; nothing left out at first, nothing worne out at last, that conduces to her happiness. What a death is this life! What a resurrection is this Death!"<sup>23</sup>

<sup>23</sup>*Sermon XIX.*

## The Tower of Silence

Dakhma

Arresting its gleaming upward whiteness, a rim  
Of black surmounts the tower on the sun-scrubbed  
Hillock. A slow and stumbling line of men  
Ascend, vanish into the white, descend  
Sure-footed. The rim of living black  
Crumbles quickly inward, and all is white.

## The See-Saw

Now I am young and sure of foot, and standing  
Astride the fulcrum, balance thought and feeling,  
Neither affirming nor denying. Life  
Continues contradicting, leaping from end  
To end, yet I can see and stand unswayed.

When I am old, infirm, which side shall sink  
Beneath my weight? Will I reject the bitter  
Perverted justice man enthroned behind  
His world, or will I fall the other way  
On fearful gouty knees, shrinking from night?

*Ed Doughty*

# The Sniper

by Terence George

THE Third Battalion had withdrawn from the village before dawn, and now in the warm Normandy sun the main street looked strangely deserted and peaceful. The inhabitants of Vantes had long since departed, their meagre belongings piled on hand carts, trucks and wheelbarrows. Their remaining heirlooms stacked pitifully on anything that could be rolled, pushed or wheeled.

Stephen Barnes, private, 'A' Company's sniper, sat in a shadowed room above one of the village shops. The once white letters, *Pharmacie*, were still faintly visible on the wooden framing over the shattered window. The wood and the walls, pock marked and charred, still stood. An iron bedstead, red with rust, hung drunkenly from the shattered rear floor, its brass decoration now green with age.

The room had been carefully chosen and camouflaged because it commanded the main approach to the village, and from the window he had an excellent field of fire down both sides of the street without fear of detection. Barnes shifted the weight of the rifle on his lap, and took mental inventory. His water and rations were within easy reach, and he had a ladder to get down into the back yard to reach the well, should he need to stay that long. On the floor by his side were stacked the green metal cannisters of ammunition, battered and chipped with use. To his front, merging with the flame blackened wall, the sand bags were stacked, their bags splitting at the seams, and letting a small stream of sand escape and hiss to the floor whenever he touched them. Above his head the ancient corrugated steel roof had rusted through and allowed the sun to make dancing yellow spots upon the splintered floor.

He ran his hand over the familiar contours of the dark oily stock of his rifle, feeling the cool greasiness of the blued metal. He was proud of his handiwork. He had taken the standard Enfield rifle and made it to suit his particular needs, reducing the tension on the trigger spring, and gently rubbing the edges off the sear that the merest pressure of his finger would fire the weapon. He opened the bolt and flipped the rifle over and looked down the barrel. He put his

thumb in the breech so that it reflected the light up the dark tube, glinting on the winding, ascending rifling to his eye. He smiled to himself with satisfaction. "Glad I don't have to be looking down the wrong end of you," he thought. He closed the bolt slowly, watching it push the copper and brass cartridge into the chamber. He put the safety catch on and leaned the rifle near at hand, pushing the little three legged stool upon which he had been sitting, away from him as he stood up. The legs scraped shrilly across the rough floor, startling him for the moment. "I'll have to watch that at night, it'll carry all over the damn village." He moved to the window and stood in the shadow looking out on the quiet street. A cooling breeze touched him momentarily and made him aware of the dark grease he had on his face and hands. "Massa's in de col', col' ground." He grinned to himself.

Nothing stirred outside but the nodding spring flowers and the budding trees. Below him, a vagrant leaf whirled and danced down the dusty street, its skittering dryness audible in the stillness of the afternoon. He could smell summer coming, and it made him homesick for the fields of Kent. The sweet fragrance of the white apple blossoms, the fresh newness of turned earth and rain drenched lawns. "If I can catch up with the regiment in a week or so, maybe the old man will let me have a couple of days leave. Maybe!"

A faint creaking attracted his ear, and he snatched his rifle and searched attentively down the street. Nothing moved and he finally located the sound coming from an iron sign hanging lopsidedly from one hinge on a shop wall across the road. Bullet holed and scarred, it hung as a mute reminder of some trade and family long since fled. His eye followed the cracked and pitted pavement along its length, trying to picture it peopled on market day. The strolling crowds, the irritated bawl of cattle, and bleat of plaintive sheep were conjured to his mind's eye. The shrill cries of the vendors selling fruit and fowl, and pungent fish. Holding their wares high above their heads — shouting, gesticulating, laughing,



arguing. Greasy hands feeling for change; worn hands, brown and gnarled. Peasant's hands, rough and calloused from the plough, white hands used only to the pen and the office desk, all reached, pointed and illustrated. He became aware of his own hands, as though he had acquired them suddenly. He looked at them curiously, at the grimy nails and the wrinkled knuckles. The half moon on his thumb had a step in it where he'd dropped a rock on it once, and the doctor had had to take it off. He remembered it had taken nearly three months to grow back. The white scar still showed on his index finger too, he noticed, where he had cut it on a toy car he had been trying to take away from the girl next door. He wished that he had hairy hands—he had always been envious of the gorilla-like hands of his friend Chunky Hall. He shaved the back of his hands once in the hope that it would make the hair grow, but it still remained sparse and fair.

He cradled the rifle in his arms, and suddenly stiffened. The whine of a laboring engine came faintly to his ears from the slight rise beyond the village. He slipped the safety catch off and moved farther back into the shadow. A few moments later, a small armored reconnaissance car rolled down the street, the dust boiling yellowly behind it. Its rumbling exhaust echoing against the walls. The car stopped about a hundred yards from him, by the now still fountain. He could see the steel helmets of the two occupants through the open hatch, as they turned to talk to each other and survey the empty street. The mutter of the engine ceased, and one of the men stood up. He clambered quickly out of his position and dropped to the street, hugging the side of the car as he did so. Satisfied that the village was deserted, he spoke to his companion who joined him a moment later.

Barnes threw the rifle into his shoulder and examined both men through the telescopic sight. The one who had left the vehicle first was an NCO, the other man, the driver. Both were wearing dusty grey uniforms with no regimental insignia except that of rank. The NCO reached inside the car and pulled out a Schmeiser machine carbine, which he slung over his shoulder after checking the magazine. The driver lifted his helmet and mopped his forehead, and then took his weapon from the car. Their voices carried faintly to Barnes in the silent air, the NCO apparently giving orders as the two left the shelter of the vehicle and walked over to the fountain. The driver looked disgustedly at the pollen covered water, and spat. He reached behind him and took out his canteen. He tilted it and the water ran down both sides of his mouth and dripped off

his chin. The NCO laughed, and held out his hand for the canteen.

He centered the cross hairs carefully, and as he fired he noticed that the pocket was undone. The NCO twisted and fell, the canteen falling in the fountain where it bobbed for a moment before sinking. The driver had thrown himself behind the fountain wall, and only a portion of his shoulder could be seen projecting. The body of the NCO lay where it had fallen, the face to the sun, the machine gun muzzle down in the dust by his side.

Barnes smiled to himself, patted the stock affectionately, and waited. The man behind the fountain became impatient. He hunched himself up on his hands and knees and pushed the muzzle of his gun over the rim of the fountain. He peeped quickly over the sights at the silent houses, and ducked back. "Come and get it, boy," thought Barnes. "You're just prolonging the agony. Maybe you'd like to know where I am!" He bent down and picked up a handful of sand from the floor, and threw it out of the window. He ducked back behind the wall as the machine gun chattered viciously from below. Chips of brick and dust flew into the room and the dust danced madly in the shafts of sunlight. He looked out again to see the man sprinting madly for the car. "That's it, my lovely, come to Daddy." He tracked him steadily, the stock warm against his cheek, the rubber pad of the sight tight against his eye. He waited till the man was almost to the car, then squeezed the trigger, the rifle jarring back into his shoulder. He saw the puff of dust from the man's uniform as the body pitched forward, the machine gun firing into the ground as he fell. His helmet rolled into the middle of the street and lay upside down, the sun glinting on the worn and shiny rim.

The sun began to decline, and the afternoon became mellow in the coming twilight. Barnes ran the cleaning rod through the barrel and admired its gleaming oily length. "Kill me another one, and we'll buzz on back home." He closed the bolt almost reverently.

The bombardment began without warning. The short, ugly whistles that heralded the grey and black geysers of earth, rubble and thunder. "God!" he thought, "When the car didn't come back, they must have thought that the battalion was still here—and now they are going to flatten the place." He took his rifle and huddled in the corner behind the sand bags as the building rocked and trembled with each explosion. He heard the scream of the shell, and as if in a nightmare of slow motion, saw the wall bulge outward and disintegrate. His small sunlit world suddenly disappeared into night.

He was aware first of the intolerable weight on his chest. He opened his eyes to find that it was not yet dark, and that the sky above him was flushed with pinks and purples from the setting sun. The round black hole mystified him at first. It was so near his face that its very proximity made it unfamiliar; then as his eyes focused, realization flashed upon him. He was looking down the muzzle of his own rifle. The rifle with the hair trigger so carefully adjusted — the rifle that he himself had loaded only minutes before, and which, he realized with growing horror, had not been put on safe. His mouth dried as he tried to move his head away from that still, silent tube, but his body was pinned by the debris, and a shattered beam across his thighs held the rifle immovably aimed at his head. He strained his head upward as far as he could, and his hair prickled as the muzzle ground into his chin. Sweat poured down his face and stood out in beads between his eyes. His neck muscles ached in agony as he forced them to hold his head up whilst he looked down his body. At last he fell back panting with exertion, his head hitting the rock behind him, stunning him for a moment. The black muzzle mocked him, it expanded and shrank. For a moment he imagined he could see the copper headed bullet in the chamber — waiting. Only twenty-eight inches separated him from death, and his mind wandered. He calculated muzzle velocity and the time it would take for a three-oh-three bullet to travel twenty-eight inches. Would he hear the crack of the explosion, see the flash as the bullet emerged? The cool evening breeze fanned his face, and with it brought the stench of burnt cordite. The looming bore hypnotized him, the little specks etched by the corrosive gasses in the muzzle, the shining grooves in the bayonet stud, the whorls machined on the front sight blade, the black hollow eye of his own Nemesis.

He tried moving each of his limbs in turn, gently and experimentally. He found that he could move his right hand. He forced his head upward again and twisted it to the right as far as it would go. The muzzle gouged him in the cheek — he shrank back; if the rifle fired then it would merely penetrate both cheeks and he would strangle on his own blood. But he had seen what he wanted. Little by little he managed to move the small rocks and dirt that held his fore arm, but he could free it no further than his

elbow. He rested, and tried to look at everything but waiting, patient death. The sky had darkened perceptibly, a royal blue punctuated with fluffy white clouds that moved serenely across his range of vision. He looked at the brick by his head. An ordinary red brick, an edging of yellow cement still adhering like frosting to a birthday cake. Its surface, pocked and dimpled, and little fissures running indeterminately across. A spider, brown and heavy with eggs, moved delicately from one small depression to the other. He blew at it out of the corner of his mouth and watched it scuttle for safety. He envied it.

The pain in his chest increased, making his breathing rasp in his throat. He tried to move again but the pain became worse. He stopped and began to consider his position dispassionately. He was buried with little chance of extricating himself. The occupying troops would in all probability not come through to hold this position, but would consolidate in the more defensible foot hills to the south. Besides they were generally unsympathetic towards any snipers they found, and imprisonment was as intolerable as his present position. He made up his mind quickly, and once determined, the menacing barrel became once more, merely his rifle, subject to his command.

He reached out as far as he could with his right hand, and fumbled in the dirt and the bricks for the thin wooden lath he had noticed earlier. His fingers closed on it, and he gripped it thankfully. He strained his head upward again and looked down in the gloom, down the long steel barrel, past the shining black stock, its sheen covered with grey dust, and now with a long fresh white scar gleaming in the long twilight. He fell back again and rested for a moment. Then peered downwards again, guiding the lath down the hand guard, past the sling swivel. He felt rather than saw the lath rasp across the three corrugations in the magazine. He inched it forward a little more and relaxed.

The light had gone completely now, and the soft spring night covered the land. The breeze was fresh and balmy with the scent of the country. The stars appeared one by one above him in the black void of the sky. The pain in his chest seemed less now, he felt almost happy. He pressed down firmly on the lath.



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## EDITORIAL

Most of us would grant that there are certain images or combinations of sounds sufficient of themselves to produce emotion in an observer or listener. The images or sounds may be either what we would call "beautiful" or "ugly"; the emotions produced may be either pleasant or unpleasant. A painting or an exceptional scene in nature — fall woods, or mountains — may produce a pleasant emotion; so may certain combinations of sounds, as perhaps in a symphony. The classification of these emotions as pleasant or unpleasant is a very vague one and perhaps misleading. I believe that there is a tendency to suppose that when we see a beautiful scene, the beauty prods into action a standard emotional response; that this emotion has been evoked before and is waiting around in a corner of the mind ready to be evoked again. This sort of thinking implies that we have a rather simple and standard set of emotions which are called into action according to the situation. I believe that this is quite wrong. It seems to me that each new image we see and each new combination of sounds we hear evokes emotion never before experienced. I believe that the particular form of emotion which we feel when hearing a symphony for the first time never existed before we heard the music; that each symphony produces a unique combination of sounds, and a correspondingly unique form of emotion in the listener. This is to say that there are emotional forms which we will never experience unless we listen to the music which produces them. Furthermore, I do not believe that the emotion of music can exist without the music itself, or the thought of the music itself. For instance, I can try to recall the form of emotion I experience while listening to a certain symphony, but without thinking of

the music I cannot recall anything of the form of the emotion; yet if I imagine the music to be playing, call up the memory of the sound of the music and let it run through my head, I can feel again something of the emotional form associated with the music. But the emotional form cannot exist without the music or the memory of the music. Likewise for most emotions; most emotions exist in conjunction with sound, image, touch, smell, taste, or memory of some of these. It is seldom that emotions sweep over us which are not connected with some triggering mechanism.

I believe that each image or sound is its own emotion. Moreover, I believe that every sense impression contains emotional tone, however slight it may be. If we were in the mountains overlooking a vast area of sky and scenery, the image would stir in us a quite perceptible emotion, a feeling of beauty. Let us get in our car and start down the mountain, so that the scenery, while still exceptional, is steadily growing less vast and less beautiful. But the process is gradual, and we continue to experience a feeling of beauty though it is steadily declining. If one tried to locate the point at which the emotional reaction to the visual image ceased, he could not, because it never does cease; it merely becomes slight enough so that by habit we are not conscious of it. Yet if we had been for some hours in a black void with no images to be seen, even the sight of a tin can would affect us emotionally. All perceptions have some emotional content, but this content does not obtrude itself upon consciousness until some special situation, such as an artist's activity intensifies the effect. A painter uses color and line, elements which by themselves would have only very low grade emotional content, and form them into a pattern, a logic, which multiplies many times their original force.

In effect I am agreeing with Bishop Berkeley, who argued that

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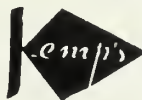
all degrees of heat were either pleasurable or painful. He wished to extend his argument to all perceptions.

This view of perception allows the deduction of certain consequences. First, it will immediately appear that emotion is tremendously complex. Second, it will appear that adequate representation of emotion in language cannot be effected by the use of general descriptive terms such as "happy" or "sad"; these are only the vague headings of tremendously broad categories. Painting and music represent, or evoke, emotion through sound, and line and color; literature may represent or evoke emotion in a similar way, through the use of words which evoke precise images, these images being not merely the image of a sense perception, but simultaneously the image or form of an emotion. If one may say that each image is its own emotion, then surely one cannot hope to represent the emotion save through the image. J. W. A.

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# SEQUACIOUS OF THE LUTE

by Martha Hester

## I

Howard shuffled the papers on his desk. A letter from the sales manager, one from the Columbus office, an order from Jim's office . . . on the bottom of the stack four letters he meant to answer before last Wednesday. He sighed and took off his horn-rimmed glasses, rubbing the lids of his eyes. He could hear Ed joking with the porter, and the rip-ring of a machine being run through in the back office; the sounds pleased him. He often said how much he liked to hear the cogs turning in a well-run office. He had an uncomfortable feeling that Ed was standing in the door. He looked up, putting on the glasses to pull Ed's glistening face into focus.

"Phone, Mr. Worth."

"Seven-five or seven-six?"

"Seven-six."

"Thanks."

Howard picked up the phone and clicked the button to the right line, giving a little flourish with his hand as he leaned back in his swivel chair. "Hello?" he said, as he rocked in the chair a little, rhythmically.

"Howard?" His wife's voice sounded weakly over the telephone. He felt a swell of protectiveness. "Yes, what is it, Lily?" His voice sounded officious to him, and he amended, "Where are you?"

"I'm at Dr. Fellars'. I just called to tell you that everything is all settled at the hospital. I'll go in Tuesday night and he'll operate at six Wednesday morning."

"Did you get the papers signed for the insurance?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm glad it's set up all right."

"What time will you be home?"

"I told you this morning, Lily. I have a lot of work to do, I'm not sure. It will probably be late. Where's Robert?"

"What? Oh, he's here with me."

Howard cleared his throat.

"How's Sue getting home?"

"John's picking her up, of course."

"Oh."

"Well."

"Well, I'll be home after a while."

"Well, goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Howard put the telephone back in its cradle, stretching his arm, not moving from his semi-reclined position. His desk was smothered in papers, he noted. He leaned forward and shuffled the top layer again. Then he got to his feet, groaning. He pulled his shirt straight over his narrow shoulders, smoothing the wrinkles at his too-tight belt and pinching the remains of a crease in his rayon slacks. His collar and tie were still impeccable. He pulled out a handkerchief and dabbed at his forehead. He wadded it in his back pocket. He sighed again and strode into the outer office. Ed was busily following a column of figures on a list with his left hand as he clicked them off on an adding machine with his right. He looked up as he totaled. Howard watched for Ed's grin; when it came, he leaned his elbows on the counter that surrounded the office area and spoke. "Got the report finished?" he asked.

"Not quite," Ed replied. Ed was patient.

Howard tapped his fingers on the rubber top of the counter.

"Well, don't stop. Go ahead and work. If anybody calls, say I'll be back in half an hour."

"All right, Mr. Worth." Ed looked back to his work.

Howard strode to the front door, sounding his heels heavily on the asphalt tile. The door clicked as he went out. The heat struck him at once, and the good-feeling beads of sweat sprung out on his forehead. He stepped out into the white light of the sun, deepening the lines of squinting about his eyes. The sidewalk stretched away from him on either side; the half-deserted street, four lanes wide with a park in the middle, was in front. He hovered before his office for a few minutes, feeling solid behind him the plate glass windows which announced in bold gold letters: "The American Federal Business Machine Company, Incorporated. H. M. Worth, representative." He rolled the syllables about over his

tongue. Relaxing in the sun and the pride of ownership, he shuffled his feet on the sidewalk and then swung off as if he knew where he was going. He turned into the cafe next door to the office. The copper and glass door sighed shut behind him. Blinded, he did not hesitate, walking straight to his stool in the rear. He eased his weight on to the stool, at the first curve of the S-shaped counter, and began to stir the cup of coffee that was immediately set in front of him.

## II

After an hour he went back to the office. It was five o'clock. When he walked in Ed was standing behind his desk, straightening a sheaf of papers he held in his hands. Howard felt sure he must have finished the week's report.

"Got the report ready to send in, Mr. Worth," said Ed, echoing Howard's thought.

"All right. I'll sign it and we'll get it off, okay, Ed?" said Howard. His voice was jovial and quite loud, he noted. He walked to the counter, pulling his pen from his vest pocket. Without thinking he took the top off and put it back in the pocket; this was the way to make sure you got the pen back, he always said. He laid the papers on the counter and readied himself for the signature. The pen moved around and around in the necessary imaginary circles; then it struck the paper and produced a proper illegibility, with a straight line instead of a flourish at the end. He studied it for a moment and then proceeded to the other papers in the set. He finished the lot and handed them back to Ed, watching the process of enveloping, weighing, and stamping.

"All set?"

"All set," replied Ed.

"Well," said Howard.

Ed began to straighten up his desk.

"I guess it's about time to go home," said Howard.

"I guess so," Ed said.

Howard walked into his office, picked his hat off the hat-tree, and clicked off the light. He closed the door securely behind him. Ed was taking the petty cash from the register. Howard stood and watched for a minute. He became impatient with himself and forced the words from his mouth: "Well, I'll see you tomorrow, Ed. Good night."

"Good night."

Howard strode down the dark hall to the back of

the office, his feet echoing in the empty rooms; rooms deserted and echoing, but his.

## III

His home sat elevated above the winding, uncurbed road. It was small and white, lent a quality of charm by the overhanging pines and the healthy ivy that grew over the blank wall of the front wing, which was the garage. He had bought it because it was cheap. The drive was steep and covered with gravel. He shifted into second and let the motor roar as he wheeled the Mercury up and around to the back of the house; Lily would hear his coming. He set the brake twice and climbed out of the automobile, slamming the door. Then he noticed that the Ford was not parked beside his Mercury. His wife must not have come home yet. His measured steps took him up the cement steps of the back stoop and into the kitchen.

The kitchen was quiet. The room always seemed quiet and cool to him; the ceiling and the upper part of the walls were a soft light green; and the indiscriminate spatter of tile, flecked with green. He liked green.

He noticed that the sink was stacked with pans and dishes. He walked to the stove; the pans held only left-overs and the oven was cold. He closed the doors of the cabinets that lined the wall above the stove.

He heard his wife's car come slowly up the drive. He quickly walked to the living room, picked up the paper from the big table beside the door, and flicked on the reading light that hung above his chair. He pulled out his glasses and unfolded the paper, scattering the smaller sections about the chair

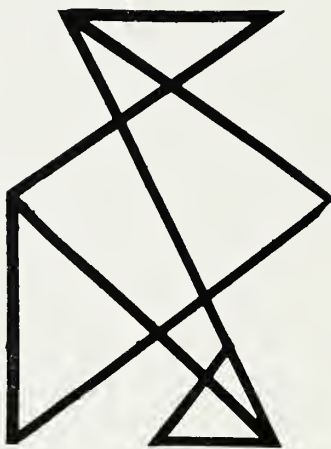
and opening the first to the editorial page.

His wife came in the front door. She stopped and looked at him inquiringly.

"What are we going to have for dinner," he stated.

"Well, I don't know, Howard, I didn't expect you home so early." Lily's reply was a justification.

Howard threw his paper on the floor. "Well, God-damn it, Lily, a man's entitled to have his dinner waiting for him when he gets home from a hard day's work!" He wrinkled his forehead and stared at his wife; he could think of only one thing, the word "irascible." The word expanded into a phrase and ran through his head like a refrain, "Irascible old codger. Irascible old codger." He swore to himself and picked up the paper, withering into himself as



he looked at the words on the page. He could hear his wife utter an eloquent sigh and walk with deliberate tiredness into the kitchen. If he had looked at her she would have been tight-lipped.

#### IV

"All right, Howard." His wife's voice, sweet even in its martyrdom, sounded from the kitchen.

"Okay, honey," he said. He switched off his light as he got up, dropping the paper into the seat of the chair. He noted that there was a light on in the bathroom and went to turn it off before going into the kitchen. His children were already seated at the table. His son was poring over one of a stack of comic books beside his plate. His daughter glanced at him and spoke before he did.

"Robert."

Robert ignored her. His tanned cheek flushed a little and his awkward frame shifted a bit in the chair; he knew what was coming.

"Robert, don't read at the table." Sue's voice was mature-sounding for her eighteen years, thought Howard. He pulled out his chair and waited for the customary response.

"Oh, Sue," whined Robert. His voice sounded too young for him, as his face looked too young for the heavy body. He closed the comic books and put them on the floor.

"Do we have to go through this ritual at every meal?" Howard asked, performing his part of the ritual.

Lily brought the meat loaf over and set it in the middle of the table. Sue served his plate while Lily poured his coffee and brought it over from the stove. He ate quickly, not listening to his family's conversation until he finished. Then he leaned back in his chair and announced, "I'm thirsty."

His daughter looked at him level in the eyes and asked sweetly, "Why don't you get up and get a glass of water?"

He laughed a little, as if he were being teased. His wife rose quietly and got him a glass of water; he stared at his daughter. He didn't think he had looked at her lately. She was a good-looking girl, he thought; looked like his mother. She had the same sandy hair, and solid frame; she looked thin, though.

"Aren't you losing a little weight, Sue?" he asked. Her eyes were unfriendly. "I've lost fifteen pounds." "Why don't you take care of yourself, daughter?"

Sue looked down at the heavy food spread about on her plate. "Oh, I'm just working hard, that's all.

It's pretty hot, typing all day in that stuffy department store."

Howard recollected that there was another reason why he must worry about his daughter. He couldn't remember what it was. While he searched through the tags of memory he said to his daughter, in a voice devoid of conviction, "Well, the bones sticking out don't add anything to your figure." His daughter jerked her head up sharply, pain showing through the veneer of mock adulthood she had assumed. He was aghast at the tears that welled up in her eyes. "Honey," he said, feeling as if he were awkwardly assuming tenderness. "I think you are working too hard." Then he remembered the thing that had been there in the back of his mind. "Don't you think you ought to stay home at night for a couple of weeks until you get rested up?"

Lily echoed his words, "Yes, miss, I think you've been spending entirely too much time with that young man." Howard looked at his wife for the first time. She seldom agreed with him. He noticed that she looked rather nice tonight. She had had her hair done; it was brown and thick still, and without a touch of gray.

His daughter claimed his attention. Her voice was shrill. "I don't see why you have to be that way," she cried. "I work all day in that horrible place, and I'm taking on a lot of adult responsibility, and all you can do is try to keep me from having any relaxation at night." She stopped, at a loss for words. Howard realized that the phrases were familiar because he had used them. He started to speak. Sue rushed into incoherent words: "I'm working . . . my working is for your benefit, you know . . . I mean, the money I make."

"Now, slow down, young lady," Howard said, authority lending depth to his voice.

His daughter stood up as best she could between her chair and the wall. "I don't see why you are so set against John, either; after all, you introduced us."

"Sue."

Howard waited, thankful that she stopped at his voice. "Now, see how upset you are? Don't you think you'd better get some rest?"

Sue did not deign to answer. She folded her lips in the same way her mother did and left the room.

"Come back here, young lady," said Howard. He was becoming angry. He pushed his chair back from the table and looked to see if she were coming back. He heard the slam of her door from the other end





of the house. He started to rise, and felt his wife's hand on his arm.

"Now, Howard," Lily said. He resented the calm of her voice. "Don't say anything else to her right now."

He sat down solidly in his chair and turned on Lily. "Now, Lily, it's time that girl learned to take care of herself," he shouted. His wife sat very still, looking at her plate. Her lips were folded tightly. He could not say another word. His voice seemed to echo in the room. He looked at his son. Robert was eating methodically, staring out the window.

"Robert."

His son started warily.

Howard tried to assume a conversational tone. "Get any yard work done today?"

Robert imitated his mother and his sister; he looked at his plate.

"Nope."

"Is that all you have to say? Just 'Nope'?"

His son squirmed. "Well, I had to go to the doctor's office with Mama."

Howard looked back at his wife. "How do you expect the boy to learn anything about the duties of life if you don't insist that he learn to take orders?"

His wife had not moved, except that her shoulders were held even tighter, high and tense. She cowered before his voice.

Howard rose. "Son, why don't you help your mother with the dishes?" he said tiredly. He went back into the living room and picked up his newspaper. "Damned indigestion," he said. He walked into the bathroom and locked the door behind him.

## V

Howard's second favorite television program was the Ford Theater. Robert's favorite program was on at the same hour; Howard could never remember what it was, but there was always an argument about it. This evening he was going to have none of that. When the detective story which preceded the Ford Theater was over he got up out of his chair and changed the station himself, instead of asking his son to change it. It took him several minutes to tune in the station the way he liked it. Then he looked around to ask his son if that were all right. Robert grunted and turned back to his game of solitaire. To emphasize his point he turned his back on the set. Howard felt very lonely. He went back to sit in his

chair. Then he got up again to flick off the light in the bathroom. He sat down again. The story was about a salesman; it seemed very funny to him, not at all like it really had been when he had had to canvass from door to door. The salesman's wife kept saying the same things Lily used to say when he'd first started out, though.

"Lily," he called.

"What is it, Howard?"

"Come in here." He chuckled as the young hero spilled the contents of his portfolio. Lily appeared in the bedroom door. Howard looked across at her. She was already undressed, in that wrinkled blue housecoat. Howard frowned at the sight of it. He tried to sound inviting. "Why don't you come on in here and sit down, Lily? It's really very funny." He started to go on, but his wife's look startled him.

"I'm packing to go to the hospital, Howard," she said, neglect ringing in her voice.

"Oh," Howard said. Menopause, he thought to himself. He turned back to the television program.

## VI

At eleven o'clock he decided it was time to go to bed. He clicked off the television and methodically checked all the outside doors in the house. Then he remembered that Sue had not come in yet, and muttering to himself, went back to turn on the porch light and unlocked the door again. He left one light burning in the living room and went into the adjacent bedroom, leaving the door slightly ajar. His wife was already in bed, her hair rolled up into a barricade of pins, a long black net wrapped around her head.

She was propped up on a stack of pillows, reading by the dim light that was suspended above her head. She did not look up as he came in. He began to clean out his pockets, jingling the change as he put it on the top of the chest. His wife was reading a Bible. He took off his trousers, folding them over the top of the chair his wife kept in the room for that purpose. At last Lily volunteered, "I called Mabel Bradsher to take the Sunday school class for me."

"Take the class?" asked Howard, taking off his tie and hanging it on the closest door knob.

His wife looked at him. "While I'm in the hospital, Howard," she said. (Her patient tone would have infuriated him if he had not been so tired.) He found his pajamas and put them on, throwing his soiled clothes on top of his trousers.



"I wish you'd put your things in the clothes hamper, Howard," his wife said automatically. She did not appear to attach much significance to the remark. "I can't find anybody to take care of the cancer clinic Friday afternoon," she continued, with no apparent change in her line of thought. "Every day is taken care of but Friday." Howard climbed into bed thankfully. His wife shifted to accommodate herself to the slope created by the addition of his weight. "I hope Sue will remember to water my violets," she continued.

Howard shut his eyes, turning over on his right side with his back to his wife. He made up his mind to go right off to sleep. It had been a long day. Then he realized that he had forgotten something. He lay still trying to remember, listening to his wife turning the pages of the Sunday school lesson book. He heard her put down the book and pick up a magazine from the bedside table. He wished she would go ahead to sleep. He remembered what it was that he had forgotten. He turned over on his back. His wife jumped, startled.

"I thought you were asleep," she said.

"Lily, what time do you have to be at the hospital? Didn't you say he was going to operate in the morning? Don't they usually operate at six?"

"They're going to operate Wednesday morning, Howard."

"Oh. Well, what time do you want me to take you down tomorrow?"

"I should be there in time to be settled by five. They like you to eat supper there, and get plenty of rest the night before," Lily answered, slowly. Then she went on more quickly, "But you don't have to take me down. I can drive down and Sue can come by and get the car." Her tone was hurried.

Howard was hurt. "Now, Lily, what would people think if I didn't take my own wife to the hospital for an operation? You know I'll take you down. Now what time? Four?"

Lily had to be persuaded. "Oh, that's not necessary, Howard. I can . . ."

"I'll take you down," he said firmly. "I'll come home about four." That would give him plenty of time to see that callow boy that was coming in for a job, he thought. He began to plan the activities of the next day, relaxing at the thought of accomplishing something. He turned back over on his right side. His wife began looking through the magazine again. She leafed through the pages, slowly, regularly. He cleared

his throat. "I'll be home at four," he said loudly. There was no answer.

## VII

He was late. He left the car motor running, jerked up the emergency brake, and ran into the house. Lily was sitting patiently, waiting. Her hands were folded around her gloves. He noticed that she had on her new black patent leather shoes. Her suitcase was beside her chair, and she had put her Sunday school books and her purse on top.

"Come on," he said. She rose unwillingly. He could not think why she should be so ill at ease. He shook his head a little; of course. He put an arm around her, waiting for her to take the books and purse so that he could pick up the suitcase.

"Honey," he said. "Now, don't be nervous. You know it's just a minor operation; everybody has varicose veins out, it's not great trouble at all. You know that."

Lily smiled up at him. For a moment she looked very much the way she had when she was teaching school and he had come by on Fridays to take her to her home for the weekend. He kissed her lightly on the lips. He wanted to stand there for a moment with his arm around her, but the feeling was gone. He felt very old, all at once, old and alone.

"Well," he said. "All set?"

Lily sighed. They went out and got in the car. Lily said nothing, nothing at all, in the whole time they were driving into town. Howard tried to think of something to say; several times he opened his mouth, but only closed it again. It took several minutes to find a place to park in the crowded lot outside the hospital. Then he hurried Lily up through the lines of parked cars to the door of the building. There were actually six doors, he noted, all plate glass. He chose one and pushed it open; it was heavy. It was very cool in the dark lobby. The ceiling was black; light came down in shafts from what looked like headlights unevenly spaced above the room. He steered Lily across the lobby to the long, brilliant counter marked with the legend, "Information." The suitcase was very heavy; he set it down with relief. There were three girls behind the counter; all of them wore glasses and were checking something, comparing two lists and making occasional pencil marks on one or the other. The one nearest him looked up and smiled condescendingly.

"Can I help you," she sighed.



Howard felt himself reddened slightly. He thought of his white hair and spoke: "I'm Howard Worth," he said, "and my wife —"

"What doctor, please," the girl said.

"Dr. Fellars," he responded.

The girl looked at the lists in front of her. "Mrs. Worth is going to be admitted this afternoon, isn't that right?" she said. "Just take the elevator to your left to the third floor. The nurse at the desk there will take care of you. Next, please?"

Howard turned as he realized that there was a young man standing behind him. Flustered, he picked up the suitcase and steered Lily to the elevator. There was some difficulty in getting into the thing; the door kept threatening to close before he could get both his wife and the suitcase inside. He felt like swearing. He pushed the button and then held on to the wall of the thing as the blood rushed from his head. The thing must go very fast. The door glided open and he managed to get out of the thing before it closed again. The hall was a shiny yellow; it seemed unpleasant, reminiscent of mustard. He looked around for a nurse. There were several standing at the end of the hall to his right; that seemed so far to walk. A voice sounded in his ear.

"May I help you?"

He turned and almost struck the woman, who moved back disapprovingly. "I'm Howard Worth," he began.

"Oh, yes. We were expecting you. Right this way, please." She strode down the hall toward the group of nurses; after rapidly covering several yards she turned and waited for them to catch up. Then she called to one of the nurses. His voice was so low that Howard did not think it would be heard, but one of the girls turned and walked quickly to them.

"Take Mrs. Worth to 313," the woman said.

"Yes, Ma'am." The student took the suitcase from Howard's hand and led his wife to a door across the hall. Howard followed. The young nurse and his wife began to talk as they unpacked the suitcase. Howard stood in the doorway. His wife went into the bath while the nurse put the contents of the suitcase in a drawer and shut the suitcase. Lily came out in a nightgown he had never seen before. She got into bed. The nurse put the suitcase in a closet and poured some water into a glass. She seemed satisfied with the appearance of the room.

"Is there anything else I can do for you, Mrs. Worth?" she asked.

"No, thank you." Lily's voice was very soft.

"Ring if you need me," the young woman concluded. She brushed by Howard as she left the room.

Howard watched his wife. Her eyes were closed; she leaned back flaccidly on the pillows. Howard cleared his throat.

"Lily?"

She did not move, only opening her eyes.

"Is there anything I can get for you?"

"No," she said.

"Well, I guess I'll get back to the office," he said.

"All right."

He turned to leave.

"Howard?"

"Yes."

"Robert is over at John's house. Sue will bring him home when she comes from work. She'll fix your supper. Make sure she waters the violets, will you?"

Howard felt a stirring of guilt. He had not thought of Robert at all. "All right," he said. "Is there anything else?"

"No, that's all." Lily closed her eyes again. Howard stood and looked at her. She did not look like his wife at all; it must be that gleaming white room.

"Well, goodbye," he said. "I'll be waiting for you when you come back from the recovery room."

"Goodbye," she answered. Her eyes were still closed. He turned and walked away down the long, long hall.

## VIII

Howard leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. The glasses bothered him; he reached up and took them off, sighing loudly. The office was quiet; the summer afternoon was very hot and sluggish. The men had said they were off to see customers, but Howard suspected they had gone home to laze in back yards. He prided himself on the fact that he never let personal discomfort interfere with his work. Even his family . . .

He remembered uncomfortably the way his wife had looked that morning. She had not come out of the anesthesia enough to know him; she had been so white, almost transparent. She usually looked quite substantial. She had been sick at her stomach; the nurses had said it was only the reaction to the shock of the anesthetic. He had been in the way, and finally they had sent him away. He had been relieved when he could leave.

He sat up suddenly. It must be time to go back to the hospital.





His desk was still cluttered with sheafs of letters. He did not even look through them. It was four o'clock; visiting hours had begun. He would go on to the hospital now. There was something he had to do . . . Robert.

He got up and got his hat, clicking off the lights as he went out of his office. He closed the door behind him methodically. He noticed with satisfaction that Ed was working with such concentration that he did not even look up. Ed was a good man. Robert was sitting at the end of Ed's desk, looking at a comic book.

"Okay, son," Howard said. Ed looked up, startled.

"Going so early?" he asked.

"To the hospital," Howard explained. Robert got up slowly. Perhaps the boy needed some vitamin pills. "Come on son," he urged. "See you tomorrow, Ed." He pushed his son down the hall and into the car. As he backed the car out of the garage and drove the few blocks to the hospital he kept remembering the way his wife had looked. She had not known him. He found a place in the crowded parking lot.

"Stay in the car son," he said.

Robert curled up in the shade on the front seat and opened another comic book. Howard walked up to the hospital. "Damned comic books," he muttered. "I'll have to get that boy some biographies. Something educational."

He had learned how to cope with the elevators. Even if he didn't get into the thing before the door closed, he could just put a hand on the edge of the door and it would stop. He felt pleased with himself as he stepped out on the third floor. He felt rather jaunty, swinging down the hall to his wife's room. He reached for the door-knob but the door opened before he touched it. A nurse stepped out, closing the door firmly behind her.

"Mr. Worth?" she asked.

It was the woman that had met them yesterday.

"Yes, I'm Howard Worth," he answered.

"We were just looking for you," she said.

"Well, I told the nurse I'd be back to see my wife about four-thirty," he apologized.

"Yes, so we understood."

"I—" Howard stopped. "I'll go in?" he asked.

"Well, no," Howard thought the woman looked a bit flustered. "Dr. Fellars would like to see you first, if you don't mind."

"Well, of course not," Howard began. Then he thought. "Is something wrong with my wife?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, no," the woman assured him hastily. "She's quite all right. It's just — Dr. Fellars would like to speak to you, if you'll wait, please." She seemed to have recovered her authority.

"Well, all right," Howard said lamely. "Where shall I wait?"

The nurse indicated a straight-backed chair beside the door. "Right here, if you don't mind, Mr. Worth," she said, with an air of dismissal. She turned and went back into the room. Howard stood and looked at the door. It was grey and looked very solid. Then he sat down on the chair. It seemed too small for him. He pulled it out from the wall, making the legs squeak on the tile floor. He looked around quickly to see if anyone heard the sound. The hall was empty. He waited.

## IX

The sound of quick steps coming down the hall roused him from his dozing. The man was young; he looked soft and flabby under the white suit. Howard sat straight in the chair, feeling his features assume a slight frown. The young man seemed unperturbed. He stopped at Howard's chair.

"Mr. Worth?" he assumed.

Howard acknowledged the fact with a nod.

The young man extended his hand.

"Dr. Fellars," he said.

Howard rose and took the hand. The man's handshake was surprisingly firm. "Thank you very much for waiting," said Dr. Fellars. "Right this way, please." He led the way to one of the doors and opened it. The room was exactly like Lily's, but it was empty. There were two of those modernistic

armchairs beside the window. Dr. Fellars pulled them around to face the view outside the large area of glass. He sat down in one and indicated the other to Howard.

"Cigarette?" he asked, pulling a silver case out of his vest pocket. "No, thanks," Howard said. "Don't smoke."

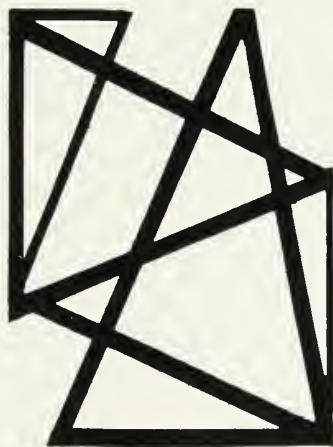
Dr. Fellars lit a long cigarette and inhaled deeply. "Well, I'll get right to the point," he said. "Mr. Worth, how long have you been married?"

"Twenty-one years."

"And how many children do you have?"

"Two; a daughter eighteen and a son eleven."

"I see." The doctor paused. He was looking at the roofs of the buildings across the street. "What does your daughter do?"



"She's in college. This summer she's working at—"

"Yes, I see," said Dr. Fellars. The room was silent. Dr. Fellars seemed quite abstracted. "I must ask you some rather personal questions, Mr. Worth," he said.

Howard wanted to ask why, but he only said, "Go right ahead, Dr. Fellars. Anything I can do."

Dr. Fellars went right ahead. "How do you and your wife get along, Mr. Worth?"

Howard could say nothing. The question amazed him. He and Lily had always got along all right. What was the man getting at? He realized that the pause was becoming a long one and hurried to say something.

"Quite well, I think, Dr. Fellars. Lily and I have always been happy . . ."

Dr. Fellars looked at him sharply. "You have no particular points of difference?" he asked.

"Well, no," Howard answered. "We both come from Vidalia, went to school together. I guess we think pretty much alike, Dr. Fellars. There's nothing in particular we quarrel about. Oh, little domestic disagreements . . ." He realized he was talking too much and stopped.

"Well, to put it bluntly, Mr. Worth, the situation is this." Dr. Fellars resumed his position, staring out the window. "Your wife refuses to recover from the anesthetic. It seems that she has escaped from something she would prefer to evade permanently. Do you have any idea . . . ? We can administer insulin shock, but we would prefer not to do that unless it proves absolutely necessary." Dr. Fellars stopped. He continued to stare out the window.

Howard struggled to ask a question. At last he managed, "You mean, she's in a coma?"

"Oh, no. It's nothing like that. She refuses food; if we persuade her to eat, she does not retain the food."

"Well . . . couldn't it be that the shock of the first day . . . at her age . . ."

Dr. Fellars stood up abruptly. "If necessary we can feed her intravenously," he said curtly. "Thank you for your time." He turned to leave the room.

Howard rose. "May I see her now?"

Dr. Fellars spoke as he left the room. "I'm afraid not, not yet. She refuses to see you. Call tomorrow morning; we'll see then." At the door he turned. He did not look directly at Howard. "Thank you for your time," he repeated. He walked out, leaving the door ajar behind him. Howard stood beside the chair. He heard the steps quickly recede down the hall; a door opened and closed and the hospital was silent.

Howard glanced at his watch. Five-thirty. He had told Lily he would be home for supper at six. He looked down at the papers on his desk; he had meant to get Ed to type up the last of those letters to the chain-store managers in the southern district. That would have to wait; Ed had to get home. And, too, the doctor had been emphatic, he had said Howard must not subject his wife to any kind of unnecessary strain. Howard tapped his fingers on the top of the desk. He could not understand it. Why should his wife have refused to come home? He had always been a good provider; of course, that meant long hours, working on Sundays, shortened vacations. But Lily had always understood that. Of course she had. Dr. Fellars hadn't seemed to. But Howard was sure he had explained it perfectly, when Dr. Fellars was deciding whether or not to use insulin shock. But Lilly understood. He finished out the rhythm he had begun and got up to leave. Ed was just closing the safe. Howard did not even look at him as he said good night. He had already started back to the garage when Ed spoke.

"Mr. Worth?"

Howard turned.

"I meant to ask you, how is Mrs. Worth?" Ed looked honestly concerned.

"Oh, she's fine." Howard forced himself to smile. "It's been two weeks now, you know."

"Yeah," Ed agreed. "Well, I just wondered." He did not alter his look of concern.

Howard said again, "Oh, she's fine." He paused. "Well, good night."

"Good night." Ed clicked off the light and went out the front office door, locking it behind him.

Howard walked back through the dark office to get his car. He kept wondering, all the while he drove home, what Ed knew, how much Ed knew. Howard felt uneasy. When he pulled the car up in the drive he sat for a few minutes before he went in. Then he got out of the car slowly, closing the door quietly. He walked around and went in the front door. The living room was strewn with books and Robert's cards. Howard shouted, "Lily . . ." He stopped short. He must not say anything, the doctor had said. His wife's voice came from the kitchen. "Supper's ready, Howard."

The meal was silent. Robert read comic books as he ate. Sue sat quietly, toying with the food on her plate, looking at the clock. Howard noticed that she did the serving. Lily ate methodically, not looking at her husband. Howard could not eat. The food seemed dry, like sawdust in her mouth. He drank his coffee. Sue looked at him inquiringly. She seemed

disturbed. She hesitated and then smiled as she asked, "Can't you eat my cooking, Daddy?"

"Did you fix supper?" he asked. He looked at his food. Frozen fish sticks and frozen French fries. "It's very good, daughter," he said. He managed to eat the food.

His wife finished eating. "Excuse me," she murmured, and left the room.

Howard got up and got a glass of water. Robert took his comic books and went into the living room. Sue began to clear the dishes from the table. Howard glanced at his watch. It was almost seven o'clock.

"What time is John coming?" he asked his daughter.

"Seven," she said.

"Go ahead and get ready," he said. "I'll do the dishes."

His daughter looked at him in surprise. She smiled. "Thanks, Dad," she said. She put the stack of dishes down on the sink. She put a hand on his shoulder. Again, she said, "Thanks." Then she left the room.

Howard turned on the tap, rinsing the dishes. They looked clean enough to him. He cleared the rest from the table and rinsed them. He dried each one carefully and stacked them on the cabinet shelves. He closed the cabinet doors. He found a broom and swept the crumbs out the door. He straightened the chairs at the table.

He went into the living room. His bedroom door was closed. He opened it and looked inside. The room was dark. His wife lay on the bed. She did not move. He stood and looked at her. Then he closed the door.

He checked his watch. It was time for the Ford Theatre. He turned on the television set. He found the paper and opened it to the editorial page. He realized that his son was not in the room. An auto-

mobile horn sounded outside the house. Sue ran through the living room and out the front door.

"Sue," he said.

She stopped in the door. "What?"

"Where is your brother?" he asked.

"In his room," she said indifferently.

"Oh."

"See you," she said. She ran out to the waiting car. The screen door slammed shut behind her.

Howard found the television set annoying. He got up and turned it off. Then he went into his bedroom.

"Lily?"

His wife stirred. "Yes?" Her voice did not sound sleepy.

"I'm going down to the office," he said. "I've got work to do."

His wife did not say anything.

He closed the door. He walked out the front door and around to his car. He drove slowly into town, not thinking. He drove up the alley to the garage. He stopped the car and got out to unlock the doors and slide them open. The hall was completely dark. He felt his way along the wall on his right side until he reached the fifth door. That was his. He opened the door and felt along the wall inside until he found the light switch. The fluorescent fixtures cracked and then popped into light. The desk was as he had left it. He sat down in his chair and looked at the desk. He rose and turned off the light and then found his way back to his chair. He sat carefully, slowly leaning back, his hands grasping the arms of the chair. For the first time he realized that the electric clock made a noise. It whirred constantly and at the end of each minute it clicked. He listened, and counted the minutes. He sat and listened, and the clock whirred, and at the end of each minute it clicked.







101-  
15/13

# FIRST STOP THE NAAFI\*

by Terence George

The tank squatted there, a steel toad, dark against the yellow sand; its hard outlines broken by shimmering heat waves. Under it, huddled in the little shade it afforded was its five man crew; Cannon the gunner, flat on his back, his hands folded beneath his head, snored and dreamed. Weaver, the driver, lay on his side, one arm thrown up carelessly, the other punctuating his remarks to Mitchell the co-driver. They were discussing their never ending joy — motor-cycling. Darby the operator, and Foster the tank commander, the only regular soldier in the crew, lay with their berets over their faces, beneath the rear engine plates. They dozed and they waited.

Above them the white hot dome of the North African sky showed no movement. No cloud marred its unbroken surface, and the sun beat down upon the sand beneath, heating the air till each breath seared the lungs, and lips dried, cracked and bled, and cracked again. The shadow of the tank slowly lengthened as the sun sank westward, the color of the sky darkened imperceptibly, but the heat remained.

Cannon's unconcerned cockney voice broke the silence, "Hey Sarge, what time're we goin' to pull out of 'ere?" He turned his head lazily towards Foster. "If we stay here much longer, we're either gonna roast or some damned Jerry plane'll spot us — then we will roast, but good." Foster pushed his beret off his face, and squinted between the road wheels at the sun. "Not much longer, soon as it gets dark enough that some patrol won't spot our dust column as soon as we move. We'll have to sit quiet during the day and move only at night, and hope we don't run into any of our own mine fields. I reckon with a bit of luck this will be our last day out here, and that we'll run across our forward line before dawn." He rolled over and prodded Weaver with his foot, "How much petrol do you think we've got left?"

"I donno exactly, I only got a chance to look at it briefly this morning, but I'd say about eighty gal-

lons, less any evaporation today." He pushed back a lock of hair, irritably away from his face and ran his tongue exploringly over his chapped lips — "Is it time for a drink yet?"

Darby lifted up his arm and looked at his watch, "Well, it's nearly time, and anyway my backside is so tired I feel as though I've been bed-ridden for a month. And I remember how pleased I was to get away from that damned office stool — I thought I'd never have to sit down again once I got in the army. Used to read those enlistment posters and believe every word. Healthy life, out in the air, learn a trade, save your country, protect your wife, mother and sister from the Jerry rapist. Hell! And now here we all are sitting on our fanny, because some lazy b—d has to make a cigaret lighter for a wife, mother and sister that I'm supposed to be protecting, instead of keeping his mind on making us a track pin that wouldn't shear the first time we get in trouble. Now I'll probably get sun stroke just getting you a drink of this parboiled water!" He grinned, and slid out behind the tank. A moment later he wriggled back under, pushing three chipped and battered enamel mugs before him. "Ere you are me lucky lads, three pints of bitter, two and nine please!"

"Aw, shut up, I can taste that beer."

"Why don't you take a nice long walk into the west, and forget your way back."

Cannon sipped slowly, "You wanna know sump-thin', if you close your eyes real tight, and imagine your elbows is on a nice, polished, mahogany bar, with three black beer pump handles in front of you, a nice piece of stuff lashin' out the gin and orange behind the bar, this stuff almost does taste like bitter; kind of," he amended. Four sighs sounded as one.

"Pass that bloody mug down here when you have finished drooling in it, Cannon." He wet his lips once more and gave it to Foster.

David Foster had been in the army nearly fifteen years, four of them with the Eighth Army in the des-

ert. He sipped the brackish water and considered their position. They were, he estimated, about thirty miles away from the nearest British lines, unless there's been some major withdrawal or advance during the last two days that they have been stuck, he thought. But then, they would have heard the gun fire and seen the flashes during the night. Since they had not seen any spotter planes during the day, the squadron had obviously given them up as lost — and lost we are he thought unless we get in tonight. God, I'll never live this down in the Mess. I bet I'm the only Billy b. to get lost on a reconnaissance — and probably the only unlucky one to break two tracks in three hours. He looked regretfully into the empty mug, and put it down on the sand beside him. "Darby, grab the map and the compass from the turret. I want to get away from this iron hulk and take a sighting before we lose all the light. The rest of you get cracking on the tank and get ready to move out when I give the word." He hefted the water can tentatively. "Hm! Might as well be hung for a sheep! Mitchell, get a burner going. We'll have a cup of tea before we push off."

"Okay, sarge."

He trudged off away from the tank, his boots whispering through the loose sand, and in a few moments was joined by Darby. They walked together silently, both engrossed in his own thoughts.

"Guess this will do." Foster halted, and held out his hand for the map. He squatted down on the sand and opened the compass. The map rolled up several times, but after he had oriented it, he pinned it down at the corners with little piles of sand. The late afternoon glare made him squint against the whiteness of the map, and he muttered to himself as his blunt finger traced their course.

"Far as I can make out, we busted the track there," he pointed, "and moved along this course, which supposedly should have taken us to the El Rafa Wadi. Now where do you calculate the damn Jerries have put the wadi? I nearly blinded myself scouring this bloody desert when we got here this morning — here, you take the map and compass and have a bash, maybe the heat's finally given me the screaming ad-dabs." The silent Darby hunched over the map, his tongue protruding from one corner of his mouth with concentration, and scribbled in the margin of the map.

The three under the tank watched carefully. "Do you think Foster knows where we are?" Mitchell asked.

Cannon rolled over, and sat up on his elbows. "Course he knows, he's spent more time in this stinkin' desert than you have had 'ot dinners. I was talking to ol' Taffy Harris the other day before we pulled out.

He says that Foster got the DSC during the Alamein push. 'E pulled the Squadron leader out of the turret, when a Jerry 88 got 'em, and the tank caught fire. That's why he always wears 'is 'at, 'cos he don't have no hair and his scalp's all burned up funny looking."

"Yeah, I heard that too," said Weaver, "and I don't care what you say, old Foster might be a bit of a basket on the parade ground, but when it comes to getting things done, I wouldn't take anyone for him!"

Mitchell grinned. "Blimey, you are a couple of RA bastards. All I asks is a simple question, and you give me a lecture. But if he gets us in tomorrow morning I'll buy the beer at the NAAFI on Saturday."

"D—n right you will, and we'll help you drink it — that is if your lousy track don't bust again before morning. And talking about that, I thought Foster wanted you to make the char before we get away."

"Alright, alright — don't flap!" He climbed up over the tracks with practiced ease, ferreting in the rear bin for the old biscuit tin they used to make tea in, and throwing down the spare jerry can of petrol. It landed with a dull thud in the sand, and slowly toppled to one side.

Darby looked up from the map and shook his head. "Can't find any thing wrong with your calculations; according to this map we're in the middle of the wadi right now."

Foster swore dispiritedly. "Oh the hell with it, let's go and have a cup of tea, maybe it'll clear the fuzz from my grey cells!" He picked up the map and compass and turned back towards the tank. A small flicker of yellow flame and a column of black roiling smoke came from behind the vehicle. "Looks like Mitchell finally took his finger out and started the tea. God, sometimes I think I almost like tea as much as a pint of beer, and I'd sign up for another five years for a beer right now."

Darby sighed, "Don't wash away your enlistment like that, Sarge. Look at all the other countries you haven't visited at His Majesty's expense!"

"Welcome back, Doctor Livingston — we poor serving soldiers trust you have discovered the quickest way to the nearest NAAFI — Mitchell has become demented and promised to stand us the beer!"

"Hey Mitch!" Darby called, "Is this true — you are going to buy all the beer when we get back?"

"The thirst I got on me right now," added Cannon, "would keep Mitchell in the poor house for three months. Cor! I can still see it — with frosting on the outside of the bottle, and all that lovely cold brown ale inside. It's enough to drive you batty — especially as all we got here is Mitchell's dark brown tasting tea."

"I heard that," said the temporary tea maker. "And you can go take a sharp short run at yourself." The



others laughed and held out their grimy mugs.

"Fill the damn thing up you miserable B."

"Where the h—l do you think you are? At Lady Foncepounce's picnic, lash out the char, before I lash you one on your big fat butt!"

"Lummee, tastes like you kept this mug in the bottom of the turret — what'd you use it for before this?"

"God knows, does it taste like brake fluid or engine oil?" asked Mitchell.

The blood red sun dipped into the grey haze at the horizon, and was slowly dissolved. The sky flared as the last beams rayed skyward, became purple, then black. A star twinkled momentarily, and was joined by others.

Darby shivered, "I'll never get used to this desert — nearly roast all day, and then freeze at night. Give me good old Blighty, you always know what it's going to do, rain, rain, rain."

Foster stood up. "Okay, let's go. I'm going to stay on the same course we were on last night. It should, with a little luck, take us into the general directions of our lines, and the old man is sure to have warned the patrols to look out for us. He's charged with one tank and he's too damned tight to let us off that easy. He's probably got the whole squadron on twenty-four hour alert scouring the area!"

"Uh-huh," said Weaver, "but not for us — he just wants his precious tank!"

"My dad always told me I should have gone to sea," moaned Cannon. "At least you're always sure on one thing, the ground is straight down."

"Weaver, start up. Mitchell, pick up all that junk and shove it in the bin. Darby, as soon as the engine starts, get on the air and see if you can find anything working our squadron wavelength. Get on your dying feet Canon, and scout round to see if we've left any thing. And hurry it up!"

The overalled figures moved quickly. The starter whined. The engine coughed, once, twice. It caught hold with a shattering roar that was quickly throttled down. Blue exhaust flames licked mischievously from the cowls, and danced eerily in the darkness. Foster climbed tiredly up into the turret and dropped through the hatch. He picked up the headset and slipped it over his head. The gentle hiss of static welcomed him. It was comfortable and familiar and he raised the microphone to his lips. "Everybody ready?"

"Damn right!"

"Let's roll, Pathfinder. I can taste Mitchell's beer already!"

"Pardon me, young man, can you direct me to the nearest Gentleman's?"

He leaned over and tapped Darby on the head. He looked up, joined fore-finger and thumb and turned back to the radio. His voice slid suddenly over the inter-com, "Got some lovely stations, mostly all Wogs though — sweet FA on our frequency. Shall we have some music to pass the hours away?"

"No," replied Foster, "Keep at it a little while longer. They may be on radio silence for an hour or two." And then like a London bus conductor, "Hold very tight please — next stop, the NAAFL. Driver, forward."

The gear grated into mesh, and the tank trundled forward. The engine roaring to a crescendo, dropping and rising again as Weaver ran through the gears. Foster buttoned his overalls up to the neck and wedged himself into the corner of the hatch. He reached down into the turret, groped for his goggles and put them on. He looked down at the swaying compass card in front of him, the luminous markings indistinct with the vibration. "Go right a little," he ordered, "Little more — that's it, steady. See if you can pick out anything to steer to, and hold onto it. Maybe the moon will come up soon; that should be of some help."

"Do me best, old cock, but it's like driving inside a cat, can't see damn-all."

"Hope we don't run over a mine," Mitchell's voice came plaintively over the head-sets.

"Blimey you're a cheerful one, aintcha? Here am I thinking how we're going to keep you broke once Foster gets us back, and you're trying to welch out on the deal by getting us blown up. Won't do you the slightest bit of good, prob'ly all they 'ave in heaven is champagne anyway, so you're a bloody sight better off in the NAAFL. What can you see up there, Sarge?"

"Sweet FA — but then I don't expect to see much for a while anyway. Most I can do is keep us out of gullies till the moon comes up."

The tank rumbled steadily on. Its tracks churned the sand and behind it hung a grey pall of dust to mark its passing.

"Still can't find anything on this damned radio," Darby suddenly remarked.

"How about some genuine wog music to while away the time?"

"Shove it!" suggested Weaver. "I got enough troubles already, driving you damned passengers over this blasted desert while you enjoy the comforts of home, and sit on your fanny."

"Comforts of home! Christ, if you hit any more holes in this flat desert I won't even live to see home."

Foster smiled to himself. Bitch, bitch, bitch — that's all these oafs did. But they got along well to-

gether despite the differences of class and education. Another year or two, and the war will probably be over. These men will separate, and never meet again — and if they do they'll have nothing in common. And yet they've lived, slept and fought together for two years. And I'll stay in the army and meet another crew, and another, until they all become composites. God, he thought, I'm getting to be a philosopher. No wonder I can't find my way out of this bloody desert!

The moon rose and turned the desert into a silver sea, across which the tank plowed uneventfully. Darby sat nodding and jouncing on the small metal seat attached to the side of the turret, his head cushioned against a sandy web bag of head-sets. The radio dials gleamed dully behind him, the crackling roar of static lulling to his ears. Across the massive gun breech, Cannon's head could be seen projecting from the corner where he had wedged himself, beret askew, and head-set off one ear. Down in the co-driver's compartment, Mitchell looked disinterestedly through his periscope, and relaxed again, forcing his foot against the mounting of the machine gun to prevent it swinging against him with the movement of the tank. Weaver peered through the small oval cut in the armor plate in front of him, and cursed to himself as another unexpected hillock threw him forward against the padded bulkhead. He changed gears viciously, and the engine howled briefly until the speed picked up again. The stick slammed through the gate into fifth, and the tank rolled on again, bouncing and clattering across the rock strewn ground.

They changed drivers after a while, and Weaver hunched gratefully in the corner, as Mitchell continued on the same course. Nobody said much. They'd wandered away from the tank to relieve themselves when they stopped, and then returned to their respective places.

"What's the time?" suddenly asked Cannon.

"Beats me, my damn watch never did go right after Weaver practiced on it!"

"And you can go straight to hell too, Darby," a voice said hollowly from the front. "Your watch was the best that Woolworth's could sell — and if the Mickey Mouse hand hadn't fallen off every time you wound it, you could still tell within the day what time it was."

"Oh, go back to sleep!"

"What! With Mitch driving — you're barmy. I'll never sleep a wink. He's too keen on not getting to the NAAFI and spending all that money!"

Foster called a halt an hour before dawn. His face was a sandy mask and his lips seemed to work with

difficulty. "Okay Mitch. Whoa!" The tank nosed down heavily and stopped, the roar of its engine suddenly muted. "I'm going to have a look round with the compass," he told Darby, and swung his legs out of the turret, before dropping stiffly to the ground. He held the compass in front of him, watching the arrow swing wildly for a moment, the green figures dancing and swaying. "We can't be far now, I've just got the hunch that the NAAFI, and that cold beer are over that rise." He sighed, and turned. The wire, about a foot off the ground caught his leg and tripped him. "Damn!"

The black and orange flower bloomed for a moment and was gone. The explosion galvanized the crew. "Oh Christ what was that?" They flung themselves out of the tank and stood helplessly looking out into the darkness.

"Everybody stand still!" Darby barked. "I think Sarge must have tripped a mine — and I don't want to pick up any more pieces." The brutality of his statement shocked them into silence, and they stood numbly by the tracks.

"Cannon, jump up and switch on the spot — maybe we can see him!" Cannon grunted as he clambered up, and soon the white glare from the light lanced the night apart. The body lay about thirty yards from them, dishevelled and disjointed. The face gleamed palely in the glare from the light, the beret still pulled jauntily down over one ear.

"Bring the shovel and the pick, Mitch, we better go bury him. Only watch where you put your feet. Follow in his footprints if you can."

They dug quietly and steadily, the only sound, shovel on sand. Grunt — thump — as the pick went in.

"Suppose I'd better go through his pockets before we bury him."

"Yes, I suppose so." Darby quickly removed his identity tags and pay book, and put them in his pocket. His hand shook.

"Let's roll him in." They quickly shoveled the sand back, and stood up.

"You goin' to say anything, Darby?"

"Hell no! I don't think Foster ever went to church in his life — but I'm going to drink all the beer that he would have drunk and remember him that way. He'd like it better."

"You're probably right!"

They walked back towards the tank, the tools over their shoulders. They threw them in the side bins and joined the others.

"Kill that light, Joe, or we'll have no battery left." Cannon jumped down beside them.

"Well, what now?"

Darby considered. "Foster had the compass with him, which sort of screws us temporarily, but I just thought of something. You don't plant trip mines in the middle of a desert for fun. We must be on some one's perimeter, and I hope like hell it's still ours."

They heard it all at once, the subdued mutter of an exhaust.

"Everybody mount — on the double." They needed no urging. Hatches clanged shut and locked.

"Okay now," Darby's voice came loudly over the inter-com. "It sounded like an armored car, but we can't take chances. Weaver, you driving?"

"Yes."

"Check — then be ready to start the minute I say, then do a hard right. Mitch, you'll have to get up here to load. Cannon, you all set?"

"Sure am. But I don't know what you expect me to see at this time!"

"It'll be light enough to shoot by in about ten or fifteen minutes — so screw your eye to that sight and be ready to blast him one on the button, the minute you make out those white and black crosses."

They sat tense, waiting, straining their ears towards the sound. Darby had that hatch open and was peering over its rim. His face set, his hands shaking a little as he gripped the cold metal edges.

"Traverse left. Steady, on. Range eight hundred. AP."

"Eight hundred — bubble level," echoed Cannon.

"Loaded!"

The breech clanged shut, greasily, satisfyingly solid and reassuring.

"Traverse right slowly. Range constant. Steady now. Should be able to see him any moment."

The sky had lost its sepia tone. The stars were indistinct, winking out. A slight edge of grey appeared on the horizon. Darby suddenly realized he could make out the battered curve of the sand shield. The sand was no longer an indistinct mass below him. He could see individual bumps and hollows. He strained his eyes again towards the vagrant sound. "Damn it, there it is — have you got it Cannon?"

The turret swung gently in acknowledgement, the long barrel tracking the dark beetle-like blob as it scurried towards them.

"Guess they can't have seen us yet, since we've got the night sky still behind us," he commented.

"Stand by to fire. . . ."

The sun thrust an inquisitive tentacle of light across the ridge. It touched briefly the sand-colored exterior of the approaching vehicle.

"Hold your fire, hold your fire. It's one of our Daimlers! Looks like Taffy Harris. God am I glad to see that Welsh bastard's face!" Darby threw open the hatch and climbed happily onto the turret roof. "What's for breakfast, you Welsh git?" He yelled.

"Your arse, man!" came back the reply, "the old man's about ready to eat the lot of you alive, look you. Turn that bloody contraption around and stay parallel with us till we tell you to turn."

"You're damn lucky you can still tell us to turn — Cannon was about ready to shoot you into the fourth Reich!"

He slipped down into the turret again. He grinned into the up-turned faces, and picked up the microphone.

"Hold very tight please — first stop, the NAAFL. Ding ding, driver, I have a thirst."





## Epithalamion

I have reached the sea.  
I see the shining rugs  
Rolled out on the sand with a flash;  
The fringes lap lightly, splash;  
The mysterious merchant tugs  
Them back away from me.

I stand at the river's end,  
Below the mountain where  
I chased the breathless stream  
Till it deepened, warmed; the dream  
Is here; you are there  
Behind the sea, the blend.

The sun is hissing out  
In the sea. The warm wave  
Washes my side, and rays  
Shrinking, beckon; sprays  
Tingle and swells lave  
And life begins in a shout.

## Renaissance

The world is a small hat, controversial.  
The song is too short for mammy and Black Joe.  
We are all in a stranded elevator, reeking  
Of old sardines, all on another's toes, cursing.  
Apt. 210½A  
Is rocks of heat and rolls of smoke  
And the samovar and the coffeepot are boiling over.  
And the sun also rises and sets, and finds  
No room for anything without a brand-name.

There it is silent, cold, and still. And stout  
Cortez looks out on *Mare Nubium*  
Stretching over the silver wastes of quiet.  
And Raleigh finds a scallop-shell and smokes  
A lichen pulled by the bank of a timeless blue  
Canal. Magellan circles the red sand-sea;  
Montaigne examines those qui ne portent point  
De haut-de-chausses, who never see the same  
Place twice, and who laugh at that silly planet  
Clicking its rutted way across the sky,  
Undistinguished in a crowd of stars.

— Ed Doughtie

# BASIL WILLEY: A STUDY OF HIS CRITICISM

by Robert M. Longworth

Basil Willey is a modern scholar who is noted for his work in historical criticism. His purpose is, perhaps, less to formulate an articulate philosophy of literature (as is, say, the "literary" critic's) than simply to study literature, with especial concern, in Willey's case, for its historical configuration. The purpose of this paper, however, is not to enter the debate regarding the relative merits of the two approaches, but to define the areas of concern which underlie Willey's work, to discuss the nature of his approach to literature, and, insofar as possible, to evaluate his work in relation to the framework of literature.

Willey's most significant contribution to modern scholarship is probably a trilogy of "century studies" dealing, in general, with the intellectual currents of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries as background to the literature of each succeeding age. But the works are not as wholly sequential as the suggestion of a "trilogy" would at first imply. The differences in the books are perhaps most clearly revealed in the changing subtitles to the succeeding volumes. The *Seventeenth Century Background*, published first in 1934, is subtitled "Studies in the thought of the age in relation to poetry and religion"; the *Eighteenth Century Background*, 1940, is subtitled "Studies on the idea of nature in the thought of the period"; and *Nineteenth Century Studies*, 1949, is subtitled simply "Coleridge to Matthew Arnold." And the books reveal this suggested changing purport which took place in Mr. Willey's work in the years which separate his earliest from his latest work.

In general, this shift has no more significance than a gentle alteration of tangential purpose, but is certainly worth noticing. In the earliest (seventeenth century) study, Mr Willey says

"The wider purpose of the book is to furnish readers of seventeenth century literature with a sketch of the intellectual background of the period. But I have hoped to give some unity to so vast a subject by keeping steadily in view a more particular aim, that, name-

ly, of noting how poetry, and also religion, were affected by the contemporary 'climates of opinion.'"<sup>1</sup> In his next study, Willey reveals a slight shift in purpose, for his declaration of intent now reads as follows:

"I . . . have tried to illustrate the importance, in that [the eighteenth] century, of the idea of 'Nature' in religion, ethics, philosophy, and politics, and in particular to indicate some stages in that divinization of 'Nature' which culminates in Wordsworth. This is the central theme of the book, and from this it derives whatever unity it may have."<sup>2</sup>

Finally, in his third volume, Willey says that

"the book itself makes no pretence to any sort of completeness. It comprises a group of inter-connected studies in certain nineteenth century writers who have interested me during the past eight years. . . . I hope, indeed, that the book may be found to have some unity: I offer it mainly as a preliminary enquiry into the history of religion and moral ideas in the nineteenth century."<sup>3</sup>

As these statements suggest, there exists a fundamental similarity of purpose in all these studies, a similarity which pervades nearly all of Willey's writing — that being, to portray the intellectual currents of the time he is considering insofar as he sees them influencing, being influenced by, or impinging upon the literature of the time, with a particular concern to the metaphysical, or at least the religious, import of the ideas:

"What has this writer most urgently demanded from life? is the question we must constantly ask ourselves. The original impulse, towards, say 'materialism,' or 'idealism,' is usually something sublogical; not, that is, a 'conviction' resulting from an intellectual process, but a quite simple set of the whole being towards a particular way of life. The direction once given, the subconscious affirmation once made, the character of

<sup>1</sup> See the "Foreword" to Willey, *Seventeenth Century Background* (New York: "Doubleday Anchor Books"), 1955.

<sup>2</sup> See the "Preface" to Willey, *Eighteenth Century Background* (London, 1940).

<sup>3</sup> See the "Preface" to Willey, *Nineteenth Century Studies* (New York, 1949).

the metaphysical superstructure is determined accordingly. It would be well if it were more generally realized that metaphysical utterances which appear to be statements of 'fact' are disguised imperatives, or at least disguised optatives; and our studies of the philosophers would be more remunerative if we went to them, not for 'truth,' but in order to discover what particular *fiat* or *unitam* their teaching implies."<sup>4</sup> I have quoted this passage in full and at some length because it is probably, for our purposes, Willey's most thorough statement of his own work. It is at once both the statement of his purpose, the justification for his work, and his own critical credo. He sets out, then, to discover the presuppositions of every philosopher and writer whom he treats. In the seventeenth century, for example, he speaks of Thomas Hobbes:

"Very nearly every statement of Hobbes can be reduced either to hatred and contempt of schoolmen and clerics, or to fear of civil war and love of ordered living in a stable commonwealth."<sup>5</sup>

In the eighteenth century, regarding Joseph Priestly,

"Religion was the core of his life, and the propagation of what he believed to be true Christianity was the main object of his labors."<sup>6</sup>

In the nineteenth century, notice John Stuart Mill, whose

"deepest presuppositions were rooted in the eighteenth-century subsoil. The main direction of his striving had been predetermined by the previous revolutionary age; it was towards the improvement of the human lot by the removal of ancient prejudice and established dogmatism."<sup>7</sup>

Before proceeding to an analysis of Willey's method, ideas, style, and such underlying qualities as may be found in his work, it is necessary to point out those areas of his work in which there is a marked chronological change. And if the most notable mark of similarity in all of Willey's work is, as was pointed out above, "to remain constantly on the alert for his [that is, any thinker's] unquestioned assumptions," then perhaps the most marked difference in the work is a developing tendency in Willey to address the present age on the basis of his work in past ages, or at least to apply the results of his labors into the thought of the past to the needs (as he sees them) and conditions of the present.

In his study in the seventeenth century, he only makes such an application when, speaking of the differences between "science" and religion," he asks rhetorically which of the two main streams of intellectual pursuit is to be preferred, and his answer is that that is to be preferred

"which best satisfies the needs, or best counteracts the defects, of each age. Science was undoubtedly what was most needed at the beginning of the seventeenth century; and, if one's own opinion is to be given, religion (but not scholasticism) is what is most needed now."<sup>8</sup>

His changing attitude swung a little more to the awareness of the contemporary situation by the time of his eighteenth-century study. Speaking of the confident early eighteenth-century syncretism of Greek and Judaic religious traditions, he notes that we cannot now be sure that it is God we shall find if we look without, and perhaps still less if we look within.<sup>9</sup> And later in the same work, as he, an Englishman, writes under the lurking shadow of creeping European totalitarianism, he discusses the political philosophy of Edmund Burke, who exalted the "national spirit" in his work. Willey, in 1940, notes the modern degeneration of that national spirit as exemplified in Germany, and stipulates that

"The question of our time is whether the liberal tradition . . . can hold its own against militant racialism . . . without invoking its own race-passions and so becoming the very thing it opposes. . . . If this can be achieved, the eighteenth century will not have existed in vain."<sup>10</sup>

When Willey discusses the nineteenth century, his application of past ways and previous thought to the present becomes even more pronounced. In speaking of the age of Thomas Arnold, for example, he suggests that such men as Arnold were conscious of a grand destiny which for them gave meaning to life and thereby "overawes" our modern generation — "a generation," comments Willey, "which has so largely lost its sense of direction and of any distinct moral summons, and yet is anxious to recover both."<sup>11</sup> Again, after a discussion of Thomas Carlyle, Willey concludes that what "we can learn from Carlyle is that 'democracy,' in order to survive, must be born again."<sup>12</sup> In speaking of John Stuart Mill's injunction against spreading standardization and assimilation of the individual, he remarks that in modern times Mill's words are even more true, and "his words are many times more urgent than ever."<sup>13</sup> Again, in a discussion of the influence of Ludwig Feuerbach on George Eliot, in which he depicts Feuerbach's "religion of humanity," Willey actually assumes the burden of refuting this philosophy by constructing, at the conclusion of his chapter, a hypothetical comment for the "Christian reader."<sup>14</sup> For the moment, it is enough

<sup>8</sup> See *Seventeenth Century Background*, p. 45.

<sup>9</sup> See *Eighteenth-Century Background*, p. 252.

<sup>10</sup> See *Ibid.*, p. 252.

<sup>11</sup> See *Nineteenth Century Studies*, p. 52.

<sup>12</sup> See *Ibid.*, p. 151.

<sup>13</sup> See *Ibid.*, p. 170.

<sup>14</sup> See *Eighteenth Century Background*, p. 126.

<sup>4</sup> See *Seventeenth Century Background*, pp. 99-100.

<sup>5</sup> See *Ibid.*, p. 101.

<sup>6</sup> See *Eighteenth Century Background*, p. 169.

<sup>7</sup> See *Nineteenth Century Studies*, p. 149.



simply to be aware of this gently-growing concern of Willey's for the practical "usefulness," or at least for the contemporary validity, of what has gone before.

Among the other differences which arise in the studies, the careful reader might notice a growing lack of unity in the works. It would seem that Willey found himself less able to portray each age in strong "either/or" terms as he progressed in his writing. He perceives and brilliantly analyzes the dichotomy which pervades the seventeenth century, that arising from a new body of knowledge, science, meeting an old body of doctrine, religious tradition, and the effect which their clash had in philosophy and poetry. But in the eighteenth century, he sees a single main current of thought — it was "an age of reason based upon faith — the faith in question being a confidence in the stability and regularity of the universal frame of Nature"<sup>15</sup> — and Willey's study becomes an enquiry into the various approaches with which men described this sort of faith: indeed, so totally is the eighteenth century a single stream that he can single out one philosophical figure (David Hume) as wholly representative of the characteristics of the age. The nineteenth century is for Willey an age concerned with the reconciliation of many streams of intellectual consciousness which had been broken apart by the peculiar programmes of the earlier centuries,<sup>15</sup> and Willey is concerned only to follow the main currents, perhaps a bit less to describe the literary significance of their flow than to understand the direction of their flow in order to define the movements themselves.

Having discussed at some length the developmental qualities in Willey's work, it now becomes important to mark the unchanging qualities which nearly all of it possesses.

First of all, in his century studies, Willey is concerned to establish the intellectual background in such a manner that the currents of thought which he sees moving in each century actually take on a sense of movement, and of direction, and of vitality. Thus, he carefully inserts a discussion of the "rational theology" of Lord Herbert of Cherbury before he deals with the "rational theology" of the Cambridge Platonists, in order to give a greater sense of the developing and diverging strains of the whole movement toward "rational theology." In a Memorial Lecture delivered in 1949 on *Richard Crashaw*, Willey remarked that "the critic's task is rather to sharpen than to blur distinctions."<sup>16</sup> And this is a thoroughgoing characteristic in Basil Willey. He does not permit any of the thinkers whom he treats to appear as an indistinct, or only partially distinct, figure blending into the in-

tellectual background; his thinkers are always the makers of the background, and Willey weaves the whole intellectual fabric of every age only by careful contrasts in their philosophies and by a sharp delineation of their thought. Thus, where some modern critics might pass lightly over Coleridge's celebrated separation of "imagination" and "fancy," for Willey it is worth the considerable laborious explanation of nearly a chapter to clarify Coleridge's idea so that it may be seen as a "vital stage in his life-and-death struggle against the mechanical materialism of the eighteenth century."<sup>17</sup> Nor is he willing even that Milton should be permitted absorption by any pre-established intellectual drifts until he clarifies the paradoxical curiosity of Milton's great heroic poem arising in an age in which poetry — and particularly Milton's kind of profound "imaginative poetry" — was clearly waning in popularity; and besides,

"Milton was a Promethean, a Renaissance humanist, in the toils of a myth of quite contrary import, a myth which yearned, as no Milton could, for the blank innocence and effortlessness of a golden age."<sup>18</sup>

This exacting concern for discriminating between philosophical view-points and the over-all implications of such philosophies, along with their effects and influences on the intellectual consciousness of the time may perhaps be traced to an early statement of Willey's. In speaking of "world-views" — and by that he apparently means the position from which a man formulates his philosophy, or his particular set of unquestioned assumptions about the nature of things — he says that world-views

"are either invitations to feel and act in a certain way, or they are framed in order to endorse certain preexisting feelings and actions. We can therefore only judge of their value from their ethical implications."<sup>19</sup>

And he concludes that our task is to find "a form of metaphysical 'statement' which shall be both scientifically unobjectionable and ethically valid."<sup>20</sup>

He finds himself basically at issue, then, with men such as Wesley or Paul because their admittedly "superior ethical dynamics" proceed "from a world-view inconceivable to 'enlightened' intelligence."<sup>21</sup> And he concludes his essay on Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in which he sees in Lord Herbert's deism the temporary stopping-place of later seventeenth-century theology, with a strange quotation from Herbert (a man described by Willey as "this choice barbarian [who] was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"). The body of the statement is a description of the

<sup>17</sup> See *Nineteenth Century Studies*, p. 27.

<sup>18</sup> See *Seventeenth Century Background*, p. 251.

<sup>19</sup> See Willey, "The World-Mender and his Opponent," in the *Hibbert Journal*, XXIX (October, 1930), p. 130.

<sup>20</sup> See *Ibid.*, p. 133.

<sup>21</sup> See *Ibid.*, p. 132.

<sup>15</sup> See *Nineteenth Century Studies*, p. 188.

<sup>16</sup> See *Richard Crashaw: a Memorial Lecture* (Cambridge University Press, 1949), p. 24.

visible portentous sign (a "gentle noise from heaven") which came to the writer as the divine imperative for the publication of his *De Veritate*.<sup>22</sup> The suggestion in Willey is that the man and his ideas present, partially because of the strange juxtaposition of his ethical conduct and his theological thinking, a rather ludicrous picture. And for this same reason, apparently, at the conclusion of a discussion of Matthew Arnold, Willey recommends Arnold's religious works "for all who are concerned today 'to preserve a spirit of sober piety and rational religion.'" This profound ethical concern on Willey's part can perhaps be best illustrated by an interesting personal sidelight. In early 1936 the spectre of war must have been an intense anathema to the sensitive teacher of English literature as he looked from his professional chair at Cambridge with the wisdom of a brilliant student of past worlds, old ideas, and remote times to the grim shadow which was spreading over Europe. So deep was his concern that, on March 14, 1936, he wrote an impassioned letter to the editors of the *New Statesman and Nation*, in which he called attention to the extension of a recent offer by Hitler to Europe for twenty-five years of peace: Willey urged governmental disarmament. For this splendid scholar, deeply committed to the visionary ethic which he claimed, perhaps, as his inheritance from the finest minds of past centuries, saw in Hitler's offer a faint possibility: twenty-five years just might be, he said, "time to build a new Europe, a new society, perhaps a new world."<sup>23</sup>

To suppose, however, that Willey's only contribution to scholarship is this ethical concern with which he analyzes his subjects is to be highly unfair. His "ethical concern" is simply an underlying current, an aspect of method, an omnipresent but not overwhelming quality in his work. The effect of this concern on Willey's writing is perhaps most pronounced in places such as his concluding treatment of William Wordsworth, a figure with whom Willey deals at great length. He finally has to face the fact of Wordsworth's waning ardor as a 'Nature' poet, the artistic tragedy of which Browning said

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,  
Just for a riband to stick in his coat . . .  
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen—  
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!"<sup>24</sup>

But Willey sees the matter differently. He can reconcile Wordsworth's "change," because

"from the point of view of this book it is of much interest and importance to note, in the later life of our greatest 'Nature' poet, that there is a steady re-

treat towards the religious sources of his mysticism, and grace supplants the visionary gleam."<sup>25</sup> Indeed, in a sense, for Willey, grace is sufficient.

But then, too, Willey sees as his larger task an attempt to distill the great movements in thought of the centuries into a comprehensive perspective, and he works at this task brilliantly. His style is extremely lucid and appealing, his insight is frequently exceptionally penetrating, and his work serves as much to interest the reader in his subject as to describe the subjects for the reader. He is also quite fond of paradoxes and antitheses.

There may be places in which the reader feels that the man of literature has wandered a bit astray from the matters with which he is most competent to deal, but it is rather stimulating to read a man who is convinced, at least at the outset, that he

"need offer no apology for thus classifying poetic [and I think he later would have said 'literary'] and religious beliefs together. Both, at any rate, seem to have been similarly affected by the 'philosophic' spirit, and those who are interested in the fate of either can hardly avoid feeling some concern for that of the other. . . . When speaking of philosophical matters I have supposed myself to be addressing . . . all to whom poetry, and religion, and their relation to the business of living, are matters of importance."<sup>26</sup>

In light of this discussion, an examination of Willey's critical "method" would seem profitable. His method is, in general, easily seen. He seems to have uppermost in his mind the general tone which he finds in each age, or in each period, and seems at least somewhat to have ascertained its direction and movement. Using this "tone" as a fundamental source of unity and continuity, Willey begins his discussion of nearly every philosopher or school of philosophy by relating the man or men to the current of the age: thus, he begins a discussion of Sir Thomas Browne with this contrasting statement:

"Bacon was pleading for science in an age dominated by 'religion'; Browne is already—at least in the *Religio Medici*—pleading for religion in an age which was beginning to be dominated by science."<sup>27</sup>

Willey usually goes on to elaborate on his opening statement by a close examination of each philosophy, in which he points out the weaknesses in preceding thought to which each doctrine is addressed, considers the implications in and consequences of each philosophy, and points out or suggests the effect of each philosophical doctrine at least on the literary thought of its time, if not always on the literature which actually arose in each age.

<sup>22</sup> See "Lord Herbert of Cherbury: a Spiritual Quixote of the Seventeenth Century," in *Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association*, XXVII (Oxford, 1942), p. 29.

<sup>23</sup> See Willey's letter in the *New Statesman and Nation*, II, p. 379.

<sup>24</sup> See Robert Browning, "The Lost Leader."

<sup>25</sup> See *Eighteenth Century Background*, p. 293.

<sup>26</sup> See the "Foreword" to the *Seventeenth Century Background*.

<sup>27</sup> See *Seventeenth Century Background*, p. 49.



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*The Philosophy of Literary Form.*

Kenneth Burke, Vintage Books,  
1957.

Surely no one writing today has done more to penetrate to the meaning and nature of "symbolic action" or human verbalization than has Kenneth Burke. Vintage Books deserves some special commendation for having reprinted a revised version of Burke's 1941 masterpiece, *The Philosophy of Literary Form*. In *The Philosophy*, Burke began to crystallize the ideas and methods which form the basis for his two most mature and brilliant works, *A Grammar of Motives* and *A Rhetoric of Motives*. In his long introductory essay, Burke sets forth his philosophy and method. This essay is followed by articles and reviews of varying lengths which demonstrate the ability of his approach to handle such diverse material as *Mein Kampf*, Freud, and "The Ancient Mariner."

What does Burke try to do in this volume? He is concerned, not with the analysis of any specific literary creation as such, although he does give a few complete analyses, but with the development of a set of concepts and a method which can be used to analyze any verbal act of man. In developing his concepts, he asserts that any verbal act, any symbolic act may be considered as an act on a scene and analyzed in terms of the act-scene ratio. At the same time, it may be considered as an act having certain internal relationships whose structure can be analyzed. Burke accepts both of these approaches as necessary, and goes on to argue that verbal action expresses a "strategic or stylized" answer to the situation in which it arises. To him, every verbal act names a situation in a way that expresses an attitude toward that situation. Furthermore, the nature of language is such that one can never hope to remove its "magic" or the tendency of human beings to feel that by naming something they have controlled it or comprehended

its essence. Burke does not, as some of the logical positivists seem to, believe that this magic is a bad thing. He asks of men only that they attempt to understand the limitations and ambiguities of language as a chart of the physical and social world. The wonder of the whole thing is that Burke is able to help one comprehend so much of the poetic, political, and scientific world of today.

Burke calls his philosophy "dramatic" or "dialectic" and his method "statistical," by which he means that his terms are derived from the analysis human life as a drama and that his assertions about the content or meaning of a specific piece are built up by examining the associational clusters within the work. The development of these associational clusters depends primarily on the synecdochic character of man's thought. By synecdochic, Burke means the ability of one word to stand for another, to become identified with it, to take on another word's charac-

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teristics. Burke contends that, in so far as one can trace these associational equations, one can understand what particular function a literary act is serving for its author. In short, one can discover the meaning of the act.

The preceding discussion has been rather abstract in that it has contained no examples of Burke at work. Against the wise counsel of W. H. Auden ("No isolated quotations can do justice to Mr. Burke's subtlety and good sense . . ."), I am going to try to give you some indication of what kinds of assertions Burke would make by quoting from his discussion of Clifford Odets' *Golden Boy* (pp. 28-31).

The total dramatic agon is broken down . . . into "violin" as the *symbol* of the protagonist and "prizefight" as the *symbol* of the antagonist, with the two symbols competing in an over-all co-operative act, as teams competitively work together to make a game. Here the equations are especially easy to observe . . . by statistically charting the course of the plot, you find that prizefight equals competition, cult of money, leaving home, getting the girl, while violin equals cooperative social unity, disdain of money, staying at home, not needing the girl. Obviously, "prizefight" and "violin" don't mean that for all of us. But that is way the clusters line up, within the conditions of the drama.

I do not wish, at this time, to attempt an exhaustive analysis of the interrelationships peculiar to Odets. I shall simply indicate the kinds of "leads" I think should be followed, if one wanted to complete such a chart by "statistical" or "symbolic" analysis. At one point, Moody says: "Monica, if I had fifty bucks I'd buy myself a big juicy coffin — what? — so throw me in jail." Surely, such an unusual adjective for "coffin" would justify watching. . . . Particularly in view of the fact that previously, when the boy's father had presented him with the violin, another character present had re-

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marked: "It looks like a coffin for a baby." Another character makes a speech that proceeds from talk of bad world conditions, to talk of spring, to talk of war, to: "Where's Doe? Did you give him the fiddle yet?" As a "first approximation," this sequence might indicate either that these various subjects "equal" one another, all being consistently part of the same cluster, or that some are compensatory to the others.

Another, and much more complete, example of Burke at work can be found in the appendix to *A Grammar of Motives*. There, he studies a poem familiar to all of us, Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn," and comes up with some very interesting observations. After all though, Auden is right. To understand and enjoy Burke, one must read him many times. But the heightened understanding of one's verbal world is well worth the effort.

— Keith Davis



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## EDITORIAL

The French Symbolists raised the question of whether "meaning" as we ordinarily conceive it is not something superfluous to poetry. Their great analogy was that between poetry and music; music they reasoned, had no "meaning" which could be translated into any other form of statement; one could not paraphrase in words the meaning of a musical passage. They wished to make poetry conform more closely to music, and therefore wrote poems which sought to represent through a chain of images a progression of feeling; words were intended not to convey any sort of ordinary meaning, but to evoke emotional images in the reader. In this way they sought to approximate the untranslatable feeling of significance which they found in music. They desired a poetry which would admit of no paraphrase, being composed entirely of undefinable emotional movement—as free of logical content as music.

We protest that words are essentially unlike musical phrases in that words involve reference, or "meaning". By all precedent we are led to expect that whenever words are formed together they are intended to make some statement, to "mean" something. We find it difficult to accept words as intended only to evoke an emotional pattern; we look for some further sense, and, finding none, are dissatisfied, suspecting that we have missed something, that we have failed to grasp the "message" of the poetry.

Yet I suspect that this criticism of symbolist poetry is not so telling as it first seems. We are obliged to consider if any concept of poetry at all is not a violation or perversion of the "real" use of words as conveyors of meaning. It seems to me that the only reason why anyone has ever written poetry is that he wished to express something which was different from the statements of mean-

ing rendered by ordinary language. We may think, for example of the old song "Sumer is icumen in."

I doubt if the purpose of this lyric was to apprise someone that the season of summer was at hand; this lyric is just as good and just as true in winter. These lines represent joy by naming in rythmical statement the cause of the joy. The joy itself was ineffable, incapable of direct statement, but the objective conditions which caused it could be named.

Next we may consider the narrative poem—our desire to find meaning in words is satisfied by the story line, yet the purpose of the poem is not to acquaint us with the objective facts of a true story; the story is fiction. The purpose of the poem is to make us feel the story; no fictional tale, unless it is an allegory, proposes to communicate the truth. A tale represents emotion by presenting a series of objective events which, because of our associations and sympathies with fictional characters, evoke in us an emotion.

It appears, therefore, that the difference between the proposed method of the Symbolists and the method of traditional poetry is not so great as it seemed. The Symbolist sets out to omit the recognizable pattern which we take for "meaning". In no real poetry should the statement of a meaning which can be rendered in ordinary language be the end of the poem. Of course there have been times when the fashion was to write essays in verse, but this was not likely to result in poetry. Music, too, has been burdened with messages alien to its purpose; but singing commercials are not like to result in music.

So we are left to wonder just how feeling and meaning should properly co-exist in poetry. T. S. Eliot has praised the balance of thought and feeling in seventeenth century poetry. Donne is an example of a poet who thought in an emotional logic, or felt in a very logical way; emotions are represented not merely by

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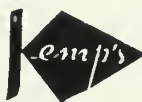
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the representation of the objective conditions which caused them, but also by the representation of subjective stages in their development. Yet Donne is the last person to be accused of burdening his poetry with a message, because "thought" in poetry is distinct from "meaning" in poetry. Donne used a kind of logic of imagery to represent more fully his feeling; he did not construct sound arguments, but emotionally convincing ones. Donne's real meaning is an emotional one. Donne, by providing a pattern which may be taken as a substitute for the "meaning" which words have in other uses, gives one answer to the difficulty which Symbolist poetry encounters when readers miss a recognizable pattern in the words. It seems that unless words fit together in some recognizable pattern, they cannot function, even in a musical way, to evoke emotion.

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# Silence and Slow Time

by Alan Bradford

UNCLE CLARENCE, enthroned in his wheel-chair, surveyed the silent monarchy of his living room. All was quiet and orderly now, but that would soon be changed. Before long the company would be here. Every year Uncle Clarence said he would be glad when this day was over. Yet he secretly looked forward to it, and every year when it was over he felt inexplicably sad.

The Christmas tree, a small one this year, stood shyly on a table in the corner of the room. This was the first year they had had a small one. Usually it was large and sat in the middle of the floor with all the presents under it, but Aunt Barbara had decided that the room was, after all, too small for that. Besides, now that Uncle Clarence, because of his heart, refused to help decorate the tree, the job was too big for Aunt Barbara by herself, she had decided. So from now on they would have a permanent silver tree with ornaments that never came off. You just stored it with the Christmas things from one year to the next. It was artificial, but it was permanent.

Multitudes of cards, arrayed all about the room, on the mantel, on the coffee table and the bureau, and even taped to the walls, surrounded Uncle Clarence. Everywhere he looked there was a profusion of red and green. There were bells and candles and trees, snowy landscapes with solitary churches, trios of camels in desert wastes, toy-laden Santa Clauses, shining angels, and all the heterogeneous symbols, pagan and Christian, of the season. How gaudy, thought Uncle Clarence, but she was a good woman. He must not criticize anything that she did. He picked a card, one of the sentimental variety, and read the message:

Just sending this along to say  
Here's hoping that this Christmas day  
May bring you joys to shed their ray  
And light you down the long year's way.

Signed Harry Walsh (the old hypocrite, sending a Christmas card.) Uncle Clarence chuckled. Good old Harry, from the old days.

Losing interest in the cards, he wheeled himself around and looked at the tiny pageant being enacted on the hearth. Within a spotless little stable, the hard birth newly accomplished, Mary and Joseph knelt once more beside the manger, though one of the legs was broken off this one. Wise men and shepherds in awkward postures of frozen adoration fraternized like equals. Uncle Clarence wondered which were the wise men and which were the shepherds. A plaster angel with chipped wings perched on a wire, hovering over the scene. Below, three sheep nibbled on the edge of the green rug. Somehow an ungainly Japanese dog that dwarfed both sheep and men had strayed into the company. Aunt Barbara had made Uncle Clarence promise to pause during this day at least once and think of Our Lord who was born on the first Christmas to save us from our sins. And God knows, he had enough of them. He shut his eyes. All right. It was done; he had kept his promise.

He could hear her working in the kitchen and softly singing a hymn. She sang badly, he thought. But she was beautiful inside, and he had to remember that. He was sure that she was now thinking beautiful, pleasant thoughts as she always liked to do. It had taken him thirty years to understand a wife who thought beautiful, pleasant thoughts. She was probably thinking about Our Savior who was born in a manger on this day two thousand years ago. Or about her gray-beard anthropomorphic heavenly father. Well, let her. He hoped that she would see the Old Man someday. She deserved to, if anyone did. She was singing "Away in a Manger."

Loose wrappings littered the floor near the little tree. Striped paper, green and red ribbons, and plastic bells. The more impressive of the presents were still in the room. The new plaid bathrobe she had given him, the electric blanket he had ordered for her. Then there was the wonderful set of dishes from magnanimous and successful Uncle Ralph, of which Aunt Barbara was so proud. A mechanical can-opener from Aunt Clara, no doubt at the sugges-

tion of her extremely pragmatical husband Morris. Morris had the most concrete mind of anyone Uncle Clarence had known. Every Christmas, after dinner, when the guests were comfortably filling the living room with their conversation, he and Morris would retire to his study for a game of chess. He had trained Morris as one trains a dog and could always win from him. In fact, he often had to show his protege the right moves to prolong the game and give his intellect sufficient exercise. It was, of course, no better than competing with oneself, but poor Morris never realized how he was being used as a dummy.

Uncle Clarence and Aunt Barbara had spent Christmas morning alone together for thirty years, and for as long a time, her family had been coming for buffet dinner in the afternoon. Over the years the group had altered greatly and today would bear little resemblance to the clan that first gathered here thirty years ago. This year Aunt Gertrude, being dead, would not come. Uncle Clarence knew that they would talk about the will, as they had been longing to do ever since their last meeting—at the funeral. Well, when that started, he would just motion to Morris, who, doglike, would shuffle along behind him to the study.

Yes, he thought, I have seen generations pass through these portals. Wheeling himself around, he faced the door and noticed for the first time the bit of mistle toe Aunt Barbara had hung there. It was for Charles and Betty, she said, because they were young and so much in love with each other. And it was to be the baby's first Christmas. There was a special anticipation filling the house this year because of Charles and Betty's three-month-old baby, whom neither Uncle Clarence nor Aunt Barbara had seen yet. And how dear Betty was to the hearts of all the family. She had been accepted as one of them now, and Charles deserved to be commended on his choice of a wife, said Aunt Barbara. Better choice than you made, my dear, he thought. To think that it took thirty years . . . But she *is* a damn good-looking woman, Betty, that is. Good choice, I say. He conjured before him the attractive figure of his nephew's young wife. But as soon as she came, she was gone again. Ah, women, women. One of my sins, I suppose. Not until three years ago, though. No, sir, no such thing as a sin until you have two heart attacks, one right on top of another. Damn near finished me. A sinful, godless man, she called him. Then one, two, just like that.

Uncle Clarence meditated. Yes, the baby would take the spotlight away from him today. He felt a little jealous . . . Not that he had asked for the role

of Patriarch, but years and a certain aloofness, wit, and of course his place as host at the head of the table had traditionally given it to him. Except of course for thundering Uncle Ralph who more than once had usurped the throne to reign supreme over the day and who would no doubt attempt another revolution today. He was the richest member of the entire clan by far and was always asked to say the blessing at mealtime, which he did eloquently and with the sublime humility which the wealthy are capable of displaying when they publicly acknowledge gratitude for their blessings. Uncle Clarence hated Uncle Ralph. He sighed. After all, he was only an in-law or, as he preferred to say, an outlaw, to the family, no matter how venerable.

Yes, they would soon be here. She had stopped singing in the kitchen. Uncle Clarence's eyes traveled across the opposite side of the room to the red and green candles sprouting up out of their holders like plants that grew there. There unopened packages still on the table were for the McGuire children. He knew that as soon as they entered, the children would run straight to the tree and tear open their presents. This event was one of the few things in life that still gave the old man a simple feeling of pleasure. He remembered something about getting a bicycle when he was that age. Strange that he should think of it now. And the holly and poinsettias, with silver bells swung from the light fixture on the ceiling. Aunt Barbara had worked hard, and now everything stood in its properly ordered place, according to family tradition.

She was, after all, a good woman, and he with all his failings sometimes felt as though he had been a curse on her in his younger days. Other women, a few, but not many. And now this—two of them, one on top of another, and he was suddenly a quite different kind of curse. A hopeless, crippled, dying burden on her old age. God. She deserved better. But she, though the devil sometimes tempted her to think otherwise, considered him a blessing that had been given to her in the form of a cross to bear, a holy responsibility to save his soul. And for years she had clutched the Bible while he raved and blasphemed and drank. A sinful, godless man, she had called him. I have never been good to her, he thought. She deserved better. So he had given in; he had given her his soul to do with it what she would. God knows, he had no use for it.

Now she came out of the kitchen, still in her apron, a small, radiant, one-pretty woman. "Are they here yet?" she asked. She walked over and peered out the window, then returning to the kitchen, stopped and smiled at her husband, who looked away.



Then she became serious. "Clarence, you must promise me one thing. Please be careful what you say today, of all days, especially in front of the children. I mean don't say anything that might — well — you know how children are, dear."

"All right, all right," he grumbled nervously. She went back into the kitchen. A sinful, godless man. Then one, two. He brooded silently awhile, then rolled himself across the room to stare out the window. The sun shone warmly over the fields and the road and the distant trees. Much too hot for Christmas. One thing they didn't have any more the way they used to was snow. For Uncle Clarence, the past was white with snow.

## II

ONE BY ONE, they arrived. First the McGuires with their small twins who raced each other to the Christmas packages. Then came Aunt Clara with bent, humble Morris slouching along, behind her. Ecstatically, she kissed her sister and her brother-in-law, too. Then she insisted on standing the McGuire twins back to back, exclaiming many times, "How they have *grown!*" Of course they have, what did you expect? wondered Uncle Clarence but said nothing. Morris estimated that the twins must be roughly five feet tall with John a fraction of an inch taller. He then volunteered his services in installing the new automatic can-opener, and they were gladly accepted.

The next to arrive were nephew Charles and his wife Betty with little three-months-old Emily. Upon seeing the mistletoe they obligingly embraced one another, to the delight of both aunts. The baby became the immediate center of attention. Aunt Clara goo-gooed and giggled and gurgled, and little Emily made similar response.

With the passing of time enough to assure a dramatic entrance, Uncle Ralph came in like the blast of the North Wind. Bestowing kisses and handshakes liberally, as well as his blessings on the infant, Uncle Ralph thundered through the house. Uncle Clarence wheeled himself into a far corner and said nothing.

The last to arrive were the old couple's own children, Sally and Jason. Sally, who was home from school in the North, had driven into town to get her brother, who had the day off from his job. Jason, tall and husky, played basketball for his company team and was quite good. Being rough and shy, he greeted his parents with reserve. He seemed vaguely impatient, glancing at his watch and asking when they were to eat. Uncle Clarence guessed the reason why. Summoning his son over to the corner, the old man

spoke to him: "Your team kind of lost the other day, didn't it?"

"Yes, sir, I guess so."

"Wonder why."

"Oh, sumbitchin' team was just too good for us. Sumbitches beat us, that's all."

Father and son seemed miles apart.

"What's the big hurry, son? You got yourself a woman in town?"

Jason nodded and grinned, moving his hands in and out to indicate the proportions of the lady in question. Father and son had found a common bond.

But Sally was different. She didn't smile; in fact, she hardly greeted her father at all. How can any woman be so cold, especially a daughter of mine, he thought. But he knew what had alienated his daughter from him. As a child she had worshipped him, and he had sought to pervert her. Why, he couldn't explain. He had given her her first cigarette, her first beer, and had taught her profanity and told her jokes. When the awareness of what was happening had intruded on the purity of Aunt Barbara's mind, she had clutched her child to her side. A sinful, godless man, she had said. And in the years that followed the girl had lost the love she had had for her father. On the other hand, he had made no attempt to corrupt Jason, in all fairness leaving half of their offspring to the mother's influence. But Jason, ironically, had understood and admired his father's ways from the beginning and lost no time in corrupting himself. The two of them haunted Uncle Clarence like ghosts. Each of them was half of what he had been in his youth, but neither was the whole man. He, realizing this, had the greatest contempt for both. Jason ran wild while Sally read all she could get her hands on, becoming an intellectual and an atheist. Thus Jason was sinful and Sally godless, while Aunt Barbara thought beautiful and pleasant thoughts about Jesus and did not know her children.

The guests were all here now, except for Aunt Gertrude, who was in the grave. Dinner was served, complete with golden roast turkey and all of the Christmas accessories in the proper family tradition. As in the past, Uncle Ralph was called upon to ask the blessing. He cleared his throat and began in the manner of his political orations:

"Heavenly Father and Provider, once more we are gathered around this board to ask Thy blessing on this food with which Thou hast so abundantly furnished us. We thank Thee for the many rich blessings which Thou hast bestowed upon us during the past year. Truly we have prospered through Thy bounteous mercies." (Uncle Ralph had, at any rate; he had



won all of his cases that year and had completed certain highly profitable business transactions.) "We thank Thee most of all for this great family which sprang forth from the loins of our earthly mother and father and for the love and happiness which we share with one another today. We thank Thee for this infant babe, so like unto Thine own Son who became a little child to dwell with us. And we thank Thee for these young people who can look forward down the broadening road of life and say, 'It shall be good!' And for those of us nearing the goal of our journey, our heavenly reward, who can look back down that same diminishing road and can say, 'It *has* been good to us!' We thank Thee lastly, O Lord, that Thou hast taken to Thy bosom our dear departed sister and hast granted her Thy peace. God bless us all, and may we continue to prosper in the coming year. In the name of Thy Son who entered the world on this very day two thousand years ago, we pray, Amen."

"And light you down the long year's way." Uncle Clarence had promised, but he couldn't resist this opportunity. "Frankly," he began, but Aunt Barbara shot him an apprehensive glance through her still tearful eyes, from the opposite end of the table. He hesitated but went on. "Frankly, I see no reason for thanking this God for merely supplying us with what is necessary to this existence he has forced upon us. On the contrary, if he didn't supply us we ought to curse him instead—which, in fact, we ought to do anyway, for failing to supply starving people everywhere while we feast." Uncle Ralph changed colors like a chameleon. Aunt Barbara stood up and said sharply, "Clarence, please! Must you? Remember your promise to me. These children!" He remembered, and since he owed it to her as payment on a thirty-year debt, he said nothing to anyone the rest of the day. Except to invite Morris to join him in his study for a game of chess. There, surrounded by the shelves of books he had weighed for so many years against Aunt Barbara's one little Bible, he engaged in combat virtually with himself.

Their smoky conversation drifted across the living room. From the study, Uncle Clarence heard it only as a mosaic of voices, meaningless, confused, chattering. He didn't try to separate them. They were talking about the will. Topsy from egg nog, Aunt Clara moaned that her cruel dead sister had utterly "forgotten" her. Finding no sympathy among adults, she carried on incoherent dialogue with little Emily, herself reduced to second infancy.

Jason paced the room like a caged tiger and looked at his watch. Uncle Ralph approached Sally, who had been studying literature in college.

"My girl," he said, "I remember one poem from my literature course when I was in school. Can you tell me where this comes from?"

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset . . ."

Using Tennyson's well-ordered lines as oars, he smote the sounding furrows of his own voice.

Sally hesitated deliberately for fear of appearing too bright. "That's uh—from Tennyson's 'Ulysses' I believe."

"Right poem but wrong author! Milton wrote that poem, my friend. How well I remember. They say an elephant never forgets, girlic. You know that?"

She answered with an esoteric cough.

The afternoon wore on.

Every year the climax of Christmas day was the departure of Uncle Ralph. And always it was the same. Late in the afternoon, in fact promptly at five-thirty, Uncle Ralph would draw out his watch, look at it, then standing in the middle of the room hold it at the end of its chain for all to see. With infinite sadness in his countenance he looked from one solemn member of the family to the next.

"The time has come," he said finally, "but all good things must come to an end, and though it grieves me to take my leave of you, I have no choice but I must go."

And, as every year, Aunt Barbara would rise in protest saying, "But Ralph dear, won't you stay for supper. I was counting on you . . ." Uncle Ralph would sadly but firmly raise his hand and call for his coat and hat, his scarf and his gloves. Then, with the little family gathered about him, he would stand framed in the doorway and make his farewell speech, his big voice melting into mildness as the setting sun behind him melted over the fields in a profusion of rose-colored light and generous warmth:

"Once more we have spent a pleasant Christmas day together. Tomorrow the affairs of the busy world call us back, but these brief hours have been sweetly spent. And let us never forget them, no matter where our paths may take us in these days to come. I suppose," he continued, "that you all expect some advice from an old man who sits on the pinnacle and surveys a full and active life and one that has been richly blessed. But I am not gifted with words and can only say this: Be good to life, and life will be good to you. Have all the fun you can, you young ones," he turned to Sally and Jason and the children, "but remember to do good and to have love in your hearts for all your people. Stick by your people, whatever

you do. I wish you all the joys of the New Year and may the Lord be as good to all of you as He's been to me."

Then he embraced each of them and turned his back. His face rosy in the setting sun, Uncle Ralph walked away. You expected the clouds to open and receive him, but they didn't. Instead, he got into his 1958 Buick and drove off.

When Aunt Barbara came back from waving goodbye there were tears in her eyes. "He is a saint and an angel." And, as it happened every year, the departure of Uncle Ralph marked the turning point of the long day. Now Sally at last could abandon herself to utter boredom without feeling that it was impolite. Jason with another look at his watch asked to be excused. The door slammed, and he, too, was gone. His car roared as its wheels scraped the dust and sent pebbles flying, then slid off and down the little road. "Everybody is leaving," wailed Aunt Clara, as she poured herself another glass of eggnog. Emily bubbled and babbled incoherently. Betty held her over her shoulder and patted her behind.

"No, Morris, I would castle if I were you," said Uncle Clarence as Morris' hand hovered over a pawn. To have love in your hearts for all your people, he had said. Uncle Clarence thought about love. How Emily loved her mother and her mother loved her father. How Sally loved books and Aunt Clara loved Morris. How Jason loved the girl he was going to spend the night with in town. Or did you call that love? Guess not. But Uncle Ralph loved everybody and God apparently loved Uncle Ralph, although Aunt Barbara loved God. It was confusing. How he, Clarence, once loved Barbara. Well, if you want to call it love. She was a good woman, he should have been better to her. But it was too late now.

### III

THEY were gone. It was all over. The McGuire family had left, followed by Aunt Clara and Morris. Then Sally and Aunt Barbara, along with Charles and Betty, had decided to drive into town and visit friends before supper. Promising to be back shortly, they left little Emily with Uncle Clarence. The old man and the baby were alone in the house now. He wheelchaired into the kitchen and poured himself a glass of bourbon, taking full advantage of his opportunity. "Just a drop," he said, nodding to the bassinet in the middle of the living room, "And remember, little girl, this is just between me and you."

How good it tasted. There. He could feel the heart inside of him just under his hand there, beating, keeping stroke, one, two, one, two. Have love in your

heart, he had said. But where? Auricles and ventricles, Aorta and Vena cava, arteries both coronary and pulmonary. Blood, oxygen, and carbon dioxide. But where was love? The frail heart pumping life. Sending the red blood to all the outposts of the body and bringing it back again. Funny how it keeps going and then one day it stops. Tried to twice already, try again soon. He saw himself laid out under the knife. The nimble surgeons plunging red hands into the wound. He had done it many times himself, but he didn't like to think about his practice since he had retired. The sick healing the sick. Yes, it stops, and then what?

She was a good woman, he should have been better to her. But after all, he thought, the surprising thing was not that he had been unfaithful to her, but rather how faithful he *had* been. There had been women, yes, and plenty of them. But he always came back to Aunt Barbara. And he would stay there. Yes, he chuckled, he would be faithful now all right. She had him body and soul.

Uncle Clarence rolled his chair over to the window. It was getting dark outside now. The sun was almost gone. He looked as far down the road as he could see then moved back up it. The trees were stark now, like pencil sketches on a piece of white paper.

Thirty years. Thirty years she had clutched her Bible and prayed night and day. A sinful, godless man. And a curse on her. Well, he hoped she would get her reward. He hoped she would go to heaven and see Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and all the rest. Yes, and the Old Man himself.

Old Man, funny. Why an old man. Why that's no more than I am. Quite a letdown to get there and he turns out to be just an old man. Why, she's married to an old man. And if he is does he sit in a wheelchair too. Does he have a heart breaking down under the strain. And will it stop and if it does then does he go to a Heavenly Father. And does that Heavenly Father have another Heavenly Father to go to and so on down the distant eternities. Odd they should have him old man. I should think him young so short a part of eternity having passed maybe even like Emily only a little baby. Uncle Clarence felt dizzy.

He wanted to talk to some one. "Barbara!" he called. No of course he remembered, she was not here. They were all gone, the house was empty. He turned quickly and wheeled himself over to the bassinet. Leaning over, he looked down at the miniature parody of a human being that lay there, eyes open wide in wonder, its rounded little arms pinned back, its legs drawn up, kicking, like a turtle on its back.



Rings of violet, yellow, pink, and green dangled over its head. It groped jerkily but couldn't reach them.

"I'll talk to you," began Uncle Clarence. "Yes, why not? You won't understand now but you will someday. You and I. Why, look at us here." He rocked the bassinet on its wheels. "Nothing very firm under either of us. You're rolling and I'm rolling. The whole world is rolling. That's why mortals have to have wheels under them, to feel that rolling for themselves because they can't accept it on faith. Think of Uncle Ralph rolling in one direction and Jason and Sally and your Aunt Barbara and your mother and daddy and Aunt Clara and Morris all rolling the other way." The old man saw the runaway world, somewhere out in space, tumbling down the sky.

He mocked the tone of Uncle Ralph. "Yes, have all the fun you can while you're young, and be sure that life will pay you back for every bit of it. Do you know what they do to you? When they decide you've had enough fun they fix you. They give you two heart attacks, one, two, right here." The uncomprehending child stared up at the old man.

Now he sank back in his chair and let his arms drop by his side. A sinful, godless man. No that was wrong sinful but not godless. He had prayed. When. Years and years and years. His youth came roaring back but it did not stop. Sweeping aside thirty years of married life, his meeting with Aunt Barbara, learning of his heart condition and deciding to settle down, asking her to marry him. It swept past all this, past Chicago in the 20's with the liquor and the fast women and good old Harry Walsh to light you down the long year's way. Leaving all that behind, past the years of medical school. Past those wild college years and all the way back to a little boy and Christmas over fifty years ago. But why remember that. Uncle Clarence blinked and tried to clear his head. The picture was still there. Like the pieces of a jigsaw it came together and he remembered the whole story.

Leaning over the bassinet once more he said, "I'll tell you your first Christmas story. Listen. It happened to me a long time ago. When I was small I got a bicycle for Christmas. It was a big shiny thing. Lord, it was beautiful. I had wanted it so long and that year we could afford it. I rode and rode and never got tired. I rode downtown on it so the downtown boys could see it, I was so proud. But the downtown boys standing on the corner outside the drug-store made fun of me. One of them asked how long I was going to keep my bicycle. I said forever I guess, and they laughed at me. I must have been very small then because the more I thought about it I could see no reason why my bicycle wouldn't last forever.

"I went back home. Then one morning when I woke up I saw a dent in the front fender with a big scratched place in the middle of it. I couldn't imagine how it got there. It wasn't really big, but it seemed big to me because the whole shiny life of my bicycle seemed to flow out through that scratch, and it wouldn't last forever. Then I shut my eyes and prayed to God that when I looked again the scratch would be gone. But when I opened them it was still there.

"The next thing I did was to write a foolish letter to the Chicago firm that made the bicycle, Bruton and Son, Inc. I explained that they had made a bicycle which had got a scratch and a dent in it, and this was not right. Of course I never heard from them. Any number of things could have happened. A drunken postman could have dropped my letter in the snow, or it got lost in the mail among all the other letters. Or perhaps Bruton and Son never opened it or, if they did, ignored it and threw it away. Or worse still Bruton and Son had gone bankrupt and dissolved, or maybe even there had never been any firm called Bruton and Son in the first place. But somehow, it seemed not to matter how it had happened. What mattered was that I had never heard from them. From that day, I resolved to have no more dealings with the firm of Bruton and Son."

Uncle Clarence drooped back in his chair, exhausted. He began to feel sleepy. If I were young again, he thought. He dreamed how he would have gone straight to Chicago and stormed the very citadel of Bruton and Son. He would have burst into the office and down the long carpet to the big desk with old Mr. Bruton himself sitting behind it and his son on his right hand. He would not have bothered with the son at all but would have addressed himself to the old man, directly. He would have laid before him his case with its tremendous injustice. And would have won, too. But he had grown too old for that. Besides, he was sitting in a wheelchair, and he was sleepy.

#### IV

IN the bassinet, the child groped with the same mysteries as the old man. (Confusion of suspended colors, violet, yellow, pink, green, yellow, pink, green, violet. Formless desire in the unformed mind to grasp the violet ring. The inability to translate desire into action. Helplessness of hands and arms. Ungraspability of swinging ring. Walls of bassinet rising sheer, inescapable. Immensity of room overhead crushing with wonder of space. Momentariness of each impression, instantaneously obliterating itself. Sleep.)



## Knowledge

After rain  
Lined on the smooth world's rim  
There is clarity;  
As far as the eye knows  
There is sunlight.  
A man stands alone on the shore  
His sight stretches over the sea;  
The man does not see  
The seabird, nor its shadow.

## A Plea Before The Sibyl

Memories of wings  
Tumbling through dark,  
Bare forests,  
The stripped trees of the mountain—  
Memories and fear of the dark  
Confusing wind, like  
The tumble of wings  
Through the mountain forest—  
I pray that the prophecy  
Be not scattered.  
I have come  
Supplicating understanding,  
But if the dry leaves  
Whirl at my feet,  
I doubt my courage  
To walk out my days  
Like a waking dream  
Amid meaningless winds.

## Some Questions

When in winter the trees  
Wind their skeletons  
Into the cold sky  
What do they supplicate?  
And in the evenings,  
What is the look of sunlight  
On the wood of branches?  
What patterns, what color,  
Cast on stones and clay?  
Does the brown sparrow  
Catch the slow light  
In the hollow of its wing?

## Winter Trees

Trace their meanings  
In patterns like thought  
Against the violet air;  
The simple cold  
Mutely implies  
The necessary unseen chapel,  
The longed-for light, until  
Through the branches  
Of my soul-against-the-sky,  
The star-bells of evening  
Chime to Christ.

Jim Applewhite



by Tyson Underwood

Photographs by Don Roulston

Bob Benson is a non-objective painter — which means that he paints something other than the “objects” of the photographic perception.

Bob paints in a two-car garage, and he works slowly, carefully, and exactly. A painting may begin as a sketch on paper, but most often he attacks the canvas itself. The four by six foot frames are mounted on a pole-type easel that stands in the middle of the floor, and the initial work is done with a yardstick and pencil. The basic form is laid out something

Benson





like an aerial view of a city, and on this rigid "blueprint" the picture is begun.

At once the peculiarities of the paints begin to alter the original design. He uses house paints, for the most part, dilute colors always applied with wide brushes in large areas at a time. The rigid, mechanical layout succumbs to the freer variations of tone and the softer modulations of blacks, browns, and what Dore Ashton of the *New York Times* calls "tobacco juice tan."<sup>1</sup>

From the very beginning, the artist is on his own. He has no photograph of nature to reproduce, no object to represent. On the contrary, as soon as some objective form begins to appear, he becomes disturbed—there must be no pictures to distract from the painting.

The first color goes on fast, and the canvas is usually covered completely in a few hours. The ground work may resemble nothing so much as the water stains on the basement wall or gasoline spills on the asphalt streets.

From then the process may drag out for weeks. The original shapes



are redefined, or else, ignored and new forms introduced. Clearly marked areas of coal-black begin to appear, inside or overlapping the areas of bleached brown and faded black.

At this stage nothing is conclusive; an addition in one place requires a new form somewhere else, and the process is usually a long and exact one. The artist spends much time in a high wrought-iron chair at the far side of the room, smoking cigars, listening to music, and "fidgeting" with something—sharpening pencils, cleaning pipes, fondling his Siamese cat. During this stage, a spot of color usually appears—done in heavy oils and most often red—like an X on a map, it orients the eye to the whole canvas.

The final stage consists in simplifying the statement; the ideas are reduced to the essential; this is done by "blocking" the whole painting with white. Large areas of meticulously worked out color are painted over in a flat untextured white—sometimes straight along the edges, sometimes stroked in. To see a finished and unfinished painting hang-





He sometimes names the paintings, but more for the fun of naming than any serious association between title and the work.

Recent reviewers in local and state papers make a great deal out of the fact that Bob is a football player turned artist.

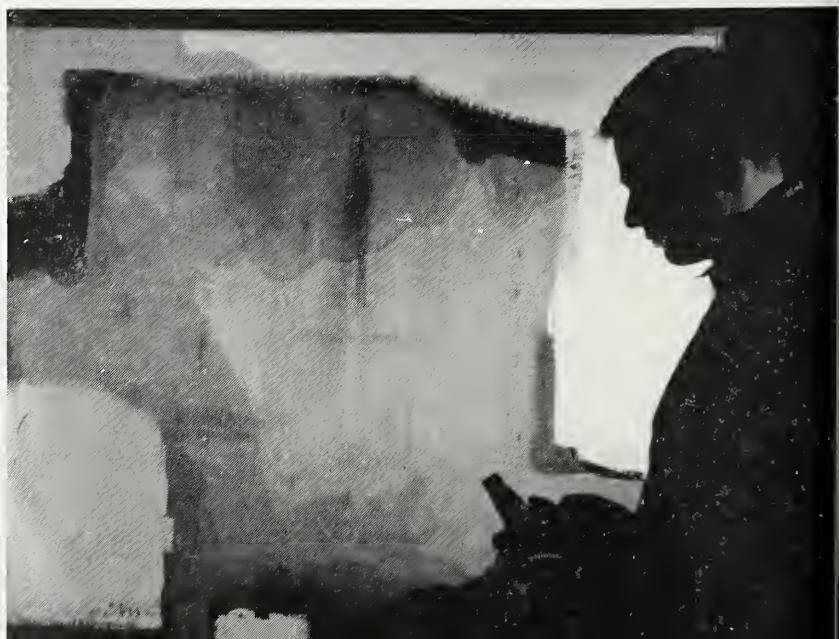
Bob's most recent exhibition was a one-man show at the Chase Gallery in New York. Highly praised in both art columns and periodicals, his work has been bought mostly by museums, excepting one letter from an eleven year old boy: "I have ten dollars, and I want an 'abstract' for my mother for Christmas."

His wife Sandra and their two sons Trey and Marc have reconciled themselves to a second place in his life and to the perpetual smell of oil paint. He talks about art, but it is always in terms of "art and me." The work of art is always the artist himself. Each painting is a statement of what he knows about life, but never the final statement.

ing side by side makes the difference enormously apparent. The unfinished painting is a succession of blacks, browns, and tan that might continue indefinitely beyond both sides of the canvas. But the final picture is framed—isolated in space. He prefers to say "I stop a painting" rather than "I finish it."

Bob's enormous canvases are a radical departure from the small Chinese-inspired pieces he was doing a year ago. Each period shows a break with the one previous.

He is particularly dubious when talking about his painting. Eager enthusiasts who want to know, "What is it?", "What does it mean?", "What does it say?", always provoke a pained silence or perhaps the reply, "It is a painting."





# After Many A Summer

## *The First Part of a Longer Story*

by Gordon Firth

"Sure, I remember Harry," said Tony, half-smiling. "I remember him like I remember the summer. The two seem to go together. You know, like you can't think of one without thinking of the other."

so harry falcon has committed suicide

"News like this sort of shocks you," Tony continued, "especially about Harry. He was the last person I . . . well, he didn't have a care in the world."

and when you hear about it like this not having seen harry in months and of all the times of the year for his father to be telling me about it it's not the kind of thing you want to tell about or hear about on xmas eve what is mr falcon saying now?

"I'm sorry I had to walk in on you like this, I mean so suddenly," said Mr. Falcon, "but only the other day we learned that you knew my son. It was Nola Bayne who told us. She worked at the Pembroke, too, you know, last summer. I guess you remember her. And she told me you were a good friend of Harry's. I was surprised, I mean I didn't know Harry had friends like this, I mean who lived in houses like this."

houses like this why does he say that like harry lived in something different his father does look pretty shabby needs a shave and could stand a haircut too and a better coat i thought harry was quite rich

"That's funny," Tony said, "somehow he gave me the impression he was rather well-off."

"I've given Harry everything he ever wanted," Mr. Falcon explained. "The trouble was, I guess, he wanted more than we could sometimes afford, not that we didn't give it to him, and gladly, my wife and I. And not that Harry wasn't grateful, no, he was, and that's what makes things so hard to understand. Of course, we saw very little of him in the past six or seven years, you know, but when we did, he always looked pretty sensible. The last time he was home was for a day or two last June, and we didn't even know where he spent the summer until this girl Nola told us."

nola nola bayne i remember her remember harry liked her didn't love her i wonder where she is now mr falcon is still talking

"As far as we know, you were the last one to see Harry. You say he stayed here at the end of the summer?"

looking around the living room at the tinsel ready for hanging and at the tree on which it will be hung looking at the warmth of the fire and the portraits on the panelled walls looking at the mossy carpet and the silk upholstery looking for harry in a place where after all he didn't fit looking for one remaining glimpse that isn't here

"Oh- yes," Tony said quickly, "yes, he dropped by one afternoon and stayed for about a week" just like his father dropped by one xmas eve will he stay a week too? it is bright outside from the snow and down the road the carolers are singing hark the herald angels soon we'll be lighting the tree aunt holly is waiting behind the sliding doors waiting for her children to come in and for this man to go out waiting to trim the tree waiting like a twentysixyearold child with eyes as big as xmas balls "No one saw him after that. I just don't understand it." mr falcon still pouring out his troubles can't blame him but xmas eve of all times and when i've been thinking of the midnight party and the dance at the hunt club coming up next weekend it takes a while for me to understand and is almost funny at first why did harry have to wait til now to kill himself no that's not what i mean after all harry was one of my best friends even knowing him for just a short time something's wrong with this something happened between september and xmas that's it of course he certainly must have changed since i saw him last

"And are Mr. and Mrs. Woodward at home?"

mr and mrs woodward at home "No," said Tony, "no, I'm afraid they're out for the evening. Mother's at the Church. They're having a big reception at the rectory, and then the Women's Club is putting on its



pagaent. And my father's holding a party at his office down in the city. It's a company custom." I shouldn't have told him that lots of things have been said about these office parties mr falcon might take it the wrong way of course it wouldn't matter much if he did

"Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way . . ."

are they here already? promised bob i'd join them maybe they won't stop in but i always liked caroling it gives xmas an added spirit no can't think of it it would be rude to mr falcon rude? be impossible

The front door slammed.

"I was the firstest."

"No you wasn't. I was."

"Tony, tell Drew I was first."

"I was, Cindy, you know I was. I get the star."

"I get it."

"Quiet, both of you," said Aunt Holly, appearing at the library door. It isn't time to hang the star."

"These are my cousins, Drew and Cindy," Tony explained to Mr. Falcon. "And this is my Aunt Holly."

"I'll take care of them," said Aunt Holly, nodding to Mr. Falcon. "You children come with me to the library and we'll read a Christmas story."

"Another one?" said Cindy.

"When can we get to hang the star?" asked Drew.

"Later," said Aunt Holly. "And look at your clothes. Dripping with snow. And all over the rug, too. I've a good mind to . . ."

The doors of the library closed.

"I hope I'm not disturbing any of your plans," said Mr. Falcon. "I shouldn't have come, I mean I would not have come, it being Christmas Eve, except it was so urgent for us. You probably won't understand, but we have to make some sense out of it, and as soon as possible. If we can find out why Harry . . . had to kill himself, then maybe we'll be able to accept the fact that he did. It's a shame. You know, all the money we spent. Of course you shouldn't look at it this way, but I mean in a different sense. All the money on bringing that boy up, you know, with a decent education and respectable friends and anything he wanted, I mean whatever he wanted he generally got. Well, when I think back on all that money I spent, it's a shame that it's all gone down the drain, with no satisfaction of seeing it put to use, you know, watching Harry growing up and becoming a success and then being able to talk about him. Of course, it would be the same thing with any parent. But Harry was different, you know, he was an only child, and his mother's very upset. Of course, you would expect her to be, but I mean she's been confined to bed. She needs, and I need, a reason, something that will ex-

plain why Harry did it and something we can understand . . ."

i can't think of a reason i can't think from thinking about so many things can't help thinking about them thinking how to get mr falcon out of the house before mother and dad get here they don't like unexpected interruptions not on an evening as wellplanned as they've wellplanned this one to be i can't think i can't think of what to say to him think of what to say think of the proper thing to say on the proper occasion emily post knows proper things for proper occasions what does she have under suicides? no it would just be deaths we have her book in the library i could go get it could just say excuse me a minute mr falcon while i go in the library and see what emily has to say about all this it's funny and it's funny that i can't stop myself from thinking about it mr falcon has stopped talking maybe he knows what i'm thinking

"No, I can't think of a single reason," Tony said abruptly.

"But there must be some reason," said Mr. Falcon, "I mean, you and Harry were different in so many ways that there must be a reason why the two of you were friends."

oh that reason "Well, you see, everyone in Cape May knew each other. There's always a big college crowd, of course, and everyone gets to know everyone else by the end of the summer."

"But you didn't work at the hotel, did you?"

maybe he thinks i was one of the guests "Oh, yes. My father sent me to Cape May for the summer. Of course, we own a cottage there and go every summer, but this was the first time I ever worked. My father wanted me to learn how to support myself, just for the experience, before I got ready to enter his business. And Harry said he was up there, or rather down there, under the same circumstances. We had similar interests—naturally our whole crowd had them and was always together—both at work and on our time off."

what does he want me to tell him i really didn't know harry as well as all that no more than anyone else did i don't think we're getting anywhere either just going around in circles maybe i should offer him something to drink doubt if he'd accept but it might give him an excuse to leave we've both said all we can he'd probably be grateful for an excuse to leave

"Could I offer you some egg nog?" Tony asked, walking across the room to the bar. "We're expecting guests shortly, but there's plenty extra. It's my great-grandmother's recipe."

"No thank you. I must be going. The last train leaves in about an hour."

there really should be something more to say something that'll take us out of these circles it must be terribly important for him to make the trip all the way down to Maryland this time of year

"And I'm sorry if I disturbed you," said Mr. Falcon, "but you can understand how it is, can't you? And if you recall anything, I mean anything at all that Harry said or did that showed why . . ."

of course where did he put his hat? oh he has it with him

"It's a shame it happened," Tony said. "I wish I'd known him better." he always seemed so stable they say that's the type that does it steady on the outside only the type you'd least suspect

"I heard that's . . . I mean, Harry always appeared so stable and regular. I guess it's as puzzling to me, sir, as it is to you. And if I do think of something later on, I'll be sure to write you about it."

"Thank you," said Mr. Falcon, "we'd appreciate whatever . . ."

brrrrr the air's nice and cold and it's stopped snowing beautiful outside all silver and gray and ghostlike it'll be a great night for the skiing party

"Yes, I'll be sure to. And please give my condolences to Mrs. Falcon."

that's it what you're supposed to say no sign of the carolers guess I'll stay here till it's time to pick up Melissa

"Yes, I will. No. No trouble at all. Goodnight. Yes. Yes. Merry Christmas."

Tony shut the door and walked back to the living room.

good god! he doesn't have a way to get to the station if he comes back I'll have to take him down myself could tell the maid no mother will come in and ask where she is maybe he'll walk down the road and catch a bus maybe his cab's still waiting

"What did the gentleman want?" inquired Aunt Holly. "He seemed to be terribly upset."

"Oh, it was just . . ."

"Bang-bang, you're dead!" Drew shouted.

"No, I'm not. **You're dead!**" Cindy shouted.

"Stop it, children, and help me trim the tree," Aunt Holly shouted.

that's good aunt Holly's forgotten about him maybe she won't bring it up tonight looks like Mr. Falcon won't be back after all I don't even know where he lives didn't Harry mention something about Connecticut? Bridgewater or was it Waterbridge? or Waterbury oh well forget it

Tony eased into the library and slid the doors shut.

nice fire in here too and no papers on the desk? dad must have cleared it for Xmas the pictures are still up though

He laughed audibly, looking up at the gallery of portraits which encircled the room.

so high I can barely see them there's dad still wears that suit to all the board meetings he's lost a little more hair since that was painted added a few more wrinkles to his forehead he was smart getting painted while still young and there's grandfather they could not talk him into a sitting till he was let's see seventy-four wasn't it just in time too he died the next year did everything late married in his thirties he looks distinguished with that white moustache like a tribal patriarch or prophet they say if you drink enough you can look up and see him shaking his head to shame you into stopping and there right between the ledgers and the classics good place for him is great-grandfather Woodward he has a determined look about him I've heard that trying to stop him in his younger days was like trying to halt an express train looks a little silly with his hair parted in the middle

Tony sat down at the desk.

I wonder how long it'll be before I'll sit here officially with the board of directors before me telling them and their wives once every year the history of the Woodwards just like dad does just like they all did like a high ceremony or sacred rite only I'll have a few stories of my own to add about them except for great-grandfather they say I met him once when I was too small to remember his family came up north at the end of the civil war didn't they came to Baltimore where he started out as an office clerk and rose to controlling position of twenty-nine companies dad'll tell about him again tonight and all the board will sit around and react with surprise and delight as if they never heard the story before

George Washington Woodward—he was my grandfather—really knew how to build a house when he built this one. One day—it was just after the turn of the century—when he was living in the old brownstone near Mount Vernon Place—it's still there, you know—well, one day he looked up from the company books, he looked up at his wife and said, "Mary Anne, what we need is a house." And then Mary Anne looked up from her knitting and said timidly, "Why, George, what do you think we're living in now?" And then old George thundered, "I don't mean a heap of stones stuck together and wedged between other similar heaps of stones, I mean a *house*! I've just been



glancing over the accounts, and darned if I don't think there's enough here to build us a good one, one that will last for generations. Mary Anne, if there's one thing that will hold the Woodward family together, and hold them together for years so it can preserve its name, that thing is a big, solid house. Now, I'm not proposing a showplace, but something dignified, and yet comfortable, where the family can gather in the evenings without having to contend with the racket going across the cobblestones, and with an outdoors as far as the eye can see, so the children can walk the equivalent of two blocks and play without mixing with the city's riff-raff." So George came out here to the Valley, picked his spot with all the precautions of a business deal, and put up his dignified and comfortable house. He was a man of snap decisions, but even if he hadn't been, once he saw Donneybrook he would have known anyway there was no finer place in the world for doing what he was set on doing. He put his house on top of the highest hill—the Dogwood trees are exactly where they used to be, except they don't bloom anymore, of course—looking down in *one* direction to the grassy meadows and the lake, and in the other direction to the thick oak forest—that's almost gone, too, after they cut the highway through here in forty-two. Yes, he was a man who embraced great ideas, and when he fenced in Dogwood Hill he embraced his greatest. But, as I said, he was a character—for which we forgive him—even if my wife still can't figure out what in the hell the style of this architecture is. And the furniture is so damned flimsy that three generations of we kids made frequent replacements a necessity, but Ella always insists on the exact replacement. Personally, I'd prefer to fill the house with the solid stuff that's in the library.

that's for the benefit of the women so they won't feel left out of the story and then mother always adds

Now, Anthony, you may know an awful lot about stocks and bonds and figures, but you're way off when it comes to furniture. Your grandfather—or probably it was your grandmother—had excellent taste.

and then she draws off into the circle of the women and it gives them a chance to remark how it is the most beautiful set of heppelwhite they've ever seen "And I love your mahogany and walnut motifs so very much" someone always trills so that mother has an excuse to lead the women around the house and dad always takes a big puff of relief on his cigar because he knows he can now work his way into the more interesting parts of the story

That was back in the days of cutthroat competition. Thank God, we don't have that anymore. By George, George pulled some pretty shady deals, according to the records, to put us where we are today. Can't say I blame him, though, when it came to the question of eat or be eaten—and who among us is going to complain, sitting where he put us today. And, oh hell, do I remember my father telling about hearing his father raving when the government slapped on the war tax. I bet he would have marched on Washington without a minute's hesitation, except it was better business to be patriotic about it. Besides, the house was already paid for, so he shut himself in and conducted the business as quietly as possible until the war died out. Yes, sir, George is a legend around here. Did I ever tell you the one about the time he shipped his wife to Europe with the kids, and then invited several ladies of unknown reputation to dine with him on his yacht? In the middle of the Bay? Well, the celebration got underway around midnight . . .

why'd they name him george washington? guess they thought he'd grow up to be a patriot no probably whacked down a tree oh well just be thankful i'm not george washington woodward iv

. . . and then she said, "I may not be no lady, but you, sir, are certainly no gentleman!" and stepped off of what she thought was the gangplank right smack into the harbor!

always raises the laughter even if the men who've heard it several times before have to force it a bit he'll probably tell that one again tonight to melissa's father and the others xmas is dad's only big chance the only time of the year when the officers get together just for having a good time in the old castle the family's believed a man's home's his castle ever since my greatgrandfather built the place i suppose it's because the house turned out to look so much like one wonder if harry's home was his castle probably not he was never home very much said he went away to school and stayed away in the summers wonder what kind of home harry did have it appears he wasn't rich after all wonder what sort of greatgrandfather he had may have been one of the workmen who built my greatgrandfather's house what sort of place does harry live in anyway must go up to bridge-water or waterbridge or whatever it is sometime and see

Tony looked up at the portrait on the far wall.

Young man, you're still a bit too young to understand it all, but someday, when you grow up big and strong, you'll remember what your granddad once told you. Whatever you win, you win on a gamble,



and whatever you make of yourself, you make on borrowed credit. The bigger the gamble, the better your chances are going to be. I'm speaking from experience, mind you. And, here's what's important. If you start to slip, hold on, hold on for dear life all the way to the bottom, and don't let go. That's as valuable a piece of advice as it was back in 1927 when your father and I put up the old Redwood Street edifice. Yes, sir, it's the biggest building in the city and it has done, still does, and will always do the biggest business. That building is what is known as a skyscraper, so tall that it really scrapes the skies. It's an important word, skyscraper, and it's one you are not to forget, because it represents all that the Woodwards have stood for, and because it'll someday be your responsibility to keep it standing. Even when the market crashed, we held on for dear life when everyone was throwing his hopes out the windows, and often throwing himself after them. We didn't scrap one piece of paper, and we cornered every security we could lay our hands on. I still regret that we had to let go of the factories and warehouses, but your father was set on handling only money from that day on, and from that day on the brokerage has done nothing but that. We held on for dear life and didn't let go, except where we were forced to, and now business is skyrocketing again, just like that skyscraper, which finally ended up in forty-two with ten more floors than was originally planned. Here, so that you won't forget what I've said, your granddad's brought you this book. See the building on the front? Here it's for you. Make it the first thing you read after you learn how. Until then, we'll put it between these gold cash-register book-ends I gave you last Christmas, and every year we'll take it out and read it together.

it's still in the library somewhere sure is dusty the maid's getting too old or too lazy i guess to clean the bottom shelves wonder what became of the book-ends here

"Mary and Johnny live in a big city. In the big city are many big buildings. Mary's father works in one of the big buildings. Johnny's father works in a big building, also. Mary's mother takes Mary and Johnny to the building. They go inside. They go up to the top of the building. They go up in an elevator. The building is very high. At the top they look down. They look down at the city. The people below look very small.

" 'This is a skyscraper!' says Mary's mother. 'The skyscraper belongs to America. Skyscrapers are very big. America is also very big.'

" 'I like skyscrapers!' says Mary.

" 'I like America!' says Johnny."

and every year grandfather woodward came to visit and every year we read the book about skyscrapers and america until it was late in the evening and then we stopped and i was sent off to bed except one night i didn't get that far

After Cairo and Monte Carlo, Paris was a let-down. Swarming with American tourists. Of course, we were a part of the mob that came to ransack Europe, but Daphne and I felt we had some priority, seeing that my father George had blazed a trail clear across the continent, gathering additions to the family art collection. By the time we got there it was like being caught up and carried by a stampede. It seemed as if every masterpiece had found its way to Paris and they were being bought up right and left. Daphne wanted to browse for a couple of days, but we ended up taking months getting what we wanted, because the good stuff was buried beneath the piles of that modern art junk that everyone who could hold a paintbrush was turning out. They weren't as easy to bargain for as in my father's time, and we paid a pretty penny for what we could salvage. So the accounts were considerably diminished by the time we got back to home ground. Of course, I did my own share of spending at Monte Carlo, and at Cairo I dropped . . .

my ambition is to be an elevator boy in the great pyramid harry said that of course he'd been drinking but the only time he made any sense was when he'd been drinking he said king tut was his godfather harry always said things like that

I tell you, Europe wasn't what it was cracked up to be. Oh, here and there you could still see glimpses of the remains of a rich society, rich in quality, that is. But the whole place was well on its way to the dogs. Ha! I can tell you why: we went over there and took away everything worthwhile. Carted it over here by steamshiploads. Look at that Rubens, though. Bought it from an archduke or somesuch for not much over a thousand. And today? Well, I guess I don't have to tell you what it would bring in New York.

i can remember peeking through the banister poles hearing what was repeated every year until grandfather died he stopped only once that evening with a condescending irritation as the clock slowly struck twelve then he continued on into the night and they found me asleep on the fourth step the one that creaked a little and had a big post you could hide behind being small so that you could see them but they couldn't see you

We came back in October, on the White Star. Even over the summer you could tell the line was going

to pieces. Meals were no better than standard, and the stewards wanted bigger tips while giving less service. Daphne spent half the time getting seasick, and that didn't make the crossing any happier for me. When we landed, Anthony junior had already returned to St. Michael's, and we didn't expect to see him til the holidays. But when we came back to check on the new wing of the house, we came back on a country gone wild, with Anthony in the wildest part of it. After hearing about several of the savage parties going on in New York, we pulled him out of school and put him closer to home. Some people are saying it was the best era in our history, but, by George, there were others of us who were glad to slam the door on it. Daphne and myself never went in for the crazy things others were doing, and thank the Lord our children grew up with a least a minimum of common sense. Not to say that we didn't go in for fun. Why, we liked nothing better than good company and good wine and . . .

a jug of braid a loaf of wahn ayand thou nola was saying rubbing harry's neck talk about crazy things fifty people in a fifteen by fifteen room and an orchestra playing the same tunes they played thirty years ago yes sir that's my baby no sir don't mean maybe

We had been married for two years when Anthony III came along, between the depression and the war. If we weren't exactly scraping the bottom of the barrel, we were coming close to it. Ella's family went down in disaster, being right in the middle of the New York fracas. Sold the house on Madison avenue and went out West. We never did hear much from them. I think he changed his name and took up farming. Ella cried at our wedding, a few days later, even though we were far from being ruined. However, it soon became evident that two weren't going to be able to live as cheaply as one, seeing as how one was living so damned expensively himself. Naturally, we had to sell the estate on the Severn, and taxes alone ate up all the value of the monstrosity on the Cape. We decided to dump everything, except Dogwood Hill, of course, before we were driven under. Sold a lot of the paintings, too, and what we couldn't barter we hung in museums, where they belong, keeping only a few to decorate the walls. Then we got rid of the factories one by one and turned our whole attention to the business of cash alone. My father was all for bowing out of the business. Said twenty-nine ought to have taught us that playing around with speculations was disastrous. "We survived," he said, "because we had something more than just

paper credit. If you start now, toying with money alone, son, you're going to get burned," he warned. Well, we didn't get burned, and as a matter of fact in forty-eight things were really looking up. The Redwood building cried for an annex, and we could afford to branch out. And then the cottage on the Cape—the other Cape, I mean Cape May—we bought it outright in forty-nine after renting it for I don't know how many summers—ever since Tony was born, I suppose. I always say—my father said it and his father before him said it—that working like hell all winter is a sound principle provided relaxing like hell in the summer goes along with it. Of course, with this inflation of economy and taking on new stocks, well, I've only been able to get away for a couple of weeks a year, but Ella likes the ocean and stays at the Cape all summer, and we never could keep Tony away from it, either. Here, did I ever show you these photographs?

mrs mitchell says if you look across the ocean hard enough from here you can see all the way to spain let's look for doubloons in the sand nola and for cape diamonds by all means mrs mitchell says people come here and find them all the time

not now harry the sun feels so wahn just restin here harry stahp throwin sayand ahn me ah want mah baythin soot ta drah tony tell harry not ta throw sayand all ovah me oh stahp sulkin harry anyways ah know yawah pretendin an it just makes me so mayad when you pretend to sulk an stahp throwin sayand

"Tony, are you at home? Yes, Holly, the tree does look beautiful. But why so much tinsel on the lower branches? Is Tony at home? Yes, I know you promised Drew and Cindy they could help, but they shouldn't have been allowed to use the tinsel. Oh, look, it's all on the botton. Did they throw it on? Never mind, I'll do it over later. Tony, are you . . . oh, there you are, dear. Melissa's on her way over now. As long as her mother has to be here, it will save you some time. You should have come to the pagaent. It was simple adorable. Carolyn's wings just wouldn't stay on, though, but it certainly helped relieve the monotony of *Silent Night*. One can get so tired of hearing it, year after year."

"Yes, Mother," Tony said. "Did Melissa say she was bringing skiis, or should I get an extra pair from the storeroom?"

"I don't remember, dear. Hilary was just bubbling over with talk, and there was just so much to take in I must have missed half of it. And I never can remember Astrid's name until we've already said good-night. Oh, that must be Hilary and Melissa now."

Tony went to the front portico.

"... how the boys and girls can stand to be out in weather like this," Aunt Holly was saying to Melissa's mother. "My land, I can't recall a year as cold as this since ..."

"Hello, Melissa. Hello, Mrs. Gideon," Tony interrupted. "Come into the living room and see the tree."

"Hello, Tony."

He kissed Melissa's cheek.

her cheek is very cold "It's all finished, except for the tinsel. Mother's been complaining because Drew and Cindy aren't tall enough."

"Oh, there you are, Hilary," came his mother's voice.

"Ella, hello! Haven't seen you in minutes!" She laughed lightly.

"How are you feeling? Hello, Melissa."

"Hello, Mrs. Woodward."

"Dreadful," said Mrs. Gideon. "The headache's become worse. Aren't Bill and Anthony up from the office yet?"

"No. And they're way overdue."

"I just dread the boredom of these get-togethers," said Mrs. Gideon, removing her coat with the help of the maid, "when all the directors ... get together." She laughed lightly.

"Well, I guess we'll have to get going," said Tony.

"Yes, we will," added Melissa. "Bob and Patty are already on the way, and we still have to pick up the flares."

"Why didn't you get them this afternoon?"

"Do stop arguing and run along," said Mrs. Woodward. "The party will be over before you get there. And if you promise to be quiet, you may invite the boys and girls to drop in afterwards for punch and Christmas cookies."

"Yes, yes. Goodnight."

"Goodnight. Have fun."

"We will. Goodnight."

"Melissa, be careful not to get too cold. You know how quickly your face chills."

"She has such a beautiful face," Tony could hear his mother saying to Mrs. Gideon as he and Melissa passed through the hall. "She and Tony go well together, don't you think? Both have handsome, strong faces ..."

"Oh, did you bring your skis?" Tony asked.

"Yes, and I even put them in your car," she answered.

The door closed, and he and Melissa were out in the snow.

. . . . .

"The flares are at the club," Melissa was saying as

they drove down the just-plowed road, "but it's right on the way. Harry left them there, because he can't make it toni-"

"Who?" Tony asked quickly.

"Harry."

"Harry who?"

"Harry Blackwell, you know him."

"No, I don't. Of Cross and Blackwell?"

"No," said Melissa. "Some other Blackwell. Is the heater on?"

it's on hot as hell "Yes."

"We've at least a dozen parties to get to this weekend, and I don't see how we'll manage them all. Not to mention the dance ... and by the way, you didn't mention it. Not once. I know we're going, but I still think you should have said something about it to me. After all, when you begin to take so much for granted, everything becomes just so much dull routine."

mr and mrs william w gideon of 24 springlake drive have announced the engagement of their daughter miss melissa ann gideon to mr anthony vance woodward iii son of mr and mrs anthony v woodward of donneybrook a june wedding is planned

"Do we have to have so much heat in the car?" Tony asked.

"Please. I'm still cold."

it's as hot as summer in here

"A girl doesn't like things to be taken for granted, at least not everything, at least not until after she's married."

i do not know if i love melissa it is a funny thing to occur to me just now i do not know if i do and on the other hand i do not know if i do not harry was right i take too many things for granted harry said it last summer he was right only a week or so after we met each other and he probably knew it from the first time i opened my mouth harry was always right about everything he said i accepted everything as what did he call it a godgiven order of events he said whenever that happened i should stop and think harry always stopped and thought after i got to know him i could always detect that splitsecond pause when he stopped to think of a million things at once before he did anything and then he went ahead and always seemed to do the right thing even if it looked wrong at the time and he got into trouble he would always work his way out of it he may be wrong now but i think he will still be right what did he say to me? you do not know if you love this girl and you do not know if you will like your father's business and someday you may wake up and find that you do not on one or both counts so it is worth asking yourself now because



even if the answer is yes i do you will not look back later with regret

"I can tell I've made you angry. You haven't heard a word I've been saying."

"Every word, Melissa. I always hear every word. Here's the club."

Melissa got out of the car and went inside the Donneybrook Country Club.

harry was damned intelligent when you come right down to it he couldn't have killed himself not that he wouldn't have been capable of it you never knew what he was going to do next like the time for no reason at all he spilled a trayful of soup all over the penn-broke's wealthiest patron based it as i recall on some illogical philosophy something to do with acting on impulse

from the first time i saw him he had that malicious twinkle in his eyes as if he were planning like a little boy his daily schedule of impulsive pranks pranks and drinking and girls they were all on his daily schedule except he wasn't the type of person who really kept a schedule in any sense of the word and didn't he read an awful lot too i think he read everything there was to read maybe he ran out of books to read and pranks to play and when he'd spent all of his earnings by the end of the summer in new york it'd ruled out drinking and girls maybe he ran out of things to do and just gave up it is easy to run out of things to do why the hell did his father have to come down and get this all started

"What are you waiting for?" Melissa was saying.

Tony pulled out of the drive, back onto the road.

"Mount Pleasant will be covered with snow by now," she continued. "I hope it's well-packed . . ."

yes it would be nice to live as harry did to be able to go anywhere at any time without a care in the world to strike up friendships without worrying about money or reputation to do whatever you want whenever you want to do it and here i am rooted to the family tree harry didn't have any roots i guess that's why he could do as he pleased but look where he ended it's strange i don't understand it hell what am i worrying about harry for he would tell me to forget melissa and forget the company and wander from faces to faces and wind up one day as elevator boy in the great pyramid

what a waste of time after all i'm not crazy and i would be if i turned all this down i do love melissa and i am going into the company i am i am i am

"Wake up Tony! You're going off the road. That was close. What's the matter with you tonight? Hurry up. We're late."

"I love you," Tony said.

"Of course you do."

The car turned up the mountain path in silence.

"I love skiing," said Melissa. "We should do it more often."

"Yes," said Tony. "We should."

we should plunge down the slope and light up the night

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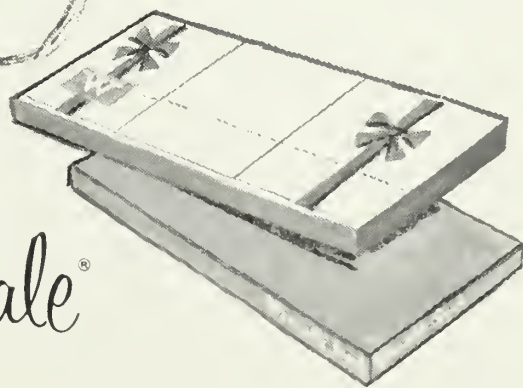
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# William H. Whyte, *The Organization Man*

by Carl Stewart

For ages mankind has done homage to the concept of individualism. The "good life has always been thought of as one spun out in ascetic meditation and individual responsibility. Though the emergence of the modern state followed by a concurrent expansion of the industrial bureaucracy has served to weaken, if not date the attachment to the old concept, still, in one form or another the essential thesis has survived. In fact, we are constantly faced with a resurgence of literature designed to reaffirm the superiority of the individual over the various bureaucratizations of modern society. Following close in this tradition is William H. Whyte's *The Organization Man*. Significantly enough however, *The Organization Man* has been received with wide acclaim not only by the critical reviewers, but also by the populace itself. On college campuses throughout the nation book dealers have had considerable difficulty in keeping the book in stock. Young intellectuals everywhere have had the same difficulty in keeping *The Organization Man* out of dinner table conversations. The obvious reason for this is easily seen upon reading one or two chapters: the book is simply interesting. We do not have in *The Organization Man* a metaphysical dissertation on the philosophical ravages of the organization (otherwise the young intellectuals wouldn't be reading it); rather, it is a down-to-earth discussion of a subject near to the heart of all. The enchantment, therefore, lies not with scholarly merit of the book but with its entertaining and informative narrative.

Whyte himself is a managing editor of *Fortune* magazine, part of his book having appeared in *Fortune* editorial series. His style, loose and fluent, allows the reader to move rapidly through a barrage of statistical data which Whyte manages to make interesting. One is impressed by the fact that Whyte does not attempt to propagate startling new concepts; more often he works with old ideas, making them relevant to modern industrialization with great facility. A running account of Whyte's analysis at this point seems to be the best method of appraising Whyte's contribution.

Whyte begins like any good debater by defining his terms. We are introduced to the Organization Man, "the ones of our middle class who have left home, spiritually as well as physically, to take the vows of organization life." The Organization Man is not just the corporation man, who is only the most conspicuous example, but all those, doctors, ministers, academicians, and scientists who owe their allegiance to the Organization. For Whyte the Organization is an extremely formidable antagonist. It has destroyed the once dominant Protestant Ethic based on individual salvation through hard work and erected in lieu a Social Ethic, a belief in "belongingness" as the ultimate need of the individual. Belongingness to Whyte is synonymous with impotency. It hampers creativity; it stultifies the continuance of the great intellectual and scientific contributions made by *individuals*. From belongingness Whyte proceeds to an indictment of "togetherness". Here the author raises the usual objections to group dynamics, the group being thought of as stamping out the formation of effective leadership. People may discuss in groups, asserts the author, but they do not create. There is, he says, a rudimentary fallacy in equating group participation and discussion with investigation and experiment (scientism).

Having thus laid the ground work and indicated the nature of his complaint against the Organization, the author proceeds to a well articulated analysis of the development of the Organization Man. The author begins logically with the college curriculum which affords the basis of the Organization Man's future development. The problem, in the mind of the author, is one of emphasis. It seems that more and more the inclination has been in the college curriculum to the "organization course" rather than the basic humanities. Every year, for example, the proportion of Business Administration majors increases, while college students malingering the demanding nature of language courses. Courses in the humanities do not fit into the pattern of the Organization Man's education; they make no pragmatic contributions to



the furtherance of his goals; they are to him art for art's sake.

Here we must accuse Mr. Whyte of a basic contradiction. He is intense in his belief that the practical college curriculum prepares a man badly for the rigors of organization life. It gives him no intellectual armor to withstand the pressure of organization life. On the other hand, Whyte, in discussing the various exams administered by corporations, would have the aspiring applicant "cheat". In other words, the man seeking to secure a position within the organization should fight the organization with its own weapons. "In return for the salary the Organization gives the individual, it can ask for superlative work from him, but it should not ask for his psyche as well. If it does, he must withhold. Sensibly—the bureaucratic way is too much with most of us that he can flatly refuse to take tests without hurt to himself. But he can cheat. He must. Let him respect." The man to be admired in the eyes of Whyte, therefore, is the man who will have the fortitude, in the midst of organization pressure, to pursue a course in college in the basic humanities, and retain the courage, if courage is what you call it, to cheat on the corporation personality tests. One wonders if a course in the so-called "humanities" would teach the doctrine of adjusting means to ends, which seems to be the principle advocated by Whyte. With regard to the tests spoken of in the present paragraph we should add that Whyte's scathing censure of the testing system is essentially a sound one. He points out the qualities which are the most sought-after by the organization. Such is epitomized by the man who has a propensity for conservatism, the *status quo*, hard work, and motherhood. On the other hand, a private poll taken by the author and his associates revealed that the top organization men in the country would have flunked such a test. The only point seemingly missed by the author is that the tests are designed not to determine the top executives twenty years from now; they will, argue the corporations, emerge inevitably. The tests are designed to determine the most stable components of an organization; thus, the emphasis is necessarily on group adjustment and workability, rather than individual traits of genius. We cannot help but agree with the author that testing has advanced to the point where modern society has placed its faith in computers and IBM machines rather than the particulars of a situation. Finally, the author suggests that a question of morality is involved in the giving and taking of personality tests. An interesting question is posed: Does the corporation or the Organization in a larger sense, have the prerogative of probing a man's innermost thoughts? Is there to be no privacy

of intellectual belief? Must all our convictions be placed at the disposal and calculation of the computer? These are penetrating and devastating questions to which the author's negative response demands our admiration.

In this connection, Whyte, in keeping with his elevation of individual genius, asserts that on the academic level, genius is being crushed to earth. For documentation Whyte turns to the grant programs existing at the present time for university people. Again, he asserts, the emphasis is on the group experiment. No longer do men receive personal grants to work on pet projects. Either the project must be extended to incorporate a collective research program, or else it must wither for lack of financial backing. This is particularly true, we are told, with regard to scientific development. Whyte's arguments at this point are poignant and convincing. The rebuttal undertaken by the foundations is that individual grants require an excessive amount of investigation and increase the problems of extending grants so much that they become too expensive. This is a relatively weak defense when one begins to ponder the purposes for establishing foundations in the first place. That is primarily why they exist—to finance expensive programs which are deserving and promising. That they are individual projects should not deter the foundation in its primary purpose, and one can hope that the foundations will come to realize this.

One of the later sections of Whyte's book is concerned with what the author calls "The Organization Man in Fiction." The Organization Man is a fiction because he is not his own; he has peddled his soul to the Organization. His plight is illustrated by the current craze for what we shall call "organization fiction" played upon by the novelists. Whyte shows his literary erudition by using two widely acclaimed works, *The Caine Mutiny* and *The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit*. Both recapitulate the conflict between the individual and the Organization. In both works the decision is made against the Organization, but one author praises the decision; the other assails it. That both books were received favorably by the public indicates for the author a misplacement of values or at least a contradictory sense of values. Admitting that this may be true, we are nevertheless prone to ask what more can be expected of the citizenry. In examining the consistency of popular approval of literature, one could argue with effect that the public is under no compulsion to be consistent. That national attitudes change kaleidoscopically and irregularly is a fact of which the author is evidently not cognizant.

The final section of *The Organization Man* is in more ways than one a fitting climax to the author's dissertation. Here we see "the new suburbia: the Organization Man at home." Having completed the college "technical training", the ambitious young man becomes a "transient". He is condemned to live in a prosperous suburban area if he follows the general pattern. At no place does he stay for longer than three to five years, for the corporation moves him on to a job of greater responsibility and greater financial return. His friends in suburbia are there only for a moment; soon he must move on up the ladder to new suburbias and new friends. He lacks the traditional roots of the old home town. He has no home save momentary stopovers. With this physical situation as a reality, Whyte argues that the Organization Man is engaged in an attempt to adjust himself to the circumstances. He must in some way attempt to reconcile the drives of the Social Ethic—belongingness, togetherness, conformity, and classlessness. His desire for social satisfaction is usually satiated by his participation in the affairs of the suburban community. The nature of this participation, Whyte suggests, is determined to a large extent by the actual location of his apartment or home. What he does depends upon what his neighbors do, and what they did who went before him. And so it goes. Even the community institutions conform to the pattern — the interdenominational church designed to accommodate the legion of transients; the community school designed to educate the children of the technique conscious "lost generation". In general, a rather sordid picture is painted of the new suburbia: it is at best sterile and undirected. It seems to me, however, that again the author is arguing from the wrong presumption. Any life which involves a high degree of regularity or routine is somehow repugnant. He is not conversant with the fact that for a large body of people, routine is not only necessary but enjoyable. He seems to forget, moreover, that the picture of a man working from nine to five, coming home to his wife and child, participating in the local Optimist Club, and playing bridge occasionally in the evenings is not necessarily intellectually repugnant to an average intellectual man.

Perhaps up to this point our criticism has been that of quibbling over straw; but even the most conscientious sympathizer would disagree with the author's final conclusions. The Organization is conceived of by the author as a tyranny of the majority with the minority lacking minority rights. That the Organization is sometimes benevolent only increases the subtlety of the tyranny. The fallacy has been in exalting techniques above content in a sort of organi-

zational chauvinism. The answer for Whyte is clear: man must *fight* the Organization. Whyte is vague as to exactly how the Organization should be attacked. He suggests a few peripheral implements such as attending fewer meetings, less team work, more attention to leadership, and less to administration, but these are, and last, anticlimactic. When Whyte has finished, the reader is left with the feeling that the problem, though explained, confronts us still. The only positive word ringing in his mind is "fight".

What, then, can be said in conclusion? Whyte's presentation has been always interesting, but not always convincing. Though occasionally discursive the narrative generally exhibits a pithy, perspicacious approach. We must be careful, however, not to judge the work unfairly. Whyte admits to being a popular rather than scholarly writer, and though this is no propitiation for his sins, he at least warns us to be on our guard. Summarily, he admits to no alternative save to do battle with the antagonist. In effect, the conclusion is that there is no solution to the conflict between the individual and his society except the moral injunction to resist. We remain, at last, enlightened but unconvinced.



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## J. B.

*J. B.*, Archibald MacLeish's new verse play, almost deserves the recent accolades of the *Saturday Review*. However, not wishing to speculate on its survival value or its suitability to serve as a model for the regeneration of poetic drama, let us simply say that *J. B.* for the time being is a work of art. That in itself is a rare enough distinction.

It would hardly be fair to claim that MacLeish has brought the Book of Job up to date. (The Book of Job was already up to date.) Rather than re-interpreting the myth itself for our time, he has interpreted events of our time in the light of the unchanging myth. MacLeish differs from his predecessors, Joyce, Eliot, Pound, and many others who have superimposed mythical hero on modern man in that he uses the technique not for purposes of contrast unfavorable to the latter but for the purpose of showing man *sub specie aeternitatis*. *J. B.* and Job are the same man in any age. The author's insight into the nature of suffering is made possible by his realization that history has not perceptibly altered that nature.

In view of the magnitude of his subject, it is surprising that MacLeish has cast his play into the form of a comedy. That is to say, the play, while far from being comic in its effect, makes use of devices traditionally associated with comedy. Its characters are types rather than individuals. Like Ben Jonson's creations, they are of the surface. They are broadly, but not deeply, conceived. Though we of course sympathize with the suffering Job, we do not identify with him. He is neither tragic nor comic, but he is symbolic. If there is any character with whom we do identify, it is Nickles. He, along with Mr. Zuss, witnesses the play within a play which tells Job's story, much from our own viewpoint. Nickles, though

he takes the part of Satan in the play, is the most human of the characters. Mr. Zuss, on the other hand, though he plays the part of God, undergoes a humanizing process. It is essential to the theme of the play that Mr. Zuss becomes thoroughly disgusted with his role. All goes according to the script (the Book of Job), but it is not very much fun to be God in such a pre-determined framework. Though it is fine in theory to be forgiven by Job for all the heartbreak and futility of his existence, in actuality it makes the least satisfactory ending for the story. Nickles has known this all the time, Zuss realizes it, and the audience feels it. Yet Nickles and Zuss, in the grotesque caricature of their appearance and in the constant repartee of their dialogue, are comic characters. So are the messengers, the comforters, and the four women. The disparity between the comic method and the tragic theme is the source of the play's irony. As spectators, we get a god's-eye view of the ludicrous fumbling of mortals.

Much could be said about the philosophy and the theology behind *J. B.* But like any work of art it is more than either philosophy or theology. It is both, embodied in human experience and therefore too complex to be systematic. It will be more profitable and less controversial in the space allotted this review to discuss *J. B.* as poetry and drama. In this play there is an ideal wedding of the two elements. The poetry is dramatic and therefore not easily detachable from context; the drama is poetic and therefore intelligible in an emotional rather than a logical way.

The entire action takes place "inside an enormous circus tent," the central symbol of MacLeish's poetic conception. Beyond the circus tent with its dangling light bulbs is the sky full of stars. The world which the characters know is encompassed by the canvas. They exist within the finite boundaries of the microcosm,



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but above and around them stretches the infinite, the macrocosm. Moreover, when the voice of God answers Job, it is not the voice of Mr. Zuss but a voice from beyond the circus tent which speaks his lines for him.

The verse in the play is based on an unconventional tetrameter line with a quick pulselike beat new to the theatre. It is a highly flexible line, the chief value of which is to adapt itself to a wide range of moods. Throughout, it exemplifies the most intricate and subtle metrical proficiency. The imagery of *J. B.* is notable for its clarity and power, but especially for its unpleasantness. It is the imagery of dunghills, cess-pools, ashes, lies, and sores. For *J. B.* is not a pleasant play. And why should it be? Nevertheless, MacLeish, for trying to tell the truth instead of entertaining with delusions, will never be popular with the general reader. Which is another way of saying that he is a poet.

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# Water In A Dry Place

by Jim Applewhite

**T**HAT time, as was usual in the summers, as I came through the streets of Carsonville, a row of buildings shone white in the sun. A train of half-apprehended images wound through my mind and passed away, leaving the imprint of their pleasure. A remembrance, built of countless visits, of the large water bottles sitting in the shadowed back porch; an anticipation of how the house would look, of every detail of what the trip to the spring would be; an image of the spring; and in addition to the images, a thought, drawn from the images of anticipation and only partly caught and held by the interior words of reasoning—that my Saturday visits to Carsonville and the house of my grandparents were unlike all other experiences, for in anticipating these visits I could form imaginings which would almost exactly correspond to the experience itself. Because of the seemingly unchanging nature of my grandparents and of their house and its furnishings, and, indeed, of the small town itself, and because I and my family had lived in the town, close to their house, up until my high school days, and I had then spent a part of almost every day with my grandparents, in and around their house, and later had visited them often from the nearby city to which we had moved, visiting them often in the summer months even after my first two years of college; because, then of my great familiarity with them and the house, and because of their unchangingness, I became largely unable to remember visits individually, except for that one, which I remember quite vividly and distinctly. It was not very different from most, following much the same pattern as usual, but because Catherine came down that time, and because of my thoughts on that occasion, it stands out in my memory.

I remember feeling that day even more vividly than usual the great force of the summer sunlight; it seemed to me that it must be largely the sunlight which made the town seem so still, which gave such

an impression of age, and yet permanence, to the buildings of the town. The sunlight made the air seem a crystalline solid in which the town and its people were embedded and preserved.

My grandparents' house stood on a corner beside the main street; it was of broad white boards, and a deep porch ran on two sides. A railing ran around the edge of the porch, and whenever I stood close to it, I invariably felt it odd that the rail should reach only a little above my knees, because the bulk of my memories represented it as a thing tall enough to sit on and dangle my feet, tall enough to climb over.

Two oak trees stood in the yard, letting their thick shade fall onto earth enclosed by a low fence of brick and mortar where patches of moss were pierced by thin grass blades. Under the trees, inside the low fence, around the shrubs that grew close before the house, around the faintly-mossed pillars beside the dark oak-stained concrete front steps, there was the impression of moisture; not of abundant moisture, but of only enough wetness to feed plants and moss which neither increased in size nor withered away.

That day, as I walked through the cool yard, I knew that my grandfather would be in the parlor in his leather rocker, reading the Bible, and that my grandmother would be back in the kitchen, clearing up after dinner, or preparing fruit to be preserved.

I entered the house and spoke to my grandfather, and he looked up from his reading to speak to me. I passed on through the room, as always, for I never interrupted him in his reading, but went to talk to my grandmother until he finished and came back to join us. The house was dim and high-ceilinged, built for coolness in the summer. In the hall my footsteps always made the door of a cabinet rattle softly. I stopped for a moment, and stood listening to the grandfather clock dividing time with its regular ticks. The smell of the house, like old carpets and dark varnished wood and dried sage leaves, made me feel that some memory which I could not recall was stirring below consciousness, coloring my mind with a sweet, nameless feeling. The house held a great num-

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*Figure Sketch by Mary Jane Noble*



ber of memories, rich and varied. There were memories of the senses, of how water had tasted when I was a child, from my own glass with the steamship painted on it; of the taste of preserved peaches, and of a certain kind of pickle. Of the swing which used to hang in the backyard, of how the sandy ground would feel cool to my feet, even during the hottest days of summer, as I sat in the swing under the pecan tree, feeling the sweat on my skin and the cool wetness from the earth. I thought, too, of sitting in the parlor during summer afternoons when all outside the heat had spread a stillness, reducing all sounds to a murmur, like the buzz of bees, and reading some of the old books from the glass fronted case, or looking at pictures in magazines, or sitting with a book before me, just feeling the stillness, hearing the clock tick, feeling the presence in the dim rooms, of a coolness shut in from the dense heat, flavored with smells and appearances of dark wood, old leather and old books, old carpets and furnishings, faded colors which had come to be even more pleasing. As I stood there that day, the stillness was the same; with the coolness and the smell I found so familiar, and the sound of the clock, the hall seemed also to enclose a quietness unaltered by time, an unchangingness.

I passed on through the dining room, with its cupboard of crystal which tinkled at my footsteps, into the kitchen.

The smell of peaches came to me as soon as I entered the room; my grandmother sat in her low wooden rocker, with a pan in her lap, into which she was slicing ripe peaches. She put the pan aside and got up to hug me about the neck. She was small and straight, and so neat, wearing her long silvery hair done up close to her head. It had only been a week since I had come down, but she asked me all about my parents and things in general in the city. She told me, as she usually did, that it had been a long time since my father, who was her son, had come down to visit, and that I must make him and mother come soon. And I said that I would. I sat on a stool and ate a peach and talked to her, my mind partly on what we were saying, partly anticipating the rest of the visit. Soon I heard grandfather's footsteps in the hall. His face was tanned and lined, with a strong bony nose. His skin seemed to be aging into parchment, and his thin hair was fine and pure white. He

stood and talked to us a few minutes, then he and I took some pamphlets containing meditations and suggested Bible readings, and went out through the backyard to my car. He walked slowly beside me, never straightening his knees completely; his body bent forward slightly, carefully carrying his rounded belly. He would have been almost as tall as me, except for the bentness which age had imposed upon him. I drove him about town to various houses; he would go slowly up the walk with some pamphlets and perhaps an envelope with money in it, if the family were needy. With some of the people, the older ones, he would go in and pray. I sat in the car outside, musing. That day I felt somewhat less at ease than usual; I was thinking about the night before.

I had been with a girl who lived near me in the city, whom I had known all through high school, and had been dating quite frequently the last few months.

She had that confidence and satisfaction with her position which comes with being born to well-to-do parents in a southern city just large enough to furnish a round of diverting social activities, yet small enough so that the participators in the round of dances and parties are all well known to each other and effectively enclosed by mutual consent against increase or decrease. By this time, most of my friends accepted without question the fact that I visited my grandparents in Carsonville, which was only ten miles away, every Saturday afternoon. That night, however, Catherine had taken it into her head to ask me about my Saturday visits, apparently following the not-uncommon female impulse to know every scrap of a male's affairs.

She had even tried to dissuade me from going there the next day; I think that she did it chiefly to try to prove her influence over me. Finally I told her, in what I thought was a half-serious tone, that I spent each Saturday helping give out pamphlets containing Bible readings and meditations, and that she was welcome to come along and help if she so desired. I could see that she largely disbelieved me. She threatened to come down the next day in her car.

The next day, then, I began to wonder if Catherine would really come down. I sat in the car, parked on main street under the soft shade of the oaks, and noticed the silence of the town, and the quietness of the streets. I thought of Broughton, and the jumbles



of automobiles flashing the sunglare from windshields and chrome in the rattling concrete valleys; I imagined the night, when I would take Catherine to the movie house, the many lights of which would be beginning to cast visible illumination in the half dusk. I decided not to go that evening.

A horn beeped behind me, and I realized that Catherine's car had pulled up behind mine as I was musing. I got out and started back to her door; the radio of her car was burdening the air with Vaughn Monroe and *Tenderly*, caressing trees with breeze. She had one of those short ragged haircuts which partly prepared one for the mobility of her face.

She clicked off the radio and stepped out. Blue shorts, slim legs, quite pretty. We stood there for a few moments talking about nothing. Soon my grandfather came out of the little frame house and went down the steps. His white shirt was freshly-pressed. When I introduced him to her his smile was strangely boyish.

"She is a very pretty girl, John," he said.

"She is from Broughton, Grandfather," I said. "She was riding through town here and happened to see me in the car."

"Now a'days you young people can get around the country in no time at all. I used to drive the horse and buggy to Broughton to court your grandmother, John. It took a good while then, and I'd usually spend the night."

I smiled. "I wouldn't have minded a horse and buggy."

"John comes down to visit every Saturday, doesn't he?" asked Catherine.

"Yes," he answered; his voice was hoarse and soft. "John is very faithful in helping me work for the Lord. Now that I am old he drives me about town to give out readings, and he gets the water for me. The Lord gives the young strength to do his work when the old are no longer able."

"I never knew before what he did on Saturdays," said Catherine, looking at me.

He had some of the pamphlets in his hand. He held out one to her.

"Take one of the pamphlets; these are selected readings from the Scriptures, and meditations."

She said 'thank you' rather softly.

"I hope you will read these passages."

Down the street past the old man I could see across flat fields to the horizon.

"Jesus said 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the scrip-

ture hath said, out of his heart shall flow rivers of living water.'" He paused. "John, if you want to stay with the young lady, I can finish giving these out by myself."

"No, Grandfather," I said, "Catherine was just passing through."

"Yes, I have to get on. Thank you, sir." I was pleased to see her face somewhat sober. She walked to her car and I watched her slim legs. When she had gone, Grandfather asked if she was my girl. I said yes.

We turned back to the car and resumed our rounds. For a time I felt strangely disturbed, although I knew my feelings were unreasonable. I realized that I was thinking that Catherine had intruded into a part of my life which she had had no right to enter. I knew that she would think that I had been rude not to spend some time with her. I thought of our date that night, and knew that I didn't care if she was angry.

The feeling of disturbance gradually left me in the stillness of the town, as I waited in the car, or drove from one house to another.

I watched my grandfather coming slowly back from a tall old house set back from the road, with no trees in the yard. His shirt gleamed white in the sunlight. I can't say why it affected me so. The memory, I suppose, of his smile just a while ago that I had thought boyish, and now his face still and old again. Somehow with the shirt white in the sun, his face expressionless, he seemed already beyond human emotion, already a part of the objective sunlight.

"Were they at home, Grandfather?"

"Yes, son, they were at home." His eyes seemed for a moment to see into the distance, like the eyes of a hawk.

"They were embarrassed, son, for me to give them the readings. They have been here three years and every Saturday I have given them readings. They have been embarrassed every time. They are ashamed to acknowledge the word of God." I admired his face; he seemed to see beyond the people who thought him old and foolish.

When all the readings had been given out, I drove the car into the side yard of my grandfather's house, in order to load the large water bottles. On this side of the house at the edge of an oak's shadow, there stood a small magnolia tree, which I could not remember as having ever been any other size. Neither the large oaks nor the small shrubs, neither the house





nor my grandparents, had altered in any way during my memory.

We opened a gate in the fence of broad white boards and entered the back yard. A shelter, the inside corner of the house, and a grape vine, with the fence, enclosed an irregular square. A pecan tree with ragged bark stood in the center, letting its shade fall onto the dust, lying as always, mixed with sand, bare save for knots of fine grass, balanced with moisture into firm earth. The scuppernong vine in the far corner spread over a frame which was high enough so that a man might walk under; on the dust lay the shadow, and curled brown leaves; from the dark air beneath the vine came strongest the smell of dust balanced by some moisture.

We climbed the wooden steps and entered the screened back porch, where ripe peaches lay on a shelf, and a trunk bound with aged leather sat against the wall, thin dust lightening its top. Two great glass bottles sat beside the trunk, the thickness of their glass giving them a slight green tint. One was empty and the other contained a circle of shining water in the bottom.

"Son, the water is almost gone."

"Yes sir, it is."

I opened the door into the kitchen, thinking that the water was always almost gone on Saturdays, and that grandfather always said that. I opened the refrigerator door and took out a small jar of the water, set it on the table, and took two tall glasses from the cupboard. He came in and we sat at the table, slowly drinking the cold water.

I watched the dew-drops condensing on the jar; they frosted the glass so that it was opaque, then from the top a droplet larger than the others would run down the side, making a clear track. Neither of us spoke. I listened to the afternoon silence. The call of a mourning dove came so faintly that it seemed to increase silence; the sound conjured a half-image in my mind of the heart of wood from which the bird called; of a great sea-green pine standing apart, in air still as glass.

When all the cold water was gone, I brought the large bottle from the back porch and poured the last of its water into the jar. My grandfather took a fun-

nel from a nail on the wall; I took the two empty bottles by their necks, and we passed down the steps, through the shadowed yard, and out the gate. The sun settled on my shoulders and neck like a burden.

Less than two miles outside of town, on a farm which had belonged to my grandfather's family for many generations, there was a small clear spring from which we filled the water bottles. The farmhouse stood back from the highway, in a yard shaded bare by a group of oaks taller and more ancient than those of the town. The white boards of the house were weathered, and its windows were tall and narrow, indicating that the house was very old. A path of white dust ran past the house between fields of young corn and tobacco, and passed out of sight into a strip of trees beyond the front fields. This farm and this house had been the birth place of my grandfather, and of his father before him. When my grandfather would die and the farm would come to my father, it would be sold. My father no longer interested himself in the land.

I drove my grandfather down the dirt path. His face, looking over the fields, was serene. We reached the strip of trees bordering the front fields; the road led through in a slight curve. On the other side a vast area of fields spread out in an irregular circle, stretching away to where tree tops of a forest made small by distance met the grey cloud-smoked edge of sky. We followed the path around the right-hand edge of the fields as it ran beside the bordering trees. About half way around we came to a small plot which was not cultivated because the soil

there was largely gravel. Low thin grass grew here, and small pines and gum trees were spotted about. The trees of the border made a corner about this spot, shading it. On one side the trees were wholly large pines, the edge of a grove. Here I stopped the car. I took the bottles from the luggage compartment; a narrow path wound through the grass toward the deep shade close to the large pines. The old man went first along it, and I followed. The sun shone on the interlaced green of the pine boughs and the shadow among the straight boles made seeing into the grove like gazing through a smoked glass, save where sunlight came through in paths





and lay on the dark straw. Close before the trees the spring had eaten out a pool in the grass and washed away from its bed all dark soil, so that its bottom was only round pebbles and white sand. A moss-covered iron pipe came out of the sand, bearing the water up bright as clear ice, to flow out and fall to the pool, and make constant round ripples. The water from the first pool overflowed across a space of sand into a second smaller pool, and from there found its way through the grass into the tall trees.

"Son," he said, "This good water has been flowing here for as long as I can remember. My father drank water from this spring. Even when your grandmother and I moved into town, I still came here to get our drinking water. The town water has chemicals in it, but this water is pure."

"Yes," I answered, "I like this water. I wish I could drink it all the time."

I had set the bottles at the edge of the pool. He fitted the funnel into the neck of one of them. I placed the bottom of the bottle in the pool and tilted the neck down until the funnel reached the flowing water. The water began running down the inside of the jar, and along the outside, passing over my hands, cooling them. There was no sound save the falling of the water. Under the great heat-glazed sky, the level fields lay still, nothing moving save the ascending heat currents, which, like flaws in glass, distorted distant images. My grandfather's face, gazing into the distance, was as still as the fields. I thought once more that in the summer the power of the light allows the old, and others who pause to see, to take on in moments a stillness of being, like a pane of quiet water. They cease to be imprisoned within a face concerned with symbolizing the private self's flickering images of hope or pain, but become impassive as statues, with faces consumed with stillness into the sunlight. I remembered the time I had attended the funeral of the father of a friend of mine in a country churchyard not many miles away. The fields, and sky, and sunlight had been the same, and I had wondered at the smallness of all happenings in the face of the great stillness of sunlight. I had thought of the sunlight falling on all, who must soon close their eyes and make still their faces under its reign.

When the bottles were filled and closed by cork stoppers, I set them side by side near the edge of the pool and stood as the old man knelt close to them on the sandy earth.

"Oh Lord," he prayed, "I thank thee that thou art God in all generations. I thank thee that thou for-

ever providest for those who believe on thee. I thank thee that thou hast said 'To the thirsty I will give water without price.' I thank thee that thou still providest us this living spring, flowing now as it did in the time of my youth, and of my father's youth, providing us pure water even though the earth is dry and the water of the town is unfit to drink. Amen."

I regretted leaving the spring, as always, for soon after it would be time to return to the city.

That night, when darkness was complete, but the heat of the day was only beginning to slip from the land, I was driving through the outskirts of Broughton; Catherine was beside me. I had already told her that I did not want to go to a movie. I was driving back toward Carsonville.

"John." She broke the silence.

"Yes?"

"You seem different with your grandfather. You seem like a little boy."

I said nothing.

"John, I was a little embarrassed when he gave that pamphlet to me. But, you know, I thought at first that you were kidding about giving out Bible readings. But I understand now. I don't blame you. He's so old." I was silent.

She went on, "I brought a little bourbon. Do you want some?"

"Yes."

"Well, let me have a drink first." She smiled, pretending to be teasing. She took a flask from her handbag and had a good swallow, shivering as it went down. I had always admired the way she could drink. I saw that the

moon was coming up, and had a long pull at the whisky.

"That's a beautiful moon, isn't it, Catherine?"

"Yes, it sure is."

"I'll drink its health." I had another pull. "A full moon always makes me want to drink, for some reason. I think I want to addle my reason, and then go roam the fields like an animal."

"Sometimes, John," she said with a mock air of great finality, "I don't understand you."

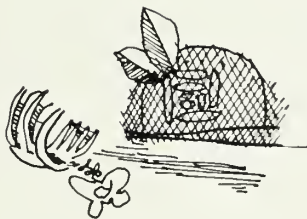
We rode on for a time in silence, until I spoke again.

"Whatever made you think you did understand me?"

"Well — I've known you all through high school. I've seen you just about everywhere you ever go." I thought of the places I had seen Catherine.

"Name some places."

"Well — parties, at the pool, at all our friends



houses, at the beach: I've even seen you working at your father's office."

I smiled.

"Well, I guess you ought to completely understand me, then."

"Well, really, everyone shows himself all the time; everything you do is part of yourself, and shows what you are."

She seemed rather pleased with herself, as though she had settled the issue.

"You never knew I gave out Bible readings on Saturday."

"Ah, now, I understand about that."

"But Catherine, do you think that if you took away that part of a person that shows at parties, swimming pools, and people's houses, that there would be nothing left? Do you believe that no one is anything more than a compilation of the superficial events of his life?"

She looked somewhat surprised.

"Superficial? How can you say that the things which make up your whole life are superficial?"

I was beginning to have warm radiations from the area of my stomach. I grinned, probably a little foolishly.

"Catherine, I'll tell you what your mind is like, if you won't get mad."

"Oh you know I won't get mad. I'm just talking to you to have something to do while I drink."

"It's like a newsstand, all full of *Seventeen*, *Made-moiselle*, *Cosmopolitan*, and all those fashion magazines, and *Life* with articles about debutante balls, and *Holiday*, and movie magazines with stories about the loves of Stone-Face Hudson, and newspapers full of the latest gossip. Everything describes the surface of events, with no commentary. It's a flash of jumbled colors and words crowding the shelves, telling of events, things, possessions, but no meanings."

She received that comment with a smile.

"Well, I probably would be insulted, if I were you, but I don't mind thinking of my mind as a place full of all those things. I think life is made of those things. If you go around worrying yourself about what everything means, you'll never have any fun. Calm yourself with some bourbon."

I had another drink.

"Celestial liquor. Damn, I wish I had some water."

"What is your mind like?"

"Ah, what a question!"

She smiled sympathetically.

"There are all those bright-colored magazines and newspapers, too, plus some of those with bosomy girls on the cover. There are some lewd little books that should be banned."

"Oh, I'm shocked."

"No you aren't. There are a few leather-covered tomes, and there are statues in the shadows, which may be images of ancient gods. I can't tell for sure."

"Statues in your mind? What does that mean?"

"I don't know for sure. But they are a part of me, and a part that doesn't show at parties and things. You have them, too, but you don't want to think so. You want to make life simple and avoid having to think about such things."

She came closer to me and put her hand on my shoulder, and spoke in her soft, sincere voice.

"John, I do want to try to understand you. You know I want to, don't you? But I don't think you're trying to make me understand."

I smiled down the highway, into the darkness.

"Don't you worry about it, now girlie; it's quite unimportant. We'll have a party tomorrow night."

"Don't be ironic, John. I won't say anything else about it, if you don't want me to."

I didn't care if she understood what I was talking about or not. I was speaking more to myself than to her. The thoughts and feelings circulating in my mind directed me back toward my grandfather's farm and the spring.

Neither of us spoke again until I saw the farm ahead and slowed the car. I turned off on the dust path; it lay along before us, white in the moonlight.

"This is my grandfather's farm, Catherine," I told her. "There's a spring back here; the water will go well with that bourbon."

She sat beside me, silent and surprised.

I stopped the car close to the spring, reached into the back seat for a blanket, and got out. Catherine still sat in the car.

"Are you going to get out?" she called.

"Yes."

"Damn. You really picked a place off the beaten path."

She would have liked to say more, but her pride in her sophistication prevented it.

She got out and followed me down to the spring, trying to step in my footsteps. I put the blanket on the gravelly earth close to the edge and we sat down.

"Catherine, every Saturday after we have given out Bible readings, my grandfather and I come to this spring and fill two big bottles with water and carry them back to his house."

"John, I think you do right to visit him. He seems to be so proud of you."

"I wish I could be like him."

"That sounds strange, coming from you. But I guess you had a religious upbringing."

"Yes, they told me to be good."

"Doesn't your father go to church?"

"No. Did you bring the liquor with you?"

I turned up the flask, and had a swallow; then I went to the pool, leaned over and rested my hand on the iron pipe; the water was cool and sweet.

"The pool is beautiful in the moonlight, isn't it, John?"

"Yes."

In the first pool, water from the pipe fell and broke the moon image into many white fragments dancing about on the surface, like petals from a luminous flower. The moon itself in its dome looked as white and cold as a worn globe of ice. I drank more of the cool glistening water.

"John, why did you come here tonight?"

I took a few steps to the still second pool, hearing the distant frogs and crickets, feeling a stir of wind that smelled of the pine grove.

"To complete a contrast, I think," I said as I dropped to my knees beside the water. The surface of this pool mirrored an image of the moon, which seemed a glowing white film floating on the water; so close.

"Catherine, I respect the old man and what he does, and if I could believe as he does I would be glad of it." My voice was low.

"I understand, John."

Her dress rustled as she moved to my side. I did not look at her.

"If one really had access to the water of life flowing abundantly, and didn't have to keep it in bottles."

"What are you mumbling, John? Look, look at the moon there, on the water."

"Yes, there floats the moon. Once when I was a boy I prayed to the moon. I was praying hard, trying to feel the presence of God. I went to the window and fastened my eyes on the cold moon. I didn't feel God. Perhaps we construct divinity out of such images. A good old man, the spring."

"What was that, John?" I didn't understand you," she said, but she had ceased to pay much attention.

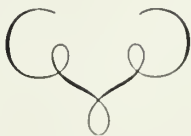
I thought of times when prayer had seemed real, afternoons towered over by great solitary growing thunderheads; looking over the level fields stretching away to distant borders of trees, under the vast bubble of sky, I would feel sympathy with the dry earth, and pray for rain. I spoke softly, only to myself:

"A small prayer into the wide air, like a wisp of cigarette smoke; who would receive it? Maybe a hawk, circling in the sun, would catch it in his beak and bear it away to the horizon."

Catherine's gaze remained on the spring.

"Look at the moon, there, so close. I feel that I could reach my hand into the water and catch it."

She had thrust her hand into the pool. She moved her upturned palm under the image of the moon and brought it up through the surface, the silver-white breaking and dancing through her fingers, glistening in her palm. In the great field, dimly lit to the vague horizon where silver trees touched the frosty sky, I felt alone.





## Capricious

The dappled orange ribbon of the setting sun  
Has rolled across the harbour mouth as if to say,  
"Don't dare to venture out beyond this line  
tonight.

What makes the water calm at dusk  
May disappear at dark, and where  
Soft breezes blew will be a storm  
With fleeting foam-capped waves  
And howling banshee winds."

## Imitation in Bone

Old bony gap-toothed ram  
stands skeletonly bare  
atop a shelf in bio lab.  
His knock-kneed stance on four  
slim chalky stilts looks cold  
and I can almost see  
him shiver in the draft.  
A rod runs through his vertebra  
to help support the sag  
of tightly wired ribs  
through which the dust of air  
mocks the absence of a heart.  
"Sir Hollowcore" he was dubbed  
by students long ago  
who thought the dry old goat,  
by some odd twist of fate,  
was like nobility.

Wallace Kaufman

# The Ceremony of Innocence

by Ed Doughtie

**H**UGH DUFF looked up into the face of the young man who greeted him with a brusque "Hi," and a handshake. Hugh had never seen an expression quite like his: he grinned and lowered his head, looking at Hugh through a single eyebrow that ran along the broad ridge of his forehead. The effect was that of some animal peering out from under a ledge of rock.

"Duff," said Mr. Long, the foreman, "You'll be working with Carl on the fireplugs. He's been doing it—how many summers now?"

"Three," said Carl.

"Anyway, he can show you how and all. Y'all might as well start on now, I guess."

"Yessir."

Carl nodded to Hugh and they went through the shop where two white men and a Negro were repairing water meters. He took two wrenches from a nail on the wall, and said to the Negro, "John Judson, when you going to let me test that '37 of yours?"

The Negro showed a number of straight white teeth. "I don't know, Missa Cahl, I wants to keep that car for a while. I be scared you drive it like one of them jet planes."

"Doggone, talk about me being stingy."

They laughed, and Carl led Hugh out to where a pick-up truck was parked by a square concrete basin next to the building. The sun was already beginning to draw heat waves from the gravelled yard and the water in the settling basins. To Hugh, the whole water works looked hot, hard, and dead.

"What's that?" asked Hugh, pointing to the loudly splashing basin.

Carl squinted and pointed up a hill. "Well, up there's the raw water pond. That water's pumped straight from the river. Then it comes there in a big pipe. Look."

They looked over the edge of the basin at the swirling, muddy water. "See those hoses coming from the lab into that section? That carries the chemicals. They put alum in it here, then it goes through these other three quarters through baffles—you know—and out another big pipe to those settling basins, where

the alum makes the big particles of dirt stick together and settle. Then the water is filtered in there"—he pointed to another building—"and then run into the clear well out front."

"How big is the pipe?" asked Hugh, pointing into the basin.

"It's about four feet wide." He grinned and said, "You'd better not fall in there. It would suck you down in just a little while."

They climbed into the truck, which was hot because the windows had been up. Carl drove, spinning the wheels a little in the gravel, slapping the gears with crisp abandon. Carl offered no conversation, so Hugh slid down on his spine, passed a hand over the black crewcut brush that covered his bony head, and looked at his knees.

"Where are you going to school?" Carl demanded suddenly.

"Huh? Oh, I'm starting at Vanderbilt."

"Freshman, eh? You'll catch hell."

"Why?"

"They always do. At least at Tech. You are going Fraternity, aren't you?"

"I don't know. Are you at Tech?"

"Yeah, I'll be a senior." He paused for a while, then asked, "What are you going to study?"

"English, I guess. Or maybe history. I want to teach."

"Teach?"

"Yes, in college."

"I hope you like starving. You're going to go to school long enough to be able to teach, you might as well be a doctor, and you'd make a hell of a lot more money."

"I don't think I could be a doctor. You don't have any time."

"Who needs time when you got all that money? Be a specialist, work from ten to four, hve days a week; you'd have it made."

"What are you taking?" asked Hugh.

"Civil engineering."

Hugh's nostrils quivered. His nose was thin and

delicate, and was nearly transparent right above the nostrils.

"Why didn't you be a doctor?"

Carl glanced at him quickly. "Because I couldn't stand that much school, and I'll make almost as much money."

Carl stopped the truck by a fireplug. He handed Hugh a wrench and showed him how to uncap the plug and turn it on, telling him that this kept the pipes clean. "The water in the pipe to the plug doesn't move until the plug is turned on, so it gets stagnant and rusty. If there was ever a big pull on the line, all that crap would get in the hoses, so we let it out every summer."

The job was so simple, that Hugh only half listened to Carl, thinking of his youthful dreams of being a doctor. Maybe he should. How was he going to serve humanity, except in a very minor way? He did not really want to teach so much as he wanted to read. His idea of heaven was reading and listening to music. He also liked to talk, but there were not many people to talk to. And the more he read, the more things he found he wanted to read. It sometimes unnerved him to think of all the books he had not read and all the people with ideas he had not met and talked to. But then his conscience would bother him. What good would that do? He should Heal the Sick, or Build Things, as Carl would do. But no matter how guilty he felt, the picture of himself puzzling over a slide rule or learning Latin names when he could be reading or listening to music revolted him, and he judged himself to be basically selfish.

At lunchtime, they returned to the water works. As they entered the building, Hugh heard a Negro's soft, unconscious singing:

Oh Laawd,  
There's goin' to come a daay,  
When the good folks stand,  
And the bad folks fall,  
Yes, Lawd, Mmhm.

Carl stopped Hugh at the door of the meter shop. "Shh," he said, pointing to John Judson Hudson, who was standing at a metal sink, rattling water meters and singing, with his back to the door. Carl grinned and pulled out a small silver-looking ball. "Watch," he whispered. He threw the ball on the concrete floor just behind John Judson, where it exploded like a small hand grenade. John Judson jumped, throwing his hands up and dropping a meter in the sink with a crash, and then stiffened. He slowly turned around, his eyes like two fried eggs, and sweat shining on his forehead. Carl began laughing hoarsely, and John relaxed, but with trembling hands. Then everybody

laughed, including Hugh. John Judson at that moment would have drawn laughter from an undertaker, he thought. John was short, stocky, baby-faced, and had a naturally comic set of gestures. When he was excited, he would push his old fatigue cap back and forth on his head, as he did now. Hugh saw in him a sort of Moorish Sancho Panza. When he regained his composure, John Judson turned back to the sink, muttering, "I'm telling you the truf, da's awful!"

Everyone ate in the lab, or "Mother Murphy's kitchen." Murphy, the lab technician always seemed to be making beef broth bacteria culture. There was a stove and refrigerator, which helped in the preservation and preparation of lunches as well as in the lab work. Carl grabbed a stool and began to nourish his six-foot-four body with four sandwiches and a quart of milk. The other men came in and fell to their respective lunches, one cursing his pineapple sandwich. The conversation ran mostly to boxing, baseball, television, and adultery on the last convention, none of which topics invited Hugh to participation. He sat silently eating his lunch, watching the different men, and listening.

"Hey, Carl, what kind of basketball team y'all going to have?" asked Murphy.

"Pretty good. We're going to have three of last year's starters back."

"You going to start this year?"

"I guess so. I played almost as much as Kilpatrick, and he started. I scored as much as he did, too."

Hugh remembered hearing somewhere about Tech's "promising Carl Sligh," and now realized who he was. He remembered now some of the washroom talk he had heard at high school concerning this Carl Sligh's achievements, athletic and otherwise. His name had lingered there nearly three years after he had graduated, which was something of a record for a high-school hero. "I don't think she's been made, but if she has, I'll bet Sligh did it." "You remember that mule they found on the second floor? Well, Carl Sligh and . . ." "I remember when he and Carl Sligh turned on the sprinkler system." Such was Carl's fame.

Another one of the men asked him, "Did you fly any of those jets this year?"

"Naw, but we are at camp this summer. If I can, I'm gonna zip over here and scare the you-know-what out of John Judson. I'll buzz that '37 of his, and he'll think the sky's falling on top of him."

"Are you as big a wheel in the R.O.T.C. up there as you was in high school?" asked Murphy.

"Naw, I'll just be a major this year. I was the lieutenant colonel in high school."

"How long you got to stay in the Air Force when you get out?"



"Three years. I may stay a little longer. You make good money when you get that flight pay."

"You must like it. I couldn't take the Army."

"It ain't anything like the Army," said Carl. "You get fed well, get a bed to sleep in, and they take care of you and that plane. The infantry's just cannon fodder, but they know the Air Force will be the Savior of the World."

When Carl finished eating he went out and lay down on the wide rim of the concrete basin and took a nap in the sun. In the lab, Mr. Long was saying, "That Carl's a smart boy. He's going to be well off. And he's a good, clean-living boy: doesn't smoke or drink. Yes sir, he's going to make a good citizen." He took a bite of his sandwich, and looked around for signs of agreement. Everybody nodded.

Murphy said slyly, "He knows his way around, too."

Mr. Long chuckled through his sandwich. "That's good, too." He winked, and everybody laughed.

Hugh got up and wandered into the meter shop. John Judson had eaten and was already back at the sink, washing meters. Hugh leaned on the workbench and looked out into the glaring yard. Then, under the eave of a low neighboring building, he noticed a little bit of life in the barrenness. A wren had a nest there, and was feeding her newly-hatched young. He could see plainly each scrawny bird stretching its beak wide, and thought how it was trying to satisfy an unknown urge, unconsciously hoping that its mouth would be filled and it could again lapse into pleasant, drowsy, nothingness. The mother wren went about her task with quiet energy and decisiveness. She perched on the edge of the nest, cocking her head. This one has had enough; it's this one's turn. She carried out her responsibility with dignity, and accepted it completely, without qualifications. Her life must maintain life.

John Judson's voice broke into Hugh's reverie. "Dat lil' bird got a lot of moul's to feed, ain't he?"

"She surely has."

"'Minds me of my chilluns lined up 'fo' day goes to school. 'Daddy, I needs fifty cents for dis,' and 'Daddy, I needs a quarter for dat.' But day's pretty good chilluns, if you lays 'em low now and den, and I guess it all comes 'round even sooner or later."

Hugh agreed.

A few days later, Hugh forgot his lunch. When he and Carl were on their way back to the water works at lunchtime, they had to stop at Hugh's house. Hugh invited Carl in for a drink, and Carl met Hugh's mother. They had a mutual family friend about whom they chatted a few minutes, Carl politely saying, "yes, ma'am" and "no, ma'am." Then Carl and Hugh

went on to the water works, where Carl gave John Judson a loaded cigar. Everybody laughed.

That afternoon, they worked in a poor section of town, down on the riverbank. Hugh had never seen white people living as they did. The street was just a higher and more viscous version of the river. Muddy, half-naked children scuttled about under unpainted shacks with muddy chickens. The roofs bristled with television antennae. They turned on the fireplug, and the splashing brought a swarm of children, who screwed up their faces, ran at the water, screamed with delight, and ran back with their mud smeared. Hugh noticed a pretty little girl of about eleven who had on a torn Brownie dress. She was a little cleaner than the others and moved in the water with a strange natural grace, the wet dress clinging to her lithe little body. She moved her arms away from the water, then reached out to touch it with a delicate turn of the elbow. There was little about her of the childish exuberance and directness of movement of her companions. She pushed her dark-blond hair from her face, looked up at Hugh, and laughed. She had brilliant blue eyes. "What a pretty little girl!" Hugh thought. The vision was destroyed when she spoke in a flat, twangy staccato:

"Y'all fillin' up the seweys, ain'tcha mister?"

As they were driving away, Hugh remarked, "You notice that little blonde? I'll bet she'll make a good dancer."

"Yeah, she'll be a good-looking piece in a few years, but she won't be a dancer. Not around here. She'll either get knocked up or marry some tatooed paratrooper before she's eighteen, and when she's had three or four young'uns, she'll get fat and sloppy. And her daughters will do the same way."

"If she's really pretty, she might catch somebody with money."

"Ha! That's the kind of girl you make, not the kind you marry."

"Why?"

"They're not so damned hard to make as your nice girls, and they don't panic and holler to get married every time they have a bellyache." This furnished an opportunity for Carl to entertain Hugh with a few anecdotes of an amorous nature. Hugh was a silent listener. He was just old enough and long enough out of Sunday School to be ashamed of his virginity. It seemed to him that here was a chance to learn from a master.

When Hugh got home from work that afternoon, his mother said, "I'm glad you're working with that Sligh boy. He seems so nice."

"Yes'm," said Hugh. "I like him all right."

One day it rained, and Hugh and Carl had to stay

at the water works and repair meters. For Hugh, the day was tedious because Carl brought a radio that played nothing but rock-and-roll. However, he found a little relief at first in the incessant dialogues between Carl and John Judson.

"John Judson," Carl said loudly, "What would you do if you made a million dollars a year?"

"Hmp!" John grunted

"Just think, though. Imagine! A million dollars!"

"Hmp!"

"If you made that much, you know how much you'd make a day? Huh? How much would you make a day, John Judson?"

"Missa Cahl, now don't be asking me sumpin' I ain't gone never need to know nohow. I got work to do."

"Gol-lee, John Judson! You must be stupid. You making a million dollars a year and don't even care whether you make two dollars a day or two thousand dollars a day."

"Nawp." He scrubbed a meter noisily.

"John Judson, you'd be making -uh- more'n twenty eight hundred dollars a day! Doggone, you better lend me some."

"Hmp! I ain't got one dollar, but if I had a million tons of cow-crap, you'd borrah it just to be getting sumpin' off'n me."

"Now, John Judson. Have I ever done anything to you?"

"Hmp! I reckon . . ."

"John Judson, you know how much you'd be making an *hour*? Huh?"

"Lawd he'p Missa Cahl!"

"John Judson, you are really *stupid*. You'd be making three hundred and fifty dollars an *hour*. Good gosh, you know that's more'n fifty dollars a *minute*? Now look, if you paid me twenty-five dollars for doing two minutes of your work, see how much money you'd make?" Carl began frisking John for his wallet. John was ticklish to a painful degree. "Come on, now since you're so stupid, I see I'm going to have to make you do it for your own good. Where's your wallet, John Judson? Here? Here?"

"Don't do dat, Missa Cahl," gasped John Judson, twisting and jumping. "Leave my money be. I'm tellin you the truf, da's awful!"

At this point, Hugh found he could stand the radio no longer. He changed to a station which made a slight concession to its listeners by playing a half-hour of classical music every other day. Hugh smiled with delight when he heard the second movement of Mozart's D-major violin concerto. Carl turned and said, "Hey, don't play that stuff. You'll ruin my radio."

"But that's Mozart," said Hugh, as Carl changed the station.

"Moe who?"

"Mozart. He's one of the greatest composers there is." He changed the station back.

"Maybe so, but he wrote lousy music. Now leave that off. You'll ruin my radio with that crap." The rock-and-roll blared forth anew.

Hugh grinned and changed the station. "Since you're so stupid, I guess I'll have to make you listen to it for your own good." Carl smiled grimly under his eyebrow and hit Hugh on the arm. "Hey, easy! I was just kidding."

John Judson Hudson owned and loved a black 1937 Chevrolet. It was decked with foptails, mirrors, and mud flaps, and was waxed by John Judson every Saturday afternoon. Carl began announcing his arrival at work by blowing the horn of this car until John Judson came running out, shouting, "Missa Cahl, you run my bat-tries *down*! I'm telling you the truf, da's awful!" John Judson began locking his car, but Carl would lift the hood and blow the horn by touching the points with a screwdriver. One day Carl found a lock on the hood, so he let the air out of the tires.

The next day it rained. It was hot and sticky, and the heavy clouds seemed to compress the air into a thick mass that retarded the men's movements and covered them with sweat. To Hugh, the uniform, colorless buildings and grounds bespoke sterility, and the vehicles and machines seemed gross and malevolent. Carl came in with two paper bags, one holding his lunch, and the other some jars of showcard paint and a brush. Hugh said, "Of all days, why can't you leave him alone today?"

Carl looked disgusted, and said nothing. At lunchtime, he covered John Judson's car with varicolored stripes and polka-dots, making the car resemble a huge black Easter egg. Then everyone loitered around in the shop, waiting for John Judson. Carl and the men snickered expectantly. Hugh looked disturbed.

John Judson came into the shop and reached for a wrench on the window sill. He froze with hand extended, and Hugh actually saw sweat sprinkle on his forehead. He turned to Carl. "Missa Cahl! What . . . what you do . . . my cah?"

"Me? Why, John Judson, what do you mean?" Carl looked out the window and laughed. "Looks like some bastard painted up your car. I don't know who done it, but if you find out, lemme know, and me and you'll throw him in the reservoir. Yes sir, he must have been a real son of a bitch."

John Judson opened his mouth, closed it, then turn-

ed away and said in a choked voice, barely audible, "I know who done it."

"Well, John Judson, if I were you, I'd beat the stuffing out of him."

John Judson picked up a rag and a can of mineral spirits and left without a word. Carl looked after him, his eyes glittering under his eyebrow.

Hugh followed John Judson into the yard and said, "Don't use that stuff. The paint will wash off."

John Judson said, with great feeling, "I'm telling you the tru!, da's awful!" Then he and Hugh silently washed the car.

While they were washing, another Negro came up and said, laughing, "Hey, man, how come you washing off that cool new paint job?"

John Judson jumped up and said angrily, "Shut up, nigger, and git, befo' I lose my temper." The other walked off, laughing.

Later, Mr. Long sent Carl and Hugh into town for some meter parts. On the way back, Carl stopped the truck before a novelty shop, and returned with a small cardboard tube. It was a "buzz-bomb," a devilish device that whistles, explodes, and gives off smoke when the car in which it is placed is started.

Hugh sighed, "Look, don't you think he's had enough? It's too hot for practical jokes."

Carl looked at Hugh through his eyebrow and said without humor, "It's not hurting you, is it? It's only a harmless little joke. Nobody'll get hurt, little boy."

Hugh watched Carl's profile for a few moments, then frowned perplexedly out the window, as they drove back in silence.

At quitting time, Carl jumped up on the rim of the concrete mixing basin, where he had a good view of the parking lot. The cars were parked along one of the buildings that housed the filters; John Judson's was the first in line. Carl had had to unbolt the hasp

of the lock on the hood, but had not had time to replace it.

John Judson came out of the shop, looking pre-occupied. Hugh started to warn him, but caught a threatening glance from Carl. John Judson got into his car and started the engine, putting it in gear as he did so. The bomb whistled shrilly and exploded; a mass of smoke rolled from the hood. John Judson had confused reverse with second gear, and when the shock of the explosion made him let off the clutch, the car shot forward and crashed into the building. John Judson sat in the car a moment, rubbing his sweaty, tear-wet face with trembling hands. He looked up, saw the smoke, and quickly jumped out. He stared open-mouthed at the gushing radiator, the tangled grill, and the smashed headlight. He nervously waved at the smoke, then snatched open the hood and saw a scorched cardboard tube wired to a sparkplug. The sweat dripped from his nose and chin. His mouth moved, but he made no sound. He turned and saw Carl standing on the basin rim, feet wide apart, hands on his hips, laughing. "What's the matter, John Judson?"

"This done gone too lar!" he sobbed, and rushed at Carl. He scrambled onto the rim of the basin, slipped, and fell into the twisting water at Carl's feet. For a second Carl watched him struggling against the powerful suction. Then he laughed, reached down and grasped one of John Judson's waving arms, and pulled him out. Carl grinned at him tightly, their faces close together, and said, "I could have let you go, you know."

"Yassuh," mumbled John. "Thank you, suh. Sorry." He staggered to the steps of the shop and sat down.

The knuckles on Hugh's clenched fists were white. He looked at Carl. "You son of a bitch," he thought, "I hate your guts."







*The Dancers*

*by Betty Hester*

# The World of John Webster

by Alan Bradford

JOHN WEBSTER, the name attached to two masterpieces of the Jacobean Drama, belongs to that class of artists who create a world of their own, unique, fantastic, and grotesque, by exaggerating certain carefully selected aspects of reality. Among modern authors, Kafka, for instance, makes such a departure from the actual world, and when he is able to draw the reader into his vision of the universe, produces a haunting effect of isolation and even horror. The effect of Webster's *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi* is achieved in the same way and is perhaps greater because of the use of dramatic form with all its possibilities for direct communication with an audience or even a reader. In order to appreciate or to criticize this particular kind of artist, it is first necessary to define the world that he creates; for this creation is his main artistic purpose. By taking this approach, the reader or critic can avoid making the mistake of thinking that Webster had no purpose in mind. I am going to attempt to define Webster's world by discovering which aspects of reality he chose for his purpose and also the way in which he used this material imaginatively to recreate his vision of the universe.

Rupert Brooke, dealing with the same problem, writes, "A play of Webster's is full of the feverish and ghastly turmoil of a nest of maggots. Maggots are what the inhabitants of this universe most suggest and resemble . . . Human beings are writhing grubs in an immense night."<sup>1</sup> This is neither an adequate nor an accurate commentary, for it overlooks the intellectual quality of Webster's characters. They are aware of philosophical problems, and they frequently moralize. Their constant satirical observations and remarkable capacity for boredom are further signs of intellect. Indeed, the mind plays an important part in Webster's concept of tragedy. It is the Duchess of Malfi who reflects that "all our wit And reading brings us to a truer sense Of sorrow," and Flamineo in *The White Devil* who complains that "There's nothing of so infinite vexation / As man's own

thoughts." Brooke's comment is useful, however, because it indicates the importance of blind instincts and strong passions as the driving forces behind these characters. In other words, they are bestial. Thus Webster is able to dispense with logical motivation in *The Duchess of Malfi*; the persecution of the duchess by her brothers is only the natural savagery of two animals toward another. Such a view also accounts for the protean characters of Flamineo and Bosola and for the "faculty psychology" employed by Webster to present to his audience new sides of a character each time passion or instinct causes a shift or reversal in his behavior. By this method the dramatist can show a repentant Bosola and Ferdinand after the murder of the duchess, and he can reconcile the opposites that make Vittoria a white devil. But he can never build a character of simple grandeur as Marlowe or Shakespeare could. A maggot, though relentless, is never Machiavellian in its cunning. Thus, though not mindless, the unmotivated sadism of Webster's villains may well be soulless. It is this spiritual deficiency that gives the creatures of Webster's imagination their bestiality, which Brooke correctly identifies as a definite part of his peculiar world.

In such a world one looks for beauty almost in vain. Webster shows man at his worst. The poet, especially the dramatic poet, need not be interested in beauty. He may search for the ugliness in the world, instead, or he may not have to search for it. He may simply be overcome by it. Webster's bitterness, rather than being merely decadent, is part of his design to express horror and evil. Once he has selected these as his subject, the dramatist must resist the temptation to beauty in language and metaphor, although no poet can miss these entirely. Webster is no exception. His characters, especially Flamineo in *The White Devil* and Bosola in *The Duchess of Malfi*, are cynical and foul-mouthed. But a beautiful line from one of these two is like a brief light in the dark world of Webster's tragedy. Such an instance is Bosola's

1. Rupert Brooke, *John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama*, p. 162



You may discern the shape of loveliness  
More perfect in her tears than in her smiles.

But this is rare because Webster's verse is quite closely harmonized with his subject matter. Just as Donne and Shakespeare knew how to use harsh cadences to express their thoughts realistically and forcefully, so Webster uses broken, irregular, often crude and hasty, metrically imperfect lines adapted to the idea expressed by his character. Lodovico's rugged line in *The White Devil*, Act I, Scene 1, "I'll make Italian cut-works in their guts," could hardly be better for its purpose. This is the language of drama, not of poetry, and it shows the extent of the progression from Marlowe's early lyricism in the course of Elizabethan Drama to the more subtle artistry of the later writers. Fluchère sums up the short but eventful period between Marlowe and Webster as the road "from an arrogant gaiety that has nothing to repudiate, down to the flabbiness of soul which, after all the struggle and the tension, comes to terms with pessimism and faith."<sup>2</sup> If, then, the great Elizabethan soul became flabby, language underwent a parallel development, coming to terms with its subject matter after a struggle. Though we cannot call Webster's language "flabby", we can see a philosophical basis for it in his acceptance of pessimism. His use of a certain kind of language, then, is one of the main ways in which Webster created the evil, the ugliness, and the contaminated atmosphere of his world. We need only consider the effectiveness of "thou shalt . . . stink/Like a dead fly-blown dog" or "My corruption/Grew out of horse-dung," and we know more about this atmosphere than pages of commentary could tell us.

Language is also used by Webster in such a way as to create an impression of horror. He not only tried to shock his audience with ugliness; he tried to frighten them with his own peculiar and subtle kind of horror. I do not mean here the great terrifying scenes such as the tortures of the duchess or the madness of Ferdinand or the appearance of Brachiano's ghost, but rather the sustained horror pervading the play, which is entirely a trick of language. Like his contemporaries, the metaphysical poets, Webster was fond of double-edged words. Again, in the use of these puns, he is selective; they always conceal a shudder which is effectively communicated to the audience. Thus instead of merely saying that men on their death-beds are bothered by their weeping wives, Webster, the poet, tells us that they are "haunted with howling wives." The words immediately suggest the familiar Jacobean ghosts and the wolves of folklore that dug graves. After all, according to Brach-

iano, "Woman to man/Is either a god, or a wolf." Such sinister words as "haunt" and "howl", used in place of ordinary expressions on the realistic level of meaning, occur very frequently in both plays. The Duchess's secret wedding is said to be "executed" instead of "celebrated", and she "shrouds" her blushes instead of "hiding" them. These expressions, trivial enough at first and often spoken in jest, are especially grotesque in reading the plays when we look back and realize that they were ironic foreshadowings of tragedy. In one of the best of these, the Duchess, bidding Antonio to secrecy, says, "here upon your lips/I sign your *Quietus est*."

We have seen that Webster was not primarily interested in beauty. Yet he gives us the Duchess, symbolizing the place of beauty in a world of evil, ugliness, and horror. It is significant that though "She stains the time past, lights the time to come," she is ultimately destroyed. We are told that her discourse is "full of rapture"; her lines are the purest and noblest poetry in the play. Here, too, Webster adapts the language to the speaker. Some of his greatest speeches are made by the Duchess as she nears her death. Hers is the one death in Webster that is really triumphant, and this raises *The Duchess of Malfi* to the level of great tragedy. Her death is triumphant because it removes her from and raises her above the foul, loathesome atmosphere of a world too ugly and too evil to contain beauty and goodness for a very long time. To appreciate Webster's tragic genius, we must focus a part of our attention on the higher, spiritual plane of the Duchess's love for Antonio, intolerable in the world of bestiality and lust, and of her lofty ending, sharply contrasted with the frantic and wretched death of Cariola, who is of the lower world. Unfortunately, there is no such higher plane in *The White Devil*. Although we may be momentarily affected by the good qualities of Vittoria, as they appear, for example, in the trial scene, we know that they are as illusory as the occasional flashes of piety and remorse in Flamineo and Bosola. And even in *The Duchess of Malfi* we have difficulty in reaching the higher level because of the extremely convincing presentation of the naturalistic plane of that hideous "world" we have been defining. On this plane, the Duchess in her beauty and virtue is crushed by the opposites of these qualities. The world, not she, is triumphant as she breathes the poison of its infected atmosphere, the same atmosphere of Hamlet's rotten Denmark, "a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." Although Webster may not have intended to leave us stranded on this lower level of meaning, this is the result which he sometimes obtains. And when this happens, the truth of the moralistic couplet

<sup>2</sup> Henri Fluchère, *Shakespeare and the Elizabethans*, p. 51.



which concludes the play is wasted; and the couplet itself seems only an empty convention loosely tacked on to the ending:

Integrity of life is fame's best friend,  
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end.

But there is nothing beyond death; there is nothing good, in fact, on either side of it, and no crown for worthless integrity if we accept Webster's world as it is at its most convincing moments. This necessary dichotomy between the two worlds, and our inability to jump easily from one to the other, is a part of the Mannerist dissociation and ambiguity for which Webster is famous.

The fact of death with its moral, and especially, its physical, significance leads to an unhealthy but inevitable aspect of Webster's world. Toward death he had a strange and abnormal attitude. T. S. Eliot wrote, in "Whispers of Immortality",

Webster was much possessed by death  
And saw the skull beneath the skin . . .  
He knew that thought clings round dead limbs  
Tightening its lusts and luxuries.

This observation is worth any amount of prose criticism; it is another way of saying that Webster saw all of his characters as potential corpses. He uses Bosola to state the same idea even more concretely than Eliot and infinitely more horribly:

What thing is this outward form of man  
To be beloved? . . .  
Though we are caten up of lice and worms,  
And though continually we bear about us  
A rotten and dead body, we delight  
To hide it in rich tissue; all our fear,  
Nay, all our terror, is, lest our physician  
Should put us in the ground to be made sweet.

Webster's imagination penetrated through clothing and skin, even through clinging thought, and through the grave, to strip man of everything except his own physical death. Death is the one thing with which every major character in the two plays must come to terms. Brooke correctly indicates that the last part of *The White Devil* is a study of the phenomenon of dying as various people see and experience it, even to Flaminio's shocking parody of it.<sup>3</sup> This view of death consuming everything, all lust and ambition, and finally all bodies, was more of a commonplace to the Elizabethans than to us. Webster exaggerated the view somewhat abnormally, and, consequently, it characterizes his world more surely and distinctively than anything else. It controls his imagery, to be mixed with his most memorable lines of poetry and thus conveyed immediately and powerfully to his

audience. Where Shakespeare has Hamlet say:

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
She married,

Webster, stating exactly the same idea, puts his own unmistakable mark on it:

They'll remarry  
Ere the worm pierce your winding-sheet, ere the  
spider  
Make a thin curtain for your epitaphs.

Shakespeare stresses the injustice of woman's hasty remarriage with an image from the world of the living, the tears in her eyes. Webster does the same thing with an image from the subterranean world of the dead. In both images, the drying of the tears and the piercing of the worm, there is speed; but there is a greater sense of cruelty in Webster's image, and pathos in the added notion of the spider's final kindness, greater than that of woman. Like so many of his metaphors, this one is immensely suggestive. But the important point is that the world of the dead exists beneath all the surface action of Webster's plays as surely as the other two worlds we have seen exist within and above the action. The dead live still in Webster, and the living are already dead, a paradox which Eliot has often used in his poems. If a skull or other symbol of physical death is introduced, it shows more than decadence. Its function is to remind us of this third sphere of Webster's universe. Since Webster was more interested in atmosphere than plot, the subterranean world does not affect the action, but rather this atmosphere, which is already putrid with the rotting of those dead bodies that "continually we bear about us."

That this world exists we cannot doubt, for we are told what its inhabitants do. Upon being asked by little Giovanni if the dead "eat, Hear music, go a-hunting, and be merry, As we that live?" Francisco replies, "No, coz; they sleep." This juxtaposition of life and death and the irony of picturing these various healthful activities being carried on in the confines of the grave are comparable to the effect of Marvell's lines:

The grave's a fine and private place,  
But none, I think, do there embrace.

A similar shudder is felt when Antonio, in the wedding scene, asks the Duchess for her "excellent sell" and she replies jokingly but innocently, "In a winding-sheet?" This interest in the life-death paradox was shared by many seventeenth-century writers. Flaminio's "terrible vision" of "A dead man's skull beneath the roots of flowers" in *The White Devil* reminds one of George Herbert's admonition to the

3. Brooke, pp. 102-103.

rose in his poem "Virtue", "Thy root is ever in its grave. And thou must die." The conceit is the same, that of life (the flower) growing out of death (the skull and the grave). There are many other examples. One thinks of Sir Thomas Browne's noble animal, man, who is "splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave," or of Donne's "A bracelet of bright hair about the bone." In each case a word reminding of life, with its warmth, ceremony, and brightness or splendor, is immediately followed by a word suggesting death, the coldness of bones, or the darkness of ashes. In this way Webster participates in the climate of his time. If it were not for this similarity through love of paradox, there could hardly be any two poets less alike than Webster and Herbert. Eliot, however, in "Whispers of Immortality," quite appropriately compares Webster with Donne. In such poems as Donne's "The Funeral" and "The Relique," the two are very close together.

Carrying the paradox even further, Webster not only makes full use of this ironical implication that the dead take part in the activities of the living; he also implies, as the lines from Eliot show, that the living are merely in a long process of dying. This is why death for many of the characters in the two plays is a tedious and weary ending. Only that of the Duchess is grand, in the manner of the greatest tragedy, although some of the stronger characters, such as Brachiano and Vittoria, have high moments near death. Bosola "holds his weary soul in his teeth," Ferdinand is "broken-winded," and Antonio says, "I have no use/To put my life to." Theirs is the kind of life that Browne would call "a prolongation of death," "a sad composition." They "live with death, and die not in a moment," like some of those who bequeathed their bones to the urns at Old Walsingham. This is what Flamineo means when he says, "We cease to grieve, cease to be fortune's slaves,/Nay, cease to die by dying." The moment of death for them is the moment when they stop making efforts to hide their corpses in luxuries and "rich tissue."

Webster works out this idea several times in his imagery, referring to living people as corpses. Sometimes he does it cleverly as in the almost metaphysical conceit used by Monticelso in *The White Devil* to describe whores. They are, he says,

Worse than dead bodies which are begg'd at gallows,  
And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man

Wherein he is imperfect.

The image, of which Donne would have approved, sums up the lifelessness of lust without love and also the fact that it reveals man's worst side, "wherein he is imperfect." But a great deal of violence has been necessary; the whore has been hanged and dissected to make a perfect metaphor. This dissection of the

living person is a curious habit of Webster's, but nothing more than a trick accomplished by playing on words. We notice that it happens to Antonio without his knowledge. It begins in Scene V of Act III when Ferdinand sends the Duchess a letter, asking for the head and the heart of Antonio. She, of course, sees through the "politic equivocation" of her brother. But this is only a foreshadowing; the dissection is not finished until Act IV, Scene I, when the Duchess, in the dark, is presented with an actual hand, supposedly that of her husband, and is promised the heart, too. "You are very cold," she says to the hand, bringing to a ghastly climax a simple enough trick of playing on the words, "head", "heart", and "hand", all of which have double meanings. To writers like Webster and Donne, the heart was not an abstract poetic symbol of the emotions, but an organ of the body. By showing the decay and dissection of the individual, the microcosm, Webster again reflects the times, in which the world was thought by intellectuals to be decaying and disintegrating.

Eliot sees Webster as "a very great literary and dramatic genius directed toward chaos."<sup>4</sup> But this genius is, at least, not without direction. In defining Webster's world, the final thing to notice is that it tends to dissolve into nothingness. Antonio sums it up. "Heaven fashioned us of nothing," he says, "and we strive/To bring ourselves to nothing." Brooke identifies the source of the lines as Donne's *An Anatomy of the World* and shows that in the borrowing Webster actually improved on Donne's version.<sup>5</sup> These two geniuses, starting at the same level of pessimism, were later to diverge greatly. Donne was to find a faith to draw him away from chaos, but Webster was only to become lost in his pessimism and direct his talents with more intensity toward this chaos. The word "nothing" echoes throughout the endings of the plays. It appears four times in four lines of one of Flamineo's fine death speeches. Bosola uses the image of a pyramid to describe the Cardinal, who, beginning on a large base, has finally dwindled to "a little point, a kind of nothing." And this would seem to be the way in which Webster's world ends. Reason and light come to madness and darkness, both joining the shroud of nothingness. The madmen in *The Duchess of Malfi* belong to this world. So do the mist, the storms, and the darkness that dominate the mood of the endings, externalizing the ambiguity and blurring of the inner meanings as the world dissolves.

In what a shadow or deep pit of darkness,  
Doth womanish and fearful mankind live!

4. T. S. Eliot, "Four Elizabethan Dramatists," in *Selected Essays*, p. 98.  
5. Brooke, p. 152.

exclaims Bosola. Flamineo, his counterpart in *The White Devil*, finds his life at the last "a black charnel." Our vision is further dimmed by the mist surrounding the end of both of these and the "black storm" that accompanies that of Vittoria in her great dying words.

Webster built a world in which men were toads, wolves, maggots, and other beasts. It is a world of ugliness, horror, death, and finally, chaos, described in language perfectly adapted to these states. For the inhabitants of this world he shows no pity:

Sin their conception, their birth weeping,  
Their life a general mist of error,  
Their death a hideous storm of terror.

Whether we accept such a world or not, we should not underestimate the mind and the art that went into the creation of it.

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## Songs To Be Sung

### Round

Oh let us drink to song  
And hear the glasses clink;  
Oh let us drink to love,  
And then we'll drink to drink.

### Duet

Sing for the softness of a distant voice  
In the noise;  
Search for the lightness of a leaf, and rejoice  
At its poise  
When it falls; breathe the suntanned air  
Of this day,  
And taste the elusive scent of her hair  
While you may.

### Solo

All love and hate are dry, windblown leaves.  
The night is only darker day,  
And grieves  
As sleepless long and gray.  
Mismatched, worn,  
The hands lie twitching in frayed sleeves,  
Shorn  
From the mind that flickers slowly in the cold,  
Dissipating sparks of youth now old.

Ed Doughtie



# Hoofbeats

The Tartars are coming; hear their hoofbeats.  
The Tartars come thundering from the East,  
Sweeping and swarming, submerging,  
Mauling both human and beast.  
They storm as they come o'er the mountains,  
Choking out life where they tread,  
And they never halt, panting for respite,  
Till all other cultures are dead.

There were two bastions could have stopped them.  
One such were the Teutonic Knights,  
Aggressive and striving to stop them,  
But failing through internal strifes.  
The other, the holy lord bishop,  
Hating them, hating their bane,  
Held power to hinder their progress,  
But lost through corruption and gain.

The Tartars are coming; hear their hoofbeats.  
They grow with the on-coming time.  
Louder and louder they echo;  
Closer and closer they climb.  
Their war-cries ring out o'er the valleys;  
With murderous fury, they near.  
And their hordes swarm over the valleys.  
Onward — no tremors — no fear.

There are two bastions could have stopped them.  
The Teutonic Knights lived again,  
In the form of the Nazi-crazed Germans,  
East-aggressive, but slain by West's man.  
The other, the holy lord bishop,  
Reseen in the church and the pope,  
Incompetent, impotent, helpless,  
Has lost all its chances of hope.

Would that an Amos had risen  
To cry out to all Western man  
That the threat from the East would submerge  
    them,  
That it will, and it shall, and it can.  
Would that an Amos would rise now  
To spell out his message of doom,  
That a blind trust in destiny only  
Can lead one direction — the tomb.

But the West stays complacently sitting;  
Deafly they heed not the cry:  
The Tartars are coming; hear their hoofbeats.  
From the East they come thundering by.  
They swarm as they come o'er the mountains,  
Choking out life where they tread,  
And they never halt, panting for respite,  
Till all other cultures are dead!

Polly Akin

## On the Feeling of Looking at the Sky at Night

by Nancy Jones

I have sometimes sat looking at the sky of night, that fathomless, dark emptiness which would be nothing if it were not for the thousand pin points of light scattered throughout it. All about me the wooded hills, the houses, the objects of man and his world are veiled in semi-darkness. It is quiet and I am alone, but the stars are shining crystal-clear above. All together they seem quite close, but when viewed individually they are remote. It is a world that has lost its horizontal dimension and gained a vertical one. All that can be seen clearly is directly above.

As I sit in such a manner I am overwhelmed with the insignificance of the world. It is just a tiny ball revolving in an infinite space full of innumerable other spheres, and we are nothing more than unknowing flies clinging to its surface. Billions of us have come before this time; billions will come after. By the millions we are born as helpless, screaming creatures, struggle to grow up, sweat to survive, decay, die and are gone while the light of a distant star travels to our tiny abode. We are mere chemical changes upon a sphere which could explode into non-existence without disturbing the workings of space, but infinity lasts for eternity. This feeling of the total insignificance of our world may lead us to believe in the futility of life. If we are nothing, our lives and struggling do not matter, are completely unimportant.

The feeling of insignificance may be overwhelming, but it lasts in that proportion for only a short time, for our lives are concerned not with infinity but with this world, our whirling planet, Earth. Briefly we may get an inkling of the vastness of space, of the absolutely dark, quiet and empty nothingness, but our imaginations soon tire. We can-

not even begin to comprehend what space entails. We may know that the nearest star other than the sun is twenty-seven trillion miles away, but it is impossible for us who usually think in terms of hundreds of miles to grasp the meaning of the fact. We are told that our sun is billions of years old, but this is incomprehensible to us whose recorded history is only several thousand years old. We, who live on a planet which has a diameter of only 7918 miles, cannot conceive of the fact that there are universes beyond our own or imagine what lies beyond these.

Other than in the physical ways in which the routine workings of space govern our earth, space comes into our experience only in a small way when we see the crater left by a meteorite or are bothered by static on our radio and are told that it is caused by explosions on the sun. It touches our lives through man's feeble efforts to invade its nearest regions; but, for the most part, space, that

dark,

Illimitable ocean without bound,  
Without dimension; where length,  
breadth, and height,

And time and place are lost;  
remains a thing beyond our comprehension and our imagination. We are forced to reduce it to what it is—actually a part of our earth, its vertical dimension which appears on clear nights. Any other phase of space we must leave to wonder. Thus we do not exist as citizens of the universe and space; we are citizens only of our own small world.

Here, on this planet earth, are our lives and experiences. Our joys are here: the joy of watching the brilliant sun set behind the hill or into the sea; the taste of sweet fruit; the touch of a breeze on a spring day or the tingling of the skin after having swum in icy waters; the joy of hearing a melody of Tchaikowsky or an artistic passage of Mozart. We are thrilled by the sudden understanding of a math-

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problem or of a difficult line of poetry and by the mastery of a new skill or the discovery of a thing of beauty or an idea unknown to us before. We find joy in loving, in being loved, and in being successful in something which we have undertaken.

Our sorrows also are here. We experience the pain of bodily ailment, the disappointment of failing to reach goals we have set for ourselves and the shame and jealousy aroused when we are proved inferior to others. We find sorrow in the feeling of being lonely and completely isolated from others, in the hatred of the pettiness we can see in man and in the ugliness of deformity and degradation. The world is the place of our fears of unhappiness, pain, and uncertainty.

Thus the world for man remains the central point of the universe and the heavens, though it may be an insignificant part of them. It is the essence of reality for man as his joys and hopes, his sorrows and fears, and the complete realm of his actual experience are here.

Thus my feeling of the insignificance of the world and of the futility of life is soon dispersed as I gaze at the heavens and is replaced by my awareness of my inescapable involvement with the dark world about me. It is a feeling of the unity of mankind. While sitting staring at the night skies, I am better able to forget myself and to think in broader terms. The objects which are reminders of everyday life are clothed in darkness. I am no longer aware of the house not far away or of the cars racing along the highway. My sense of sight is useless, but the sounds of the night are close. The call of the tree frogs throbs and the whippoorwill pours out a lonely monologue. I can feel the chill of the breeze and smell the odor of the damp earth beneath me. Reminders of my own petty desires and worries are not perceived and are pushed into the background of my thoughts.

All that can be seen is the sky which is untarnished by such things.

In such a setting I can begin to realize that "no man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main." We are each of us involved in mankind as we are crowded together upon this globe with incomprehensible infinity and eternity about us. Our plight is the same. And in the face of this plight we are all limited together to the earth. We all experience its joys and sorrows although they are extremely personal and seemingly completely individual. We all search for some stability in our world, some purpose to which to cling, and I am a part of this struggling humanity. I may soon lose this feeling of being involved with mankind as a whole when I return to the matters of everyday life, but for the moment it is a real feeling.

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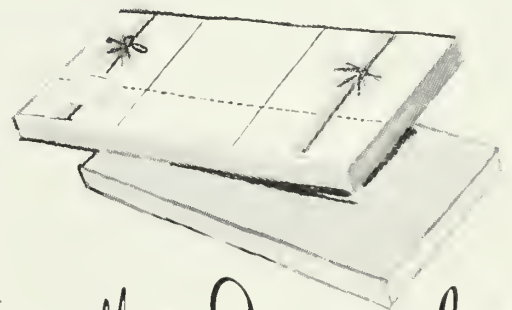
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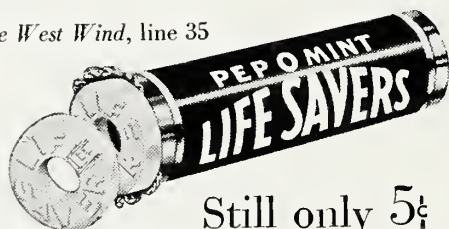
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